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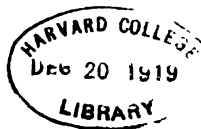
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THE RISING TIDE OF SOCIAL UNREST

By H. G. MOULTON

THE news of a single week, five months subsequent to the signing of the armistice that ushered in the great new era in world history, contained the following items: Russian Bolshevism gaining steadily in its control of Eastern Europe; Hungary and Bavaria gone over to the Soviet form of government; Berlin staving off the Red peril by a desperate resort to the printing-press as a means of providing funds with which to pay unemployment insurance; a Bolshevist demonstration in Paris; Italy and Austria in the incipient stages of revolution; England threatened with complete industrial paralysis by a general strike of the all-powerful triple alliance of British labor; Japan suffering from acute labor disturbances incident to the cessation of munitions manufacture; unemployment in American cities amounting to more than a million men. Acute industrial and social unrest the world over!

The American people had not counted on such untoward developments. Rather there was an almost universal opinion that immediate prosperity would follow the war; and that peace would prove a beneficent healer of social ills. The war had touched the very depths of the human spirit; and a new world, ennobled, prosperous, and content, was to rise from the ashes of the old. But now many an optimist of a few short months ago is asking as he scans the

reddening eastern horizon, Is civilization itself to be engulfed by the forces of economic and political revolution that were unleashed with the dissolution of the binding ties of war? As a distinguished Liberal member of Parliament puts it, "Is the Christian era which began with the crucifixion of an individual to end with the immolation of society?"

The purpose of this article is in no sense a prophetic one. In these history-making days it would be presumption indeed for anyone to attempt to lift the veil that obscures the future and to denote the essential characteristics of the economic and social world of to-morrow. The intent is rather to throw light on the causes of the world-wide social insurgence of the times. Understanding alone can serve to guide the course of development along the pathways which lead to a richer and fuller democratic achievement.

The supreme fallacy of the economic discussions that in this country marked the closing months of the war and the early weeks of the armistice period, was the all but universal assumption that the stage was set for a period of unprecedented prosperity, of which the United States would reap, as of right, the lion's share, although it would spread its healing influence over all the war-stricken nations of the earth. The world shortage both of consumptive and capital goods, coupled with the supposed enormous dearth of labor, was to insure an "unprecedented and unparalleled" demand for labor. Wages would remain high while the cost of living receded, standards of living would accordingly rise, and the laboring man's millennium would be at hand.

But when one pauses to analyze the situation, the assumption that fundamental conditions were ripe for a period of unprecedented world prosperity appears little short of ridiculous. The general analysis of the situation which follows relates primarily to European conditions. The American situation, with its peculiarities, will then be considered separately.

For four years the world had devoted its energies to de-

struction rather than construction, with the result that peace was accompanied by these basic conditions:

Thorough disorganization of world-trade and world-markets.

A great dearth of world-shipping coincident with extraordinary demands upon it for troop movement.

Wholesale disorganization of industry in the major portion of the world.

A necessary shifting of labor, equal in most of the belligerent nations to perhaps fifty per cent of the entire working population.

Disorganized foreign exchanges; maladjusted distribution of the world's gold supply; and extraordinary divergence in price levels in different countries.

Extreme variations in the domestic prices of different commodities and thus serious dislocations in the delicate price structure with which the business man must reckon in estimating his chances of profits.

Extreme variations in the relative incomes of different classes and consequent discontent and insistent demand for restitution.

A disrupted social and political life that has reached the stage of open revolution in a considerable portion of the civilized world.

If one were asked to name the conditions requisite for an era of prosperity, it is hardly probable that he would cite the foregoing factors. And when the prophets of prosperity were forecasting unprecedented prosperity they were not, of course, basing their expectations on these factors. Largely, if not wholly, ignoring these conditions, they pinned their faith to the supposed shortage of labor and to the overwhelming need for enlarged production. The question may fairly be raised, therefore, whether the last named factors will not more than counterbalance the untoward elements in the situation and lay the basis for a period of substantial, if not unparalleled, world prosperity.

The analysis of the argument that an unparalleled need for production and a shortage in the world supply of labor are the requisite bases of prosperity will show the contention to be fundamentally fallacious, and at the same time will indicate the primary cause of the industrial and social unrest that now threatens the permanence of established institutions.

On the human side of the problem, we may place the facts that the population of the world was slightly reduced by the war, and that the laboring classes have been led to expect higher standards of living and also industrial democracy, involving greater equality in wealth and control of industry than they enjoyed under the old order. On the industrial side, we must set down an enormous reduction in the world's capital goods, due to wear and tear without replacement and to the diversion of energy from new formations of capital to destruction. There has also been a very great reduction of natural resources (mainly in Europe), caused by devastation, decline in fertility of soil, and ruthless exploitation of the lumber and mineral resources imperatively required by war. And finally we must add on the industrial side of the problem the general disruption of a delicately adjusted, interdependent economic organization by means of which labor, natural resources, and capital goods were all united in producing the wealth which the world required.

The people of the world have great needs, it is true, and great expectations of a richer life than that before the war. But do these needs and expectations provide the basis for an era of great prosperity? If we close our eyes to the industrial situation, it would seem possible to believe so. This is what the prophet of prosperity always does.

But the world's population, needing and expecting an increased production of goods, is in fact confronted with a very greatly reduced producing power. The workers of the world produce wealth with the aid of capital goods, natural resources, and world economic organization. In this dis-

cussion I will assume an undiminished producing power so far as labor is concerned, though, as a matter of fact, the effectiveness of the world's labor power has been substantially diminished by the physical disability of wounded, and the malnutrition of the European masses. Labor power aside, the plain truth is that, while the number of laborers to be supplied with goods has been reduced but slightly, the capital supply has been tremendously reduced, natural resources have been greatly depleted, and world economic organization has been ruthlessly shattered. By all odds, the greatest of these facts is the last. So serious, indeed, is the disruption to the economic organization from the European standpoint that some of the closest students of the problem almost despair of its solution.

The net result of all this is quite obviously a great reduction in world producing power as compared with that of the pre-war era, and especially as compared with what the world's producing power would now be had there been no war. We also face—at least for a time—a reduction in producing power as compared with that of the war period itself. During the struggle, economic organization was adjusted to its needs, and production was large despite the drain on man power. But until the economic organization can be readjusted to peace, the production of even the necessities of life will be below that of the war period.

We find here not only the explanation of decreased producing power, but also the answer to the assumption of a shortage of labor. In a case of this kind the absolute supply of labor is of little consequence. The only significant thing is the *relative* supply—that is, the number of laborers as compared with the capital goods and natural resources with which labor must work; and also as compared with the condition of the general economic organization by means of which the industrial machine is kept moving. It is because the supply of labor has been reduced less rapidly than the supply of tools and the instrumentalities through which

labor is employed that we have at the present time a great world surplus of labor.

It should be added that the actual conclusion of peace will serve to correct to a degree some of these maladjustments in the economic organization; but it will by no means immediately adjust all of them. Moreover, peace will not replenish at once the world's supply of capital nor restore the diminished fertility of the soil of Europe. As was the case in our own South after the Civil War, it will require many years to accomplish this.

The foregoing analysis of the economic situation in which the world now finds itself provides the basis for an understanding of the present attitude of labor. The working population of the world has been led to believe that peace would usher in a new era "for common men everywhere." Translated into concrete terms, this means to the laborer, first, a higher standard of living and, second, industrial democracy—which the laborer understands to mean the substantial control of industry by labor.

During the last two years of the war, the laboring populations of Italy, France, and England were kept in the struggle only by this hope of a new era for the average man. This was precisely what America's entrance into the war meant to the disheartened masses of Europe. It was not political democracy, merely, that they were fighting for; it was industrial democracy quite as much. Labor is therefore now insisting that industrial democracy shall become a reality.

During the late stages of the war and the days immediately after the armistice, labor was also assured, by those ostensibly in a position to know, that the great prosperity to follow the war would mean higher standards of living for the laboring man. One can hardly blame the workers, therefore, if they now complain because food prices and rents are higher than ever, while wages are lower in consequence of the disappearance of overtime pay and the steadily increasing volume of unemployment.

The soldier likewise was given the most solemn assurance that the training and experience acquired in the army would entitle him, upon his return, to a fuller dinner pail and a richer life than had ever been in prospect before the war. Is it occasion for wonder that the returning hero easily becomes embittered when he is brought face to face with the hard realities of the present industrial situation?

We should bear in mind, however, that the war merely precipitated the labor movement. For decades the class consciousness and the class power of labor have been rapidly increasing. Students of social organization have long recognized that the industrial system of the late nineteenth century was fundamentally at variance with the political ideals of democratic nations; and that sooner or later industrial democracy (a loose term, by the way) must become the counterpart of political democracy. The world war set forward this movement by perhaps half a century. If knowledge, particularly among the proletariat, had been advanced by the war in anything like equal degree, one could view the future of industrial society without serious misgivings. It is just because knowledge of the fundamentals of economic and social organization is so hopelessly behind the needs of the time that the years immediately ahead are fraught with danger.

Bolshevism, as a philosophy of social and political organization, is nothing new. With minor variations it is but Marxian socialism of the vintage of 1848. The spread of Bolshevism, however, is not to be attributed so much to a sudden increase in the number of intellectual adherents to Bolshevistic principles as to the social despair incident to demobilization, and its resulting unemployment, hunger, and lowered standards of living.

Lenin and Trotsky seized their opportunity when from twelve to fifteen millions of war-weary and disheartened soldiers were thrown into an utterly stagnant labor market. The Russian economic organization had completely broken

down under the strain of war. Counting on a short conflict, Russia mobilized her man power in unprecedented numbers, but almost entirely neglected financial, commercial, and industrial mobilization. Hence the end of the struggle for Russia was marked by a terrible prostration of industrial activities, which was rendered the more acute because the rest of the world remained at war.

The Bolshevik leaders made use of this great unemployment crisis with extraordinary cleverness. They promised everything. And the ignorant masses, feeling that conditions could not in any event be worse, lent a sympathetic ear to the glowing accounts of the peace and plenty that would follow the adoption of Bolshevik principles. Moreover, the Red Guard was largely recruited from the ranks of the unemployed. The choice to a demobilized soldier was unemployment and starvation—so far as he could see—or six hundred roubles a month, with housing accommodations and innumerable special privileges thrown in, as a member of the Bolshevik army. Who can say that from the standpoint of the individual facing starvation his choice was not a wise one—however disastrous the consequences for society that might follow?

When a country is once started on the road of revolution, it becomes more and more difficult to restore political order and to resume the processes of economic production. Revolution always tends to further the disorganization of economic life; this increased disorganization serves to swell the volume of unemployed and to lessen the national production; and this in turn drives increasing numbers of people to extreme measures. Thus events move in a vicious circle of causation, until the very foundations of economic existence are undermined.

Affairs in Central Europe since the signing of the armistice have followed a course very similar to that in Russia in 1917-18. And the world over, the ranks of Bolshevism are being recruited from among those who, assured of peace

and prosperity with the ending of the war, find themselves instead without even the opportunity of working for a living. As Mr. Vanderlip asserted, after viewing at first hand the economic condition of Europe last winter, "Hunger can drive any man to Bolshevism."

So far as continental Europe is concerned, the only hope that the spread of extreme radicalism and social revolution may be checked in the near future, lies in the possible complete collapse of Russian Bolshevism, occasioned by economic exhaustion. And there is reason to believe that the Russian party now in power will reach the end of its economic tether in another year. It was my privilege recently to attend a gathering at which were present five American citizens who had come out of Russia as late as the autumn of 1918. One was a Y. M. C. A. worker; one an American consul at Moscow; and the other three were representatives of American business who had lived in different parts of Russia for many years. While some of these men had met before, they had not discussed present conditions in Russia, and they had not met since their return to America. But there was astonishing unanimity of opinion among these witnesses of that amazing social transformation—agreement extending even to details.

The significant conclusion, so far as it relates to the purpose of this article, was that Russia is rapidly using up its accumulated surplus of wealth—without replacement—and that another year or so will see the complete prostration of industrial life. The peasants may be able to exist by virtue of their production of food; but the population of the industrial cities will perish by the million.

Western Europe is therefore engaged once more in a race with time. If utter economic collapse proves to be the early fate of Russia, a sobering realization of the ultimate fruits of Bolshevism may serve to stay the forces of revolution that now imperil the rest of Europe and the civilized world.

What now of the United States? Granted that Europe

is economically prostrate, and that economic and social revolution stalks boldly in the foreground, is it not nevertheless true that this country is to witness an era of unparalleled prosperity?

It was not generally conceded, in the discussions of last October and November, that there would be an interval of serious industrial dislocation incident to demobilization of industries and armies in the United States. Even those who admitted that there might be a temporary period of disarrangement, usually regarded it as but a brief "squall" or a momentary maladjustment. Rumor has it that Mr. Baruch whispered to the President that "reconstruction is a myth"; hence the memorable "freedom of initiative" address to Congress on the first Monday in December, 1918. Certain it is that Mr. Baruch spoke these words aloud to various personages in Washington; and certain it is that the Secretaries of War and Labor—not to mention other cabinet officers—and the rank and file of official Washington had a sublime faith in the immediate future of this country. It was "inconceivable" to Mr. Baker that any soldier should fail to find a reasonably satisfactory job upon his return. And the Secretary of Labor was certain that early April would show a shortage of labor so serious that the high-school working reserve would again require mobilization, and that tens of thousands of negroes from the Bermudas would be needed to relieve the situation.

How far these views failed of realization may be seen from the fact that despite a powerful national propaganda for buffer employment on public works, and a strongly organized patriotic movement for the re-employment of all returning soldiers regardless of business conditions, and despite the most favorable early spring weather conditions in a generation, April found fully a million men unemployed in this country, although more than two million remained to be demobilized.

During May and June there was a very marked business

revival, owing to causes presently to be considered; but notwithstanding this great improvement, the volume of unemployment was larger in June than in any preceding month—with more than a million men still to be returned from overseas.

To provide employment for all returning soldiers, it is necessary not only that the curtailed war production be replaced by a like amount of peace production; the volume of new production must be greatly in excess of the lessened war production, for the simple reason that during the year 1918 more than 2,000,000 workers, on the average, were withdrawn from industrial pursuits. The production for 1919 must therefore be greatly in excess of that of 1918 if unemployment is to be escaped. But until late in June the curtailment of war demands for goods had not been counterbalanced by even an equivalent increase of peace business. Railroad tonnage, bank loans, and employment statistics alike attest the truth of this contention.

The United States Employment Service presented in its weekly report on labor conditions for May 24 a comparison of the number of men employed in different industries on November 9 and on May 24. The figures are for 1716 firms, identical on the two dates. Between November 9 and May 24, these firms showed a reduction in the number of employees on the payroll from 882,247 to 789,986—a net loss of 92,261, or 10 per cent. It may be that the firms reported are hardly typical; but they are situated in thirty-four different cities, widely scattered throughout the country, and they represent such major industries as food manufacture, textiles, iron and steel, lumber, leather, paper and printing, liquors, chemicals, stone, clay, and glass, non-ferrous metals, tobacco, vehicles, railroad and repair shops, and mines and quarries. The only industries showing an increase in employees were leather, paper and printing, stone, clay, and glass, and vehicles. The largest decrease was in iron and steel, chemicals, food manufacture, and tobacco.

It is thus all too obvious that the problem of unemployment in the United States is still unsolved. While concerted action on the part of the government and employers may serve to provide jobs for the bulk of the returning soldiers, this is practically certain to be at the expense of others, who because of age, dependency, or disability were denied the privilege of fighting for democracy.

But, as has been said, there was a marked revival of industry between April and July, 1919. Does this not foreshadow a period of great industrial prosperity for the United States—whatever may be the prospect for Europe?

It is undoubtedly true that the effect of the war upon American economic life was slight in comparison with the havoc wrought abroad. When the end came we were only beginning the industrial readjustments required by modern war. Our capital supply was impaired but little; indeed, because of the high wages and large profits in war industries the fund of liquid capital made available for future investment was actually increased; and our domestic economic organization was bent, but not broken as in Europe. Two years more of war, at least, would have been required to produce in the United States the economic chaos that now confronts Europe. America has been affected adversely by the war mainly through the disruption of the delicately adjusted international economic organization, of which we are so important a part. And temporarily Europe's plight is the chief source of the increased American prosperity.

By far the most potent factor in the revival of our trade in May and June was the certainty of an immense wheat crop with a record-breaking price. The farmers are facing much the most prosperous year in our history. And farm demands for peace-time products of every description are giving rise to a great expansion in all the trades that contribute to the farmers' needs. The effects of this throughout the industrial system are cumulative. The American farmer is growing rich in supplying the starving millions of

Europe with high-priced bread, which is temporarily being paid for by the American people as a whole, but which must ultimately be paid for by the European peoples themselves.

It now appears likely that we shall be further aided in the coming months through large foreign sales of raw materials imperatively necessary to European reconstruction—sales on credits to be arranged for by a pooling of the world's financial and industrial resources on a scale never dreamed of hitherto. There are many obstacles to be overcome in connection with this gigantic enterprise, but there would seem to be little doubt that our exports to Europe of certain basic materials will be fairly heavy during the next year or so.

From this point of view, the war is still on so far as American industry is concerned. For another year, perhaps, the process of supplying the larger portion of our own market, and of exporting great quantities of goods on postponed payments, which began in 1915 and laid the basis for the great prosperity of 1915–1918, is to continue, though it will be in diminishing rather than in augmenting volume. Debt-ridden Europe must plunge still further into debt before it can hope to recover. But when this process is reversed, when Europe begins to pay its annual interest of five to eight hundred millions—to say nothing of the principal—and to pay it in goods and services, what will be the effect upon American industry?

It has been the writer's view since before the armistice that the period of gravest readjustment in America will come—not immediately—but in a year or two, when the world economic organization begins to right itself; or when Europe collapses utterly, if, as some believe, such is to be the final economic fruition of the world war. Europe can eventually recuperate financially and economically only by reducing imports and greatly increasing exports, to the world in general and to the United States in particular. When the foreign markets for our enormous manufacturing power decline rapidly, when our domestic markets begin to feel

the keen competition of European goods, when our ship-building programme is completed, and when depression hits American agriculture, as it must as soon as the old world engages once more in agricultural production, then industrial America will face its time of greatest trial.

Meanwhile the railroads are and will in all probability continue to be in desperate financial straits. The electric lines of the country are, with scarcely an exception, on the verge of bankruptcy; fifteen per cent of them are already in the hands of receivers. Public utility industries of every sort are in a bad way, because rates have not been allowed to advance proportionately with the advance in costs. And if rate increases are granted in all public utilities, the cost of living will be still further increased. This will serve to intensify the difficulties in making ends meet, now being experienced by all people who are "enjoying" fixed incomes, and it will promptly lead labor to insist on further compensating wage increases, which will in turn once more raise the costs of operation and necessitate yet further price increases. This vicious circle must be broken sooner or later; and when it is broken we are certain to face a period of very difficult readjustment.

The building industries appear to be indefinitely retarded by the high cost of materials. There is a good deal of repair work going on; and a considerable number of small new projects are being undertaken. But the total of private building operations is still not very much greater than in 1918 when the government restrictions prevented all construction work not indispensable for war purposes. With few exceptions, no large building enterprises are being launched. The reason for this is simple. It costs from ninety to one hundred per cent more to build now than it did before the war; and if new buildings—apartment buildings, for instance—are to yield returns, they must command rents that are substantially higher than present rents. There is no assurance to the builder that rents can be raised

enough to yield reasonable returns on the enterprise. With industrial establishments, a plant constructed now will incur overhead fixed charges for forty or fifty years that are nearly double those of competitors who built before the war. This handicap is in most cases prohibitive. It is the depression in the building trades which will be the chief occasion for unemployment this autumn and winter.

While the temporary prosperity in manufacturing and trading lines is fortunately doing much to curb the spirit of extreme radicalism in this country, the conditions that have been here portrayed are not on the whole such as would lead one to believe that we are entering upon, even in this country, an era of good feeling and universal contentment. Meanwhile, as has been pointed out, labor is insisting upon two things: a higher standard of living, and industrial democracy. The former is impossible of attainment for labor as a whole during the immediate future. If the latter should also prove a vain hope, we shall have been provided with the gravamen for a social insurgence in this country without a parallel in our comfortable history.

Happily, achievement in the direction of industrial democracy is not entirely without hope. American business appears everywhere to be recognizing increasingly that, whether for good or for ill, a new era in industrial relations has arrived. And as never before, capital is disposed to go part way in an endeavor to arrive at amicable working arrangements with labor. Call it what you will—an awakening to the dignity of labor, a recognition that industrial democracy is the counterpart of political democracy, enlightened self-interest, or the spectre of Bolshevism—there can be no doubt that American business men are acquiring a new point of view.

There is unfortunately no present evidence that labor is willing to wait for improved living standards. The high cost of living is everywhere being violently denounced, and it is insisted that prices must come down at once. The high

cost of living, moreover, was the occasion for the epoch-making proposal of the railway brotherhoods that profits be eliminated from the railway industries. The union leaders rightly saw that an increase of monetary wages would shortly be reflected in higher transportation rates, and higher prices would thus bring no real relief. They have therefore boldly suggested a redistribution of wealth by a drastic change in the organization and management of industry. This pronouncement was planned by American labor, shoulder to shoulder with the radical wing of British unionism.

Are we then to witness in the coming months the overthrow of capitalism? It is easily possible that this very event will transpire in Europe. As for the United States, it may safely be predicted that the solution of the railway problem suggested by the labor-leaders will be bitterly opposed by all who believe in the existing organization of industry. And it may as safely be ventured that we are entering upon a period of industrial warfare in this country the ultimate consequences of which lie in the hands of the gods.

Industrial peace can be achieved but slowly at best. But if labor and capital can be made to understand that it is only through conference and co-operation that progress in self-government is to be attained, we may be able to escape the social holocaust that confronts Europe. There is no other way.

THE PEACE, FROM A CRACKER BARREL

By HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN

MEN betray themselves with their reason. Their feelings reveal them. With an unlimited supply of argument a man can persuade himself that he is anything. Five minutes of unhindered emotion will tell him the truth about himself.

That is why November 11, 1918, is going to be the date that people will remember of these times. The days when President Wilson signed the Treaty, when the Senate ratified, will be forgotten. It was when the barrage stopped at twelve o'clock, November 11, 1918, that factory whistles of the world blew peace, and the human race took a nooning that was worth while. When the armistice was signed the crowds in city streets knew that war had ended. From that time until now we have had the Peace.

The Treaty with Germany is nothing but the arranging of some minor details of the Peace. For the resumption of official and trading relations, some treaty was necessary, of course; any treaty would have done. For the most part, this treaty is an attempt, not to start something, but to tell what is in people's minds. We have got into a way of talking about it as if it created situations. As a matter of fact, these situations exist already. Germany has been paying ever since November, and paying heavily too. The Rhine will never be so thoroughly internationalized as it has been during the armistice. The smaller nations, enlarged or revived, are hard at work setting up their governments. Even the League of Nations is already practically in being, and if it were not for our incurable American desire for seeing things in print, we should really not have to bother about a

written constitution of it; we have its practice already with us. The Supreme Council at Paris has before it the very problems which the League is to assume. Difficult as they are, we realize that without the Council there would be anarchy. The sixteen or seventeen little wars now going on over boundaries and the Russian trouble only furnish the exception to prove the rule. The Peace, such as it is, or is to be, is in our midst.

Why, then, is there all this talk of the Treaty in the newspapers and in the Senate? Not, certainly, because people really care about the terms themselves. (Most of us have not read them.) Except in the purposes they reveal of the people's leaders, and the recognition which they afford to new nations, the terms of peace are of small consequence.

For proof of this, all we need to do is to look at what has been said about them. A few very bright people whose advice was not taken about them are apparently feeling very badly. Never having undergone the discipline of responsibility, their behavior is as bad as their feelings. Our United States Senators have been filling the Congressional Record with pure drivel which nobody reads. We cannot take Lodge or Borah or Johnson seriously, because we all know that the Peace Treaty contains nothing but working plans of something that the world has in mind to do. They will be revised many times before the world is satisfied with them. There is not an article of the Covenant that will not be amended some day when people are willing to talk sense and get down to hardpan. Tinkering with them to-day is a waste of time.

No, the terms of the Peace Treaty are no great matter except for politics. Nobody can make capital of peace. We all wanted it, and we all have it. That is not a partisan issue. But the peace terms offered just the kind of talking issues that politicians love. Every public platform next year will start from them. The radicals will point to them as proof of the bonds of slavery into which capitalistic

Europe and America would force the world. The little Americans will cry out against them because there has been expense for America. And it will be the same elsewhere. As a political weapon, the Treaty has already shown the dangers it contains. It has overthrown the cabinets of Germany, Austria, Hungary, Serbia, and, in part, France. It will undoubtedly bring new parties into power in England and the United States. And it will be played up by the parties just because, in the general scheme of things, as a whole it means so very little, except as a point of departure. To us, indeed, in America, it means less than to any people. We are concerned mainly with the League Covenant in it, and some of the responsibilities which the League of Nations will stand for. There has been a mighty lot of talk about the League. When all is said, it is only the extension of the Hay-Root-Bryan treaty idea to other peoples.

The Hague conferences prepared the way, the groups of economists and political thinkers in various countries developed through discussion the ideas of its machinery. But the War brought the idea into being, and the Peace made its operation inevitable. When a man comes to ask what it does, he sees that for us it only recognizes the fact that our way of settling disputes by making arbitration treaties with other nations is a very good way. It declares that we are willing to sign the same agreement with all reputable countries, and to live up to the enforcement of the contract. It is certainly less of a departure from our methods of doing business than from those of any other nation in the world. Our international practice for a generation at least has been in accord with the principles of the League, and we do not need to join it in order to reform our methods. Our only reason for joining is to help everybody else to get away from the old competitive system of menacing armaments, and to get back on a business basis with each other. If we do not join the League, and still expect to maintain our right to

criticise the acts of Japan in Shantung, England on the Irish question, or France on the Saar, then unless we are mere blusterers we, too, must resume the old back-breaking armament race.

If the United States Senators had tried to find real flaws instead of political talking issues in the League Covenant, they would have expressed the disappointment which most Americans feel that more was not said about the Court of Arbitration, the World Supreme Court. We are pretty well converted to the idea of a Supreme Court, but we suppose that the people in Europe have notions, of course, that are different from ours. At any rate, a beginning towards a Court has been made, and precedent and custom can be trusted to establish the validity of its decisions.

We have not much concern in the Peace Treaty, and we are not much concerned about it. Meetings to discuss it have brought out audiences of enthusiasts, but not of the people. Most of what interest there is in the Treaty is not in what it says, but in what it does not say. Some of us quarrel with it because it does not sufficiently record what is in the minds of people about peace; we wanted a Declaration of the Rights of Man; we wanted all the other little nations fixed up at the same time. In short, we wanted the Treaty to be a description of the new Utopia of which we have all been dreaming. We wanted a sentimental Treaty, we got one that tried to stick to cold facts; so we do not like it.

Some of the facts we particularly dislike. We are probably quite ignorant of the real truth about them. And it is hopeless for us to learn. The Saar settlement is one of these, the operation of the Reparations Commission is another. The continuation of other international commissions, and their operation, is another. Shantung is another. We know little about them, and they are not our chief concern. Who made us the judges of these questions? Those who demand a settlement of these questions according to their way of

thinking are precisely the ones who want to keep America out of the one association in which her opinion would carry any weight. Those who want the Covenant may deplore the settlement as it appears on the surface; but they have two consolations. They are foolish enough to believe that our Allies, our brothers yesterday in the war, against whom we would not hear a word of blame, are not going to turn instantly into blackguards and scoundrels. Those who fought with us the battle of democracy will not turn into tyrants to-morrow. That is one comfort; and the other is, that the terms of the Treaty are loose enough to permit of a just and generous settlement as well as the unjust settlement everyone seems to fear. We must just trust the honor of Japan and France a little, and our own rightness a little less.

But, in any case, I don't see how we can help matters much. I, for one, am glad that the Paris Conference tried to tell us about the Peace as it is, or a part of it, instead of trying to picture a lovely world that was not true. What would have happened if they had painted a Utopia? What would have satisfied people? No two Utopias are alike, and the Conference people would have spent their time chasing rainbows.

As it is, how far along did they go in the Peace Treaty in trying to describe the Peace? Well, in the first place, they have only begun to write it down. The Peace Treaty with Germany was not a place in which it was possible to describe the Peace. It was a document between the Allied nations as parties of the first part, and the German nations as parties of the second part. Whereas, we all know that a Peace Treaty with our enemy, Germany, is a negligible matter and of very little consequence. The important treaties, and the ones which count are those with our Allies. My opponents do not worry me; I know pretty much what they are doing. What bothers me is trying to keep track of where my friends stand.

Of course, the German Treaty does not begin to describe the facts about our foes. So far as Germany in Asia and Africa is concerned, it has yet to be written. Then there is the Austrian Treaty, and there are Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey—picture puzzles still to put together. It is only a small fraction of peace geography that we can trace in the Treaty. And the material factors in the Treaty are its least significant part. It is more important to try to see what the Treaty has to say about the psychology of the Peace. What is in our minds? How sincere are we about the Treaty provisions? What were their purposes as Woodrow Wilson and the rest added their signatures to the document?

Our chief feeling has been, probably, "Never again!" and we think we mean it and know what we mean, but we forget that others signed with the same feeling and that they meant something quite different. French and Belgians intend never again to have to fear Germany; Americans intend never again to have to waste their national patrimony along a world firing line. Hence, to our friends the Treaty means chiefly the neutralizing of the Rhine, garrisons, and reparation, while to us it means the Covenant. We have other friends, however, to whom it means something quite different. To Italy and Jugoslavia, to Poland, Bohemia, and Greece, it means the completion of a national dream, the recovery of the boundaries of blood and kinship which alone are eternal. Their feeling is not the "Never again!" of the western nations, but the "At last!" of the man who stands for the first time with his brothers on free soil.

And there are many other feelings written into the sections of this Treaty. How could it be otherwise? Thirty-three million casualties must leave behind them in the hearts of peoples a considerable number of emotions. If the experts at the Peace Conference had tried to write down all of these feelings, the result would have been the Book of Judgment. For what is in our minds to-day is not only the history of to-day, but of the past as well. I was at a community meet-

ing the other night of Polish people who met in a great high-school in New York to celebrate the rebirth of their land. As they stood up and sang the sad national songs of Poland, one after another of the sturdy workmen broke down and sank into their seats, sobbing; and I knew that in their hearts was not simply the feeling of to-day, but all the history and past sorrow of their people.

So the Peace is a great theme—a great and varied one—the greatest and the most varied that has ever been given to men's minds to think about. Not only has the past been brought again before our eyes, but the present reveals itself infinitely complex. And the peace treaties of to-day have to be made not only between nations, but between the needs of men—labor and food and money, color and religion and government. What terms of peace are we establishing among these elements of our life? Of all these, money is perhaps the least important. We used to think people did everything for money, but we see our recent immigrants leaving our high wages to journey back oversea in order to help set up their republics—and we wonder. Is it possible that they came over, not for money, but for liberty and for the opportunity given by liberty? At any rate, they are going back, and it cannot be high wages that tempt them. Curious, that they should prefer little republics with outlandish names—Letvia, Esthonia, Kuban—to the privileges they enjoyed over here of high wages and slums and the joys of being known as Wops, Bohunks, Dagos!

No, the Peace Treaty does not tell what is in our minds about these new free peoples of the world. In prosy, solemn fashion it declares that Germany recognizes them as peoples, when, if it is to tell us truly of the Peace, this Treaty should need, with the sound of trumpets, the voice of Milton to name with majesty and with due greeting the roll call of our new world; only his voice could make the names ring out with all the meaning that they carry—Finland, Esthonia, Letvia, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugoslavia, Armenia,

Palestine, Syria, Arabia, and the rest. This is an epic theme, and the Treaty does scant justice to it.

Hail to you, free peoples; your fates and fortunes are in our minds; we wish you well; we will deal with you; we will help you; we will try to learn more of you and to know you better; we will all go to school with the new geography! The Peace is thus a victory for individualism. Imperialism and aggrandizing classes are the same everywhere. His Excellency, the Japanese Ambassador, wears a frock coat and silk hat; only the folk are racial; and the girls wear separate caps in every Breton village. The multiplication of free peoples is sure to add to the diversity and interest of humanity.

Of all this part of the Peace only the Covenant speaks, and that in few words. The Red Cross Article of the Covenant, Article XXV, is the first world treaty that binds peoples to war on disease and natural catastrophes. It is a great and significant step, and it has been in all our minds as we have seen in our own army that deaths from these causes outnumber those of battle. The labor treaty within the Covenant tries also to describe what is in our minds about the terms that must be made between the classes of men. Meantime the Councils of the Allies outside the Treaty are trying to write down the terms of the Peace as to money and food. The attempt to declare religion free of state in the Covenant has failed for the time, but that is of small consequence, for it is in our minds. The attempt to declare race and color free of discrimination failed too, but we are all thinking about it, and it may be that we shall come to one mind in this matter. It will be the last of all hatreds to die.

It is characteristic of our failure to record ourselves that many newspapers and many Senators have looked at all this from a selfish point of view only. For the world knows now that we are not a selfish people, and that we have more in our minds than what our representatives have squabbled

over. We are a generous, hysterical, and eccentric people, full of sentiment and imagination; and the Peace stirs and quickens our imagination beyond anything in our history. That is what President Wilson, who has an uncanny sense of the American mind, meant when he said that this Treaty proposed a universal settlement. But the Treaty proposes, and the Peace disposes. The Peace does mean just that to us, and yet, in our hearts of hearts we know that this cannot come in our day. Race issues are not pigeon-holed like that. The Balkans of the world do not settle themselves so speedily. But some things have come to our minds that are in the nature of universal settlement.

We have realized the cost of war. We who laughed at Norman Angell now see that his argument was wrong only in the element of time. He did not know that men and nations could do the impossible, but he was right when he said that war was too expensive.

We realize the danger of prolonged injustices. We are not likely to try to cover up fires and pretend no fire is there. We have come to believe that remedies will follow public attention to the injustices of the world.

We are slowly waking up in America to our international position. We have been scolded and lectured and laughed at so long by Europe's superior peoples who have visited us that it is a little hard for us to grasp the idea that we are fast getting to be the world's financial, industrial, and educational centre. But we begin to see that, however much we might like to retire into ourselves, the other peoples will not let us.

We admit the inter-dependency of the nations in health, education, and invention, not to add the more obvious inter-relation of labor, finance, and propaganda.

We have seen that our government can exercise a more complete check upon income, prices, and profits than in the past without complete ruin following. And we are going to experiment further in that direction, at least until the

national budget is more secure. All of these ideas are but attempts to reduce the cost of war.

When all is done, we have gained just one idea—that war costs too much. The furiously attacked Article X, if it means anything, means only that war is too expensive a way of trying to deal in land and sovereignty; and the reservations to the Covenant which have thus far been proposed are all of them in the direction of trying to avoid future costs and misunderstandings. Not that hate and the war spirit are killed. They will linger for a decade. Lloyd George came back to power at his last election by the slogan “Kill the Kaiser!” and our next election may be won by the most narrow and selfish slogans we have ever known—“America first!” and “Compulsory Military Training.” Both are wrong; the reaction from them will be severe and sudden, and the effort to live for four years under the representatives elected by these cries will be the most severe strain to which our Constitution has ever subjected American patience. If only we could make our slogan, instead, the spirit of Lincoln’s Second Inaugural!

The peace which has come, then, is a peace which we hope will put an end to the war for nationality and the war of social division. We do not see the death of imperialism as some would have us see it. We have scotch’d the snake, not killed it. The League of Nations’ plan of mandates does not go very far in tempering the mind of peoples whose borders are to increase. Conflicts of imperialism are sure to come, and we hope, if faintly, that they will not break our Peace.

And if the war of shot and shell costs too much, the uncontrolled war of trade may cost even more. Just as economic boycott will be the deadliest weapon in the future wars of people against people, so trade wars that create partial boycotts are felt by us to be dangerous weapons, too dangerous to leave in private hands. Nations, like individuals, must co-operate here in future, in a spirit not so much of gain as of mutual aid.

Senator Poindexter: What does the United States get out of this war, anyway?

Senator Walsh: Will the Senator say just what he wanted to get out of it? We have got what we expected to get.

("Congressional Record," Aug. 8.)

Well, some of us thought we went in to lick Germany. If the Treaty did nothing else, it shocked a few Teutons who were still under the impression that they had not been licked. Now the scrap is over, and we bear no malice. At least, not much. And like the impatient doughboy, all we want to get out of it is just to get out of it.

Darling, I am coming back,
Silver threads among the black;
Now that Europe's peace appears,
I'll be home in seven years.

The soldiers have sung what we all now feel. We want to get back. No money, no land, no mandates, no munitions, no ships, no standing army, certainly, no new policy. Nothing but our old-fashioned privileges of paying as we go and living with our neighbors. Nothing but open roads to our markets and a good price for our dollar, ready purchases, plenty of trade, friendly and favorable relations with other people. These, and a certain moral authority, are our annexations and indemnities.

In examining a contract we look for the intention of the parties that sign. What did we win by war? What is it our intention to gain by peace? Not the terms of the Treaty, but the purposes that are in our people's minds will make the history of the years to come.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

By CHARLES SEYMOUR

ONE of the most interesting of all the sensations experienced by Americans who were abroad last spring was reserved for their return in early summer, when, without adequate warning, they were suddenly cast into the dust and turmoil of the debate on the League of Nations. They felt, if one may generalize, as if they were playing Rip van Winkle with the rôles reversed—as if they were returning to a home which had slept briefly but soundly. Questions and phrases, vaguely familiar but echoing from a dim past, sounded in their ears: “Is a League feasible?” “Human nature will never change.” “Remember Washington’s advice!” “Europe for the Europeans and America for the Americans.”

Our returning friends found themselves sadly confused and as ill-prepared for arguments on the League of Nations as you would be if suddenly asked to discuss, from the point of view of mother earth, the desirability of having a sun in the sky. As far back as January they had given up asking “Will a League work?” and had substituted for it the question, “Can the treaty work without a League?” By the middle of April they had answered the latter question with a categoric negative. After leaving an atmosphere where the idea of a League had become as essential as oxygen, it was disconcerting to enter a world where one was asked whether a League was “advisable.”

The process of translation by which the idea of a League of Nations passed from the stage of a rather fantastic possibility over to one of desirability and finally to one of absolute necessity forms one of the most interesting aspects of the recent Peace Conference. When the American Peace

Commission sailed for France last December, the status of the League was ill-defined and its future dubious. It is true that a League had been stipulated in the Fourteen Points, which had been accepted as a basis of peace by both enemy and allied powers; President Wilson was known to give to the League the chief place in his programme, and influential statesmen abroad were believed to be determined that the coming conference should inaugurate it. And yet, on both sides of the Atlantic it remained one of the most debatable points of the approaching settlement.

In America the idea of a League found enthusiastic backing in certain quarters, especially among the younger radicals. But there was a general tendency to look upon it as a presidential fad borrowed from Mr. Taft; and the man in the street was apt to regard it as a beautiful and distinctly impractical fantasy. A large element in public opinion was frankly opposed to it. In Europe one found a similar mixture of feelings. The more liberal-minded of the British approved a League of Nations heartily; and they were fortunate in having as their spokesman Lord Robert Cecil, who is, perhaps, the most capable of British statesmen, and who was put in control of the section of the British peace delegation designed to study plans for the League. In France Leon Bourgeois, who was also working on various plans, brought the weight of his long political experience, his tested sagacity, and well-earned respect to the support of the League.

The chiefs of the different peace delegations, however, seemed to question or else to be frankly opposed to any kind of a League which would supersede the old system of separate treaties and alliances. Lloyd George had refused to commit himself definitely. Clemenceau stated in the Chamber of Deputies, towards the end of December, that he remained true to the principle of protective alliances for France, which had saved her in the past, however fine might be the "noble simplicity" of Mr. Wilson's doctrines.

The Italians signified, without enthusiasm, their willingness to enter and support a League, but did not conceal their hopes that, in return, their territorial aspirations in the Tyrol, along the Adriatic, and in Asia Minor might receive the approval of the Americans.

When the preliminary conversations which preceded the formal opening of the Conference were begun, the League was thus simply one of the series of difficult problems which confronted the delegates. To some of them it was the most important of all the questions at issue, and according to the manner in which it should be decided would stand or fall the whole work of the Conference. By others the League was looked upon as a serious and important question, certainly, but one that had no direct relation to the vital work of the delegates, which was primarily to make peace with the enemy. The League could be attended to when the treaties were framed and ready for signature; instead of being made the foundation of the treaties, it ought to be the culmination. Still others believed that the League was no business of the Peace Conference whatever; the treaties ought to be made and signed, relations with the enemy resumed, Europe restored to order, before this difficult and dangerous experiment was attempted. With the return of peace and normal life in Europe, the stipulations of the Fourteen Points might be fulfilled by a conference especially called to elaborate plans for a League, which could not be expected to pass safely through its early childhood unless conditions were particularly advantageous. There were thus two opposite poles of opinion: at the one stood those who contended that peace could not be maintained unless a League were established; at the other those who insisted that unless peace were first established a League could not be maintained.

The triumph of the point of view which demanded that the League be made the foundation and not the culmination of the treaties was due primarily to the position and the per-

suasive powers of Mr. Wilson. He was ably assisted by Cecil, Bourgeois, and Smuts, who later were to assume a most important rôle in the drafting of the Covenant. But if Mr. Wilson had not been in Paris, the League would almost certainly have been left to the latter days of the Conference and possibly to the Greek Kalends. His determined belief that the League was to be the most important work of the Conference, the one concrete factor that would make it different from earlier conferences, was inflexible; and he alone was in a position to impress that belief upon the doubtful conferees. At the moment when the Conference opened he had been carried to a crest of popularity with the European masses, manifested by a hundred demonstrations, which no government, however strong at home, could afford to disregard. He could count upon the support of the delegates of the smaller nations, by whom he was looked upon as the representative of the one state which had no interest in the settlement except justice and tranquillity—a man who might be trusted to see that a fair deal was given to the weak nations as well as to the strong. And his personal prestige was strengthened by their unshaken belief that his written and spoken word had aroused the revolution in central and southeastern Europe which had so largely contributed to the military victory on the western front. The President used his position skilfully.

The first open victory of the League was won on the twenty-fifth of January, when at a plenary session of the Peace Conference the delegates approved, first, the principle that a League of Nations was essential to the maintenance of the world settlement, and second, the principle that this League should be treated as an integral part of the general treaty of peace. A distinct phase in the history of the League was thus accomplished. It had passed definitely into the category of things desirable, it was approved by the chiefs of the most important governments of the world as practicable, and, through its incorporation in the Peace

Treaty, it became a matter of immediate moment demanding immediate attention. The action of the Conference in thus acquiescing in Mr. Wilson's policy was certainly popular in Europe. It was hailed with enthusiasm in all liberal circles; and even those who could not accept the idea of the League as capable of revolutionizing human nature and perpetuating peace, and who still held firmly to their trust in hard and fast alliances of the old style and in strategic frontiers, felt that no harm was done and that the League might after all prove to be useful.

It should be observed that the chief arguments advanced for the League at this time were based primarily upon the contention that it was eminently advisable rather than that it was absolutely essential. The old system of the Balance of Power had gone bankrupt. With its principle of maintaining an equilibrium between opposing camps, it had, so far from discouraging a belligerent spirit because of the danger of defeat from an enemy equal or almost equal in strength, led directly to militaristic competition and, therefore, necessarily to an attitude of aggression. How much better, said the advocates of the League, was the principle of concert. But few of them seemed to perceive at this time that the strongest argument for the League was to be, not its desirability, but its necessity.

In some quarters, generally outside of Paris and doubtless far more frequently in this country than abroad, critics voiced the complaint that the attention given to the League of Nations was delaying the framing of the treaties and postponing a settlement at the moment when Europe, threatened with anarchy, had dire need of peace. A little later everyone was to perceive that the time spent upon the League, instead of postponing a settlement, accelerated the work of the Conference beyond calculation, for without the League no agreement could have been reached. But even in January and February those who were close at hand did not feel that the work done on the

League was preventing the work necessary to the solution of other problems.

The Conference did not work as a whole. For each important problem a special commission of experts was appointed and the commissions sat simultaneously. Commissions were working on reparations, financial and economic problems, international labor laws, control of rivers, ports, and ways of communication, as well as on the various territorial questions, at the same time that the special commission was drafting the Covenant of the League. The work of these other commissions was in no way delayed by the study of the League. As a matter of fact, the first draft of the Covenant was ready on the fourteenth of February, which was a full month before any of the territorial commissions had reported their recommendations on boundaries; and the final revised text was ready on the eleventh of April, or about three weeks before many of the economic commissions had prepared their draft articles for the treaty with Germany.

The commission which drafted the Covenant included in its membership a large share of the best political ability present in Paris—Wilson, Cecil, Smuts, Bourgeois, Orlando, Venizelos, Hymans. Each one of the five principal powers was represented as well as the other powers most vitally interested, Belgium, Brazil, China, Greece, Poland, Portugal, Rumania, Serbia, and the Czecho-Slovak Republic. It would have been difficult to find a group more capable of fulfilling the task that had been set them—a task which demanded that they put into concrete form a scheme at once practical and yet not bereft of idealism. They were men who see things as they are and also as they ought to be, and who understood that their business was to translate them so far as possible from the one condition to the other. But they did not fall into the attractive mistake of drafting an elaborate constitution of impracticabilities.

It would have been interesting and pleasant to do for the

world what the revolutionists of 1789 tried to do for France, but the commission on the League of Nations resisted the temptation admirably. What was necessary was to avoid intricate mechanism, exact definition of powers, prescription of specific action under circumstances yet to be determined by an uncertain future. It was necessary in the first place because, in the process of constructing such an elaborate piece of machinery as, for example, the League to Enforce Peace, agreement could never have been reached. It was necessary in the second place because the League, if it were to prove useful, must be elastic. It must be able to change and develop in order to meet future contingencies of which no one could foretell the character. Constitutions written out of whole cloth and elaborated to the last degree have not, according to historians, lasted for long. The strongest of all modern constitutions, the British, contained in the laws of Parliament, is entirely a natural growth.

The members of the commission on the League were convinced, as were most other students of peace problems, that the essential characteristic of the settlement ought to be elasticity. Earlier peace conferences of history had failed, not so much because the arrangements they had made were bad at the moment, as because they were inflexible and unsuited to the changing conditions of the future. We are accustomed to regard the treaties of 1815 as the quintessence of wickedness, because historians, with marvellous hindsight, have shown us how completely they failed to take into account the principles of democracy and nationalism. But after all the professional diplomats of Vienna restored Europe to tranquillity, after a quarter-century of convulsions, in general accordance with the spirit of the times. Their mistake was that, unable to forecast the future, they made no adequate provision for the peaceful alteration of the settlement they drafted. Hence, when change became necessary, it came in violent form.

The peacemakers of 1919, conscious of the mistake of their predecessors, were anxious to avoid the future breaking of the peace by violence; and yet they recognized that the settlement they made could hardly be permanent in all respects, for no one could tell what the future might bring forth. No one can estimate, for example, the future importance of the nationalistic movement, which has recently received a tremendous but possibly ephemeral impetus. No one can evaluate the future of Bolshevism. The world must be prepared for change and must have ready methods by which beneficial change can take place easily and peacefully. With this in mind the Conference realized that provision must be made for an elastic settlement, and for this reason the supporters of the League began to insist on its necessity. And if it was through the League that the settlement was to be capable of change and development, it was essential that the League itself should be elastic and equally subject to amendment.

Hence the character of the Covenant, which provides for the least possible amount of machinery and lays down the least possible number of specific stipulations. For the success of the League would depend not so much upon the written guarantees of the states which composed it, as upon the spirit of their governments. No one was sure exactly what kind of League was most desirable, but the commission believed that if the spirit of the governments was right and the character of the Covenant was general, the right kind of League would develop naturally.

The commission on the League worked rapidly. Between the twenty-eighth of January and the fourteenth of February it held ten meetings, as a result of which it produced, as its preliminary report, the first draft of the Covenant, which was read at the plenary session of the Conference on the latter date. As a result of this reading and of the publication of the Covenant, a great deal of criticism was aroused, of which some was clearly carping, but much of

it was constructive and designed to improve. Further criticism of a specific nature came from consultations with representatives of thirteen neutral states. The various recommendations thus secured by the commission formed the basis of discussion for its later meetings and led to a thorough reconsideration and amendment of the Covenant. On the eleventh of April the Covenant, presented to the Conference and later incorporated in the treaties, was finally agreed upon.

During the period when the special commission was drafting, reconsidering, and amending the Covenant of the League, something approaching a revolution had taken place in the attitude of the Conference as a whole towards the idea of a League of Nations. When the principle of the League had first been approved, although the decision received the approval of the vast majority of the delegates, the idea of the League still remained something rather abstract. It was felt to be desirable that there should be a League and that the League should be the foundation for the different treaties. But many, even of those most enthusiastic, regarded it as something apart from the material stuff of the treaties. The delegates were inclined to look upon the League of Nations commission as different from the commissions, economic or territorial, upon which they themselves were serving, and the difference was not entirely due to the distinguished character of its membership. Its work was doubtless on a higher plane, but on one that seemed at first to have little relation to the practical solution of the treaty problems which formed the subject of their own discussions. Some of the delegates did not hesitate to say that, while the League was all very well and they hoped that it would work, they thought that the treaty problems ought to be solved without reference to it.

Such an attitude was not long-lived. For when, during the months of February and March, the commissions had racked their brains for weeks over the complex questions

presented to them and often failed to find any answer, they finally discovered that the League was not merely desirable but absolutely essential to a just and satisfactory settlement. The League, they learned, was not an abstract advisability, but a concrete necessity; it was no longer a question of the League's being able to work, but an acknowledgment that without it the treaty could not work.

The change came imperceptibly, as a result of constant study of the various complexities of the European situation and a constant searching for solutions to the problems which the delegates had to face. It came with a realization that for many problems an ideal solution was impossible, not so much because of the selfish attitude traditionally attributed to diplomats, but because of larger and more elemental forces over which the Paris Conference had little or no control. Thus, in the case of central and southeastern Europe, solutions which many persons might believe to be most likely to stand the test of time, and in the end most likely to contribute to the future happiness of the peoples concerned, could not be adopted because of the present attitude of these peoples. It is easy to see the weakness of a settlement which provides for the splitting up of the old Hapsburg monarchy and the creation of a number of little states, the frontiers of which will probably give rise to economic difficulties, racial quarrels, and the atmosphere which we are accustomed to associate with the Balkans. Whatever our sympathy with the Czechs, the Poles, the Jugoslavs, we are bound to regret the multiplication of small states.

And yet there was nothing for the peacemakers to do but to approve this "Balkanization" of Austria-Hungary. They might contend that they knew what was best for everyone concerned, but they could not impose their own solution upon the peoples who claimed the right to fulfill their destiny in their own fashion. The doctrine of self-determination fell to the ground if the Conference dictated a settlement totally repugnant to these peoples, even if its

dictation proceeded from the most laudable motives. There was no choice for the delegates except to adopt the next best solution. And because they realized its weaknesses and the future dangers that might result from its application, they felt the necessity of a permanent international organization which should oversee the settlement, be ready to meet any possible perils, and be eager to eliminate any factors of future trouble when the time should seem ripe and the peoples in question should be further developed. We have the testimony of so distinguished an expert as Mr. Hoover that states like Poland and Jugoslavia cannot live without the kind of assistance which a League of Nations alone can give. From the territorial, financial, and political advisers came the unanimous opinion that if the small states were not to be torn by internal disorder and mutual strife, the supervision of a League is essential.

The necessity of the League was still more clearly recognized in the case of problems where the delegates could not be sure that they had hit upon the right solution. The basis of the settlement, if we boil down the Fourteen Points, was roughly to be found in the principles of reparations and guarantees. The wrongs of the past were to be righted so far as possible, and the most complete security for the future was to be guaranteed. Frequently the enforcement of the principle of reparations satisfied that of guarantees. This was true in the case of Alsace-Lorraine, where the righting of an ancient wrong provided the best guarantee of future peace; for Europe could never remain safe from disturbance so long as the provinces were under the German yoke. But in some cases the principles of reparations and guarantees clashed: it was impossible, often, to right a wrong committed in earlier days without committing a new wrong likely to unsettle the future peace. In this clash came the great difficulty of the Conference. How much weight should be laid upon justice, how much upon recon-

ciliation? How could satisfaction be given to the just claims of the Czechs without doing injustice to the rights of the Bohemian Germans and thus sowing the seeds for future trouble? How could a 'respectable frontier be assured to Italy in the north without arousing the bitter nationalistic ardor of the Austrian Tyrolese, who in the days of Andreas Hofer had begun the movement which led to Napoleon's fall? Poles and Czechs claimed all of Teschen, Rumanians and Jugoslavs each claimed the Banat; how was the Conference to be sure that its decision was the right one?

The delegates were not long at work before they made the discovery that the finding of a solution satisfactory to all parties to an issue was infinitely difficult if not impossible. No matter how many facts they had at their disposal nor how carefully they might weigh those facts, they could not escape the conviction that no body of men, however wise, could decide correctly all the problems of the peace. Time alone would show in which cases the decisions were right and in which wrong. In these circumstances the idea of the League came as a relief and seemed to the delegates the one essential to the maintenance of tranquillity. For with a League the mistakes of the Conference could be rectified peacefully and the germs of future disturbance destroyed. The good that was contained in the settlement could be thus preserved and the evil could be quietly transformed into good. But without a League the good would perish with the evil in the gigantic cataclysm which threatens to follow any resumption of the reign of unlawful force.

There was a third class of problems to which, for a time, it seemed as if there was no solution whatever, for the reason that the conferees could not agree. Some of the delegates found it impossible, from the point of view of conscience or interest, to accept the propositions favored by other delegations. The work of the Conference threatened to be held up completely by a deadlock. It was not a question here of the League as a desirable organism for the main-

tenance of peace after the treaties were signed; the treaties could not even have been framed had not the League offered a means of reconciling the opposing points of view and a basis for a final agreement. It was through the League that several of the problems which threatened to produce discord at the moment when unity at Paris was a vital necessity, were settled at a minimum of dissatisfaction to all concerned.

In the matter of the Saar, for example, although all were close to agreement on the point that France had the right to ownership of the coal mines, as compensation for the wanton destruction of her own mines at Lens, and while it was recognized that the economic interests of the mining population of the Saar attached those people closely to Lorraine, at least two of the influential delegations were opposed to giving France absolute sovereignty over the district; for they felt that its pure German population might form an irredentist focus and a germ of future disturbance. In these circumstances, a solution of the difficulty became possible only through the League, which is to govern the district through a commission during the time necessary to give the inhabitants a fair opportunity to decide whether they wish to be French or German. Similar disagreement in the case of Dantzic was finally settled through the League, which is to supervise the government of the free city constituted, protecting the political life of the German population, while assuring the economic interests of the Polish hinterland. Many other instances might be cited, amongst them notably the problem of the German colonies, in which the unanimity of the Conference was secured for propositions which were possible only upon the assumption that there would be a League of Nations. In this way, almost imperceptibly, the idea of a League, which had been accepted as desirable if possible, eventually became in the minds of the delegates an axiom. Unconsciously and of necessity the League was tied up in the treaties.

Belief in the necessity of the League was reinforced by the sudden realization that the Conference itself had, since the month of January, been performing all the functions of a League of Nations. It had done far more than merely prepare treaties and covenants. It had supervised and controlled every phase of European life that seemed likely to produce trouble; it had dispatched troops to agitated districts, sent out commissions of inquiry and arbitration, looked after the distribution of food for starving regions, the running of railway trains, the operation of mines, the settlement of strikes, in short prevented the revival of the reign of force. It had to do this or see Europe perish. And it continued to do this even after the Council of Four dispersed, for Europe needed a League of Nations; indeed future historians will find it difficult to decide where the Conference ended and where the League began.

Another axiom assumed by the delegates at Paris was that the United States would play its full part in the League. Everyone realized that we are essential to the existence of the League, not merely because of our strength and the important part we have played in world affairs since the days of Roosevelt, but also because we are the sole power whose attitude in European affairs is disinterested. It is impossible to overstate the degree of trust in our honesty manifested by the smaller powers of Europe. Some of them, perhaps, have been irritated by the cold impartiality which our delegates showed towards them in their disputes with neighboring states. But their confidence in our sense of justice is unqualified. The leader of the Ukrainian delegation in Paris, who had felt that his claims had received small consideration and who was not in a complimentary state of mind, remarked, after Mr. Wilson's declaration of policy on Adriatic problems: "We will accept any decision made by the Council of Four, so long as America is represented on it." If the League is to last and if peace is to be maintained, the smaller nations must have absolute con-

fidence in the integrity of the League's leaders, and that confidence depends upon the full participation of the United States.

It was thus with mingled horror and incredulity that the various delegations at Paris listened to the reports of opposition in the Senate to the League. And almost invariably foreign delegates finished their questions as to the attitude of the different Senators with the remark, "When America learns what conditions are, the opposition will die." They assumed that we would go into the League for the same reasons that had led us into the war, reasons based upon duty and upon self-interest. We could not, as a matter of conscience, allow Europe to approach the brink of destruction so long as we had means to help her. We could not, as a plain matter of business, afford to see her torn by revolution or war. The interests of the different portions of this globe are now too closely inter-dependent to permit us in the new world to go quietly about our business while the old world burns.

It seems superfluous to emphasize the vital interest which we in America have in the tranquillity of Europe. But one hears so frequently the assertion that it is no business of ours whether Czechs quarrel with Poles, or Jugoslavs with Italians, that it is wise to remember that the great war itself began in a dispute between Austria and Serbia, and that it seemed impossible to prevent its development into a worldwide conflagration which was so much a matter of interest to us that we sent overseas an army of more than two million men. It is because we do not wish to spend again the blood and money which the last war cost us, that we must concern ourselves in the business of stamping out the incipient blazes which threaten to arise from the sparks of the great fire that have not yet been completely extinguished. We may not approve the creation of the new little states, potential germs of new wars, but they are there and cannot be left to themselves. The only choice for us is whether

we care to help them to live peacefully and profitably, or whether we are going to let them set the train to a new explosion. Nor can we expect successfully to allay the rising tide of industrial and social unrest in this country, so long as our own business conditions are disturbed by the danger of revolution and war abroad.

Everyone will admit that the League in its present form ought to be amended sooner or later; the Covenant was constructed exactly with a view to such amendment and development. No one can say whether or not the League, even when amended, "will work"; certainly no one would be so foolish as to assert that it will ensure us absolutely against war. It is a fact, however, that the idea of the League was necessary to the successful termination of the labors of the Conference, and is equally necessary if the treaties are to be carried into effect. So essential is a League of Nations to the tranquillity of Europe that it was only by performing the functions of such a League that the Conference tided over a period as critical as any produced during the war itself. There are not many of those who spent last spring abroad who will not agree with the remark of Venizelos: "Without a League of Nations Europe would face the future with despair in its heart."

IN KHAKI

By WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

The Kittiwake

With blistered heels and bones that ache,
Marching through pitchy ways and blind
The miry track is hard to make:
Yet, ever hovering in my mind,
Above red crags a kittiwake
Hangs motionless against the wind—

Gray-winged, white-breasted, and black-eyed
Above red crags of porphyry
That pillar from a sapphire tide
A turquoise sky. . . . Indifferently
The raw lad limping at my side
Blasphemes his boots, the world, and me. . . .

Still keen, unwavering, and alert,
Within my aching empty mind
The bright bird hovers; and the dirt
Of bottomless black ways and blind,
And all the hundred things that hurt
Past healing, seem to drop behind.

Medical Officer's Clerk

Let me forget these sordid histories,
These callous records of obscene disease,
This world of scabies and of syphilis
Wherein I drudge until my whole mind is
Besotted by the sodden atmosphere. . . .

Let me remember Venus dawning clear
Through beryl seas of air, a crystal flame—
Glistening as from the cold salt wave she came—
Over the dark and serried peaks of Wales
That glimmer ghostly as the daylight fails. . . .

Let me recall the singing and the shine
Of the clear amber waters of the Tyne
Pouring, from peaty uplands of black moss,
Over gray boulders, while the salmon toss
Wet curving silver bodies in the light—
Tossing and tumbling in the frothing white
Tumultuous, roaring weir. . . .

Let me again
In that huge, clanking, and eternal train
Over the prairies of Dakota go—
League after league of level stainless snow,
Stretching unbroken under the low sky,
World without end to all eternity—
Until desire and dream and all delight
Drown to oblivion in a timeless white
And never-ending wilderness. . . .

Or let me sail
Again up the blue Bosphorus, within hail
Of many-fountained gardens of the rose
Breathing out balm on every air that blows,
And minarets that soar like lily blooms
About the shimmering white mushroom domes
Of marble mosques in groves of cypresses. . . .

Till I no more remember histories
Of horror, or in drudgery and fret
Of endless days no longer quite forget

The stars and singing waters and the snow,
And how the roses of Arabia blow. . . .

Sentry Go

True lad who shared the guard with me
That night of whirling snow,
What other nights have brought to you
I shall not know.

I never even heard your name
And hardly saw your face,
Yet you poured out your heart to me
As we kept pace.

I know not if you're living still,
Or fallen in the fight:
But in my heart your heart is safe
Till the last night.

HAREMS AND CEREMONIES

By EDITH WHARTON

The Crowd in the Street

TO occidental travellers the most vivid impression produced by a first contact with the Near East is the surprise of being in a country where the human element increases instead of diminishes the delight of the eye.

After all, then, the intimate harmony between nature and architecture and the human body that is revealed in Greek art was not an artist's counsel of perfection, but an honest rendering of reality; there were, there still are, privileged scenes where the fall of a green-grocer's draperies or a milkman's cloak or a beggar's rags are part of the composition, distinctly related to it in line and color, and where the natural unstudied attitudes of the human body are correspondingly harmonious, however humdrum the acts it is engaged in. The discovery, to the traveller returning from the East, robs the most romantic scenes of western Europe of half their charm: in the Piazza of San Marco, in the market-place of Siena, where at least the robes of the Procurators or the gay tights of Pinturicchio's striplings once justified man's presence among his works, one can see, at first, only the outrage inflicted on beauty by the "plentiful strutting manikins" of the modern world.

Moroccan crowds are always a feast to the eye. The instinct of skilful drapery, the sense of color (subdued by custom, but breaking out in subtle glimpses under the universal ashy tints) make the humblest assemblage of donkey-men and water-carriers an ever-renewed delight. But it is only on rare occasions, and in the court ceremonies to which so few foreigners have had access, that the hidden sumptuousness of the native life is revealed. Even then, the

term sumptuousness may seem ill-chosen, since the nomadic nature of African life persists in spite of palaces and chamberlains and all the elaborate ritual of the Makhzen, and the most pompous rites are likely to end in a dusty gallop of wild tribesmen, and the most princely processions to tail off in a string of half-naked urchins riding bareback on donkeys.

As in all oriental countries, the contact between prince and beggar, vizier and serf, is disconcertingly free and familiar, and one must see the highest court officials kissing the hem of the Sultan's robe, and hear authentic tales of slaves given by one merchant to another at the end of a convivial evening, to be reminded that nothing is as democratic in appearance as a society of which the whole structure hangs on the whim of one man.

Aïd-el-Kebir

In the verandah of the Residence of Rabat, I stood looking out between posts festooned with gentian-blue ipomeas at the first shimmer of light on black cypresses and white tobacco-flowers, on the scattered roofs of the new town, and the plain stretching away to the Sultan's palace above the sea.

We had been told, late the night before, that the Sultan would allow Madame Lyautey, with the three ladies of her party, to be present at the great religious rite of the Aïd-el-Kebir (the Sacrifice of the Sheep). The honor was an unprecedented one, a favor probably conceded only at the last moment, for as a rule no women are admitted to these ceremonies. It was an opportunity not to be missed; and all through the short stifling night I had lain awake, wondering if I should be ready early enough. Presently the motors assembled, and we set out with the French officers in attendance on the Governor's wife.

The Sultan's palace, a large modern building on the familiar Arab lines, lies in a treeless and gardenless waste enclosed

by high walls and close above the blue Atlantic. We motored past the gates, where the Sultan's Black Guard were drawn up, and out to the *msalla*, a sort of common adjacent to all the Sultan's residences, where public ceremonies are usually performed. The sun was already beating down on the great plain thronged with horsemen and with the native population of Rabat on mule-back and foot. Within an open space in the centre of the crowd, a canvas palisade dyed with a bold, black pattern surrounded the Sultan's tents. The Black Guard, in scarlet tunics and white and green turbans, were drawn up on the edge of the open space, keeping the spectators at a distance; but under the guidance of our companions we penetrated to the edge of the crowd.

The palisade was open on one side, and within it we could see moving about among the snowy-robed officials a group of men in straight narrow gowns of almond-green, peach-blossom, lilac, and pink: they were the Sultan's musicians, whose multicolored dresses always flower out conspicuously among the white draperies of all the other court attendants.

In the tent nearest the opening, against a background of embroidered hangings, a circle of majestic turbaned old men squatted placidly on Rabat rugs. Presently the circle broke up, there was an agitated coming and going, and someone said: "The Sultan has gone to the tent at the back of the enclosure to kill the sheep."

A sense of the impending solemnity ran through the crowd. The mysterious rumor which is the Voice of the Bazaar rose about us like the wind in a palm-oasis; the Black Guard fired a salute from an adjoining hillock; the clouds of red dust flung up by wheeling horsemen thickened and then parted, and a white-robed rider sprang out from the tent of the Sacrifice with something red and dripping across his saddle-bow, and galloped away towards Rabat through the hoarse shouting. A little shiver ran over the group of occidental spectators, who knew that the dripping

red thing was a sheep with its throat so skilfully slit that, if the omen were favorable, it would live on through the long race to Rabat and gasp out its agonized life on the tiles of the Mosque.

The Sacrifice of the Sheep, one of the four great Moslem rites, is simply the annual propitiatory offering made by every Mahometan head of a family, and by the Sultan as such. It is based not on a Koranic injunction, but on the "Souna" or record of the Prophet's "custom" or usages, which forms an authoritative precedent in Moslem ritual. So far goes the Moslem exegesis. In reality, of course, the Moslem blood-sacrifice comes, by way of the Semitic ritual, from far beyond and behind it; and the belief that the Sultan's prosperity for the coming year depends on the animal's protracted agony seems to relate the ceremony to the dark magic so deeply rooted in the mysterious tribes peopling North Africa long ages before the first Phoenician prow had rounded its coast.

Between the Black Guard and the tents, five or six horses were being led up and down by muscular grooms in snowy tunics. They were handsome animals, as Moroccan horses go, and each of a different color; and on the bay horse was a red saddle embroidered in gold, on the piebald a saddle of peach-color and silver, on the chestnut, grass-green encrusted with seed-pearls, on the white mare purple housings, and orange velvet on the gray. The Sultan's band had struck up a shrill hammering and twanging, the salute of the Black Guard continued at intervals, and the caparisoned steeds began to rear and snort and drag back from the cruel Arab bits with their exquisite niello incrustations. Some one whispered that these were his Majesty's horses, and that it was never known till he appeared which one he would mount.

Presently the crowd about the tents thickened, and when it divided again there emerged from it a gray horse bearing a motionless figure swathed in blinding white. Marching at

the horse's bridle, lean brown grooms in white tunics rhythmically waved long strips of white linen to keep off the flies from the Imperial Presence; and beside the motionless rider, in a line with his horse's flank, rode the Imperial Parasol-Bearer, who held above the sovereign's head a great sunshade of bright green velvet. Slowly the gray horse advanced a few yards before the tent; behind rode the court dignitaries, followed by the musicians, who looked, in their bright scant caftans, like the slender music-making angels of a Florentine fresco.

The Sultan, pausing beneath his velvet dome, waited to receive the homage of the assembled tribes. An official, riding forward, drew bridle and called out a name. Instantly there came storming across the plain a wild cavalcade of tribesmen, with rifles slung across their shoulders, pistols and cutlasses in their belts, and twists of camels' hair bound about their turbans. Within a few feet of the Sultan they drew in, their leader uttered a cry and sprang forward, bending to the saddle-bow, and with a great shout the tribe galloped by, each man bowed over his horse's neck as he flew past the hieratic figure on the gray horse.

Again and again this ceremony was repeated, the Sultan advancing a few feet as each new group thundered towards him. There were more than ten thousand horsemen and chieftains from the Atlas and the wilderness, and as the ceremony continued the dust-clouds grew denser and more fiery-golden, till at last the forward-surging lines showed through them like blurred images in a tarnished mirror.

As the Sultan advanced we followed, abreast of him and facing the oncoming squadrons. The contrast between his motionless figure and the wild waves of cavalry beating against it typified the strange soul of Islam, with its impetuosity forever culminating in impassiveness. The sun hung high, a brazen ball in a white sky, darting down metallic shafts on the dust-enveloped plain and the serene white figure under its umbrella. The fat man with a soft, round,

beard-fringed face wrapped in spirals of pure white, one plump hand on his embroidered bridle, his yellow-slipped feet thrust heel-down in big velvet-lined stirrups, became, through sheer immobility, a symbol, a mystery, a god. The human flux beat against him, dissolved, ebbed away, another spear-crested wave swept up behind it and dissolved in turn; and he sat on, hour after hour, under the white-hot sky, unconscious of the heat, the dust, the tumult, embodying to the wild, factious, precipitate hordes a long tradition of hieratic aloofness.

The Imperial Mirador

As the last riders galloped up to do homage we were summoned to our motors and driven rapidly to the palace. The Sultan had sent word to Mme. Lyautey that the ladies of the Imperial harem would entertain her and her guests while his Majesty received the Resident-General, and we had to hasten back in order not to miss the next act of the spectacle.

In the cruel sunlight we walked across a long court lined with the Black Guard, passed under a gateway, and were met by a shabbily dressed negress. Traversing a hot dazzle of polychrome tiles, we reached another archway guarded by the Chief Eunuch, a towering black with the enamelled eyes of a basalt bust. The Eunuch delivered us to other negresses, and we entered a labyrinth of inner passages and patios, all murmuring and dripping with water. Passing down long corridors where slaves in dim grayish garments flattened themselves against the walls, we caught glimpses of great dark rooms, laundries, pantries, bakeries, kitchens where savory things were brewing and stewing, and where more negresses, abandoning their pots and pans, came to peep at us from the threshold. In one corner, on a bench against a wall hung with matting, gray parrots in tall cages were being fed by a slave.

A narrow staircase mounted to a landing where a princess

out of an Arab fairy-tale awaited us. Stepping softly on her embroidered slippers, she led us to the next landing, where another golden-slipped being smiled out on us, a little girl this one, blushing and dimpling under a jewelled diadem and pearl-woven braids. On a third landing a third damsel appeared, and encircled by the three graces we mounted to the tall *mirador* in the central tower, from which we were to look down at the coming ceremony. One by one our little guides, kicking off their golden shoes, which a slave laid neatly outside the door, led us on soft bare feet into the upper chamber of the harem.

It was a large square room, enclosed on all sides by a balcony glazed with panes of brightly colored glass. The room itself was commonplace. On a gaudy modern Rabat carpet stood gilt armchairs of florid design and a table bearing a commercial bronze of the "art goods" variety. Divans with muslin-covered cushions were ranged against the walls and down an adjoining gallery-like apartment otherwise furnished only with clocks. The passion for clocks and other mechanical contrivances is common to all un-mechanical races, and every chief's palace in North Africa contains a collection of timepieces which might be called striking if so many had not ceased to go. But those in the Sultan's harem of Rabat were remarkable for the fact that, while designed on current European models, they were proportioned in size to the imperial dignity, so that a Dutch "grandfather" became a wardrobe, and the box clock of the European mantelpiece a cupboard that had to be set on the floor. At the end of this avenue of timepieces a European double-bed with a bright silk quilt covered with Nottingham lace stood majestically on a carpeted platform.

But for the enchanting glimpses of sea and plain through the lattices of the gallery, the apartment of the Sultan's ladies fell far short of occidental ideas of elegance. But there was hardly time to think of this, for the door of the *mirador* was always opening to let in another fairy-tale

figure, till at last we were surrounded by a dozen houris, laughing, babbling, taking us by the hand, and putting shy questions while they looked at us with caressing eyes. They were all (our interpreters whispered) the Sultan's "favorites," round-faced, apricot-tinted girls in their teens, with high cheek-bones, full red lips, surprised brown eyes between curved-up Asiatic lids, and little brown hands fluttering out like birds from their brocaded sleeves.

In honor of the ceremony, and of Mme. Lyautey's visit, the favorites had all put on their finest clothes, and their freedom of movement was somewhat hampered by their narrow sumptuous gowns, their over-draperies of gold and silver brocade and pale rosy gauze held in by corset-like sashes of gold tissue of Fez, and the heavy silken cords that looped their voluminous sleeves. Above their round lustrous foreheads the hair was shaven like that of an Italian fourteenth-century beauty, and only a black line as narrow as a pencilled eyebrow showed through the twist of gauze fastened by a jewelled clasp above the real eyebrows. Over the forehead-jewel rose the complicated structure of the headdress. Ropes of black wool were plaited through the hair, forming, at the back, a double loop that stood out above the nape like the twin handles of a vase, the upper veiled in airy shot gauzes and fastened with jewelled bands and ornaments. On each side of the red cheeks other braids were looped over the ears hung with long broad earrings of filigree set with rough pearls and emeralds, or gold hoops and pendants of coral; and an unexpected tulle ruff, like that of a Watteau shepherdess, framed the round chin above a torrent of necklaces, necklaces of amber, coral, baroque pearls, hung with mysterious barbaric amulets and fetiches. As the young things moved about us on soft hennaed feet, the light played on shifting gleams of gold and silver, blue and violet and apple-green, all harmonized and bemisted by clouds of pink and sky-blue; and through the changing group capered a little black pickaninny in a caftan of silver-shot purple, with a sash of raspberry red.

But presently there was a flutter in the aviary. A fresh pair of *babouches* clicked on the landing; and a young girl, less brilliantly dressed and less brilliant of face than the others, came in on bare painted feet. Her movements were shy and hesitating, her large lips pale, her eyebrows less vividly dark, her head less jewelled. But all the little humming-birds gathered about her with respectful rustlings as she advanced towards us leaning on one of the young girls, and holding out her ringed hand to Mme. Lyautey's curtsey. It was the young Princess, the Sultan's legitimate daughter. She examined us with sad eyes, spoke a few compliments through the interpreters, and seated herself in silence, letting the others sparkle and chatter.

Conversation with the shy Princess was flagging when one of the favorites beckoned to us to go out on the balcony. We were told we might push open the painted panes a few inches, but as we did so the butterfly group drew back laughing, lest they should be seen looking out on the forbidden world.

Salutes were crashing out again from the direction of the *msalla*: puffs of smoke floated over the slopes like thistle-down. Farther off, a low pall of red vapor veiled the gallop of the last horsemen wheeling away towards Rabat. The vapor subsided, and moving out of it we discerned a slow procession. First rode a detachment of the Black Guard, mounted on black horses, and comically fierce in their British scarlet and Meccan green, a uniform invented at the beginning of the nineteenth century by a retired English army officer. After the Guard came the standard-bearers and the great dignitaries, then the Sultan, still aloof, immovable, as if rapt in the contemplation of his mystic office. More court officials followed, then the bright-gowned musicians on foot, then the confused irrepressible crowd of pilgrims, beggars, saints, mountebanks, and the other small folk of the Bazaar, ending in a line of boys jamming their naked heels into the ribs of world-weary donkeys.

The Sultan rode into the court below us, and Vizier and chamberlains, snowy-white against the scarlet line of the Guards, hurried forward to kiss his draperies, his shoes, his stirrup. Descending from his velvet saddle, still entranced, he paced across the glittering tiles between a double line of white servitors bowing to the ground. White pigeons circled over him like petals loosed from a great white orchard, and he disappeared with his retinue under the shadowy arcade of the audience chamber at the back of the court.

At this point one of the favorites called us in from the *mirador*. The door had just opened to admit an elderly woman preceded by a respectful group of girls. From the newcomer's round ruddy face, her short round body, the round hands emerging from her round wrists, an inexplicable majesty emanated; and though she, too, was less richly arrayed than the favorites, she carried her headdress of multiple striped gauzes like a crown.

This impressive old lady was the Sultan's mother. As she held out her plump wrinkled hand to Mme. Lyautey and spoke a few words through the interpretest, one felt that at last a painted window of the *mirador* had been broken, and a thought let into the vacuum of the harem. What thought, it would have taken deep insight into the processes of the Arab mind to discover; but its honesty was manifest in the old Empress's voice and smile. Here at last was a woman beyond the trivial dissimulations, the childish cunning, the idle cruelties of the harem. It was not a surprise to be told that she was her son's most trusted adviser, and the chief authority in the palace. If such a woman deceived and intrigued, it would be for great purposes and for ends she believed in: the depth of her soul had air and daylight in it, and she would never willingly shut them out.

The Empress Mother chatted for a while with Mme. Lyautey, asking about the Resident-General's health, enquiring for news of the war, and saying, with an emotion

perceptible even through the unintelligible words: "All is well with Morocco as long as all is well with France." Then she withdrew, and we were summoned again to the *mirador*.

This time it was to see a company of officers in brilliant uniforms advancing at a trot across the plain from Rabat. At sight of the figure that headed them, so slim, erect, and young on his splendid chestnut, with a pale blue tunic barred by the wide orange ribbon of the Cherifian Order, salutes pealed forth again from the slope above the palace and the Black Guard presented arms. A moment later General Lyautey and his staff were riding in at the gates below us. On the threshold of the inner court they dismounted, and moving to the other side of our airy vantage we followed the next stage of the ceremony. The Sultan was still seated in the audience chamber. The court officials still stood drawn up in a snow-white line against the snow-white walls. The great dignitaries advanced across the tiles to greet the General; then they fell aside, and he went forward alone, followed at a little distance by his staff. A third of the way across the court he paused, in accordance with the Moroccan court ceremonial, and bowed in the direction of the arcaded room; a few steps farther he bowed again, and a third time on the threshold of the room. Then French uniforms and Moroccan draperies closed in about him, and all vanished into the shadows of the audience hall.

Our audience, too, seemed to be over. We had exhausted the limited small talk of the harem, had learned from the young beauties that, though they were forbidden to look on at the ceremony, the dancers and singers would come to entertain them presently, and had begun to take leave when a negress hurried in to say that his Majesty begged Mme. Lyautey and her friends to await his arrival. This was the crowning incident of our visit, and I wondered with what Byzantine ritual the Anointed One, fresh from the exercise of his priestly functions, would be received among his women.

The door opened, and without any announcement or

other preliminary flourish a fat man with a pleasant face, his djellabah stretched over a portly front, walked in holding a little boy by the hand. Such was his Majesty the Sultan Moulaïj Youssef, despoiled of sacramental burnouses and turban, and shuffling along on bare yellow-slipped feet with the gait of a stout elderly gentleman who has taken off his boots in the passage preparatory to a domestic evening.

The little Prince, one of his two legitimate sons, was dressed with equal simplicity, for silken garments are worn in Morocco only by musicians, boy-dancers, and other hermaphrodite fry. With his ceremonial raiment the Sultan had put off his air of supernatural majesty, and the expression of his round pale face corresponded with the plainness of his dress. The favorites fluttered about him, respectful but by no means awestruck, and the youngest began to play with the little Prince. We could well believe the report that his was the happiest harem in Morocco, as well as the only one into which a breath of the outer world ever came.

Moulaïj Youssef greeted Mme. Lyautey with friendly simplicity, made the proper speeches to her companions, and then, with the air of the business man who has forgotten to give an order before leaving his office, he walked up to a corner of the room, and while the flower-maidens ruffled about him, and through the windows we saw the last participants in the mystic rites galloping away towards the crenellated walls of Rabat, his Majesty the Priest and Emperor of the Faithful unhooked a small instrument from the wall and applied his sacred lips to the telephone.

In Old Rabat

Before General Lyautey came to Morocco, Rabat had been subjected to the indignity of European "improvements," and one must traverse wide boulevards scored with tram-lines, and pass between hotel-terraces and cafés and cinema-palaces, to reach the surviving nucleus of the once beautiful native town. Then, at the turn of a commonplace street,

one comes upon it suddenly. The shops and cafés cease, the jingle of trams and the trumpeting of motor-horns die out, and here, all at once, are silence and solitude, and the soothing reticence of the windowless Arab house-fronts.

We were bound for the house of a high government official, a Moroccan dignitary of the old school, who had invited us to tea, and added a courteous message to the effect that the ladies of his household would be happy to receive me.

The house we sought was midway down the quietest of white-walled streets. Our companion knocked at a low green door, and we were admitted to a passage into which a steep wooden stairway descended. A brother-in-law of our host was waiting for us; in his wake we mounted the ladder-like stairs and entered a long room with a florid French carpet and a set of gilt furniture to match. There were no traceried walls, no painted cedar doors, no fountains rustling in unseen courts: the house was squeezed in between others, and such traces of old ornament as it may have possessed had vanished.

But presently we saw why its owner was indifferent to such details. Our host, a handsome white-bearded old man, welcomed us in the doorway; then he led us to a raised oriel window at one end of the room, and seated us in the gilt armchairs face to face with one of the most beautiful views in Morocco.

Below us lay the white and blue terrace-roofs of the native town, with palms and minarets shooting up between them, or the shadows of a vine-trellis patterning a quiet lane. Beyond, the Atlantic sparkled, breaking into foam at the mouth of the Bou Regreg and under the towering ramparts of the Kasbah of the Oudayas. To the right, the ruins of the great Mosque rose from their plateau over the river; and, on the farther side of the troubled flood, Old Salé, white and wicked, lay like a jewel in its gardens. With such a scene beneath their eyes, the inhabitants of the house could hardly feel its lack of architectural interest.

After exchanging the usual compliments, and giving us time to enjoy the view, our host withdrew, taking with him the men of our party. A moment later he re-appeared with a rosy fair-haired girl, dressed in Arab costume, but evidently of European birth. The brother-in-law explained that this young woman, who had "studied in Algeria," and whose mother was French, was the intimate friend of the ladies of the household, and would act as interpreter. Our host then again left us, joining the men visitors in another room, and the door opened to admit his wife and daughters-in-law.

The mistress of the house was a handsome Algerian with sad expressive eyes; the younger women were pale, fat, and amiable. They all wore sober dresses in keeping with the simplicity of the house, and but for the vacuity of their faces the group might have been that of a professor's family in an English or American town, decently costumed for an Arabian Nights' pageant in the college grounds. I was never more vividly reminded of the fact that human nature, from one pole to the other, falls naturally into certain categories, and that respectability wears the same face in an oriental harem as in England and America.

My hostesses received me with the utmost amiability, we seated ourselves in the oriel facing the view, and the interchange of questions and compliments began.

"Had I any children?" (They asked it all at once.)

"Alas, no."

"In Islam," (one of the ladies ventured), "a woman without children is considered the most unhappy being in the world."

I replied that in the western world also childless women were pitied. (The brother-in-law smiled incredulously.)

Knowing that European fashions are of absorbing interest to the harem I next enquired: "What do these ladies think of our stiff tailor-dresses? Don't they find them excessively ugly?"

"Yes, they do." (It was again the brother-in-law who

replied.) "But they suppose that in your own homes you dress less badly."

"And have they never any desire to travel, and to visit the Bazaars, as the Turkish ladies do?"

"No, indeed. They are too busy to give such matters a thought. In our country women of the highest class occupy themselves with their household and their children, and the rest of their time is devoted to needlework." (At this statement I gave the brother-in-law a smile as incredulous as his own.)

All this time the fair-haired interpretest had not been allowed by the vigilant guardian of the harem to utter a word. I turned to her with a question.

"So your mother is French, *Mademoiselle*?"

"*Oui, Madame.*"

"From what part of France did she come?"

A bewildered pause. Finally: "I don't know—from Switzerland, I think," brought out this shining example of the higher education. In spite of Algerian "advantages," the poor girl could speak only a few words of her mother's tongue. She had kept the European features and complexion, but her soul was the soul of Islam. The harem had placed its powerful imprint upon her, and she looked at me with the same remote and passive eyes as the daughters of the house.

After struggling for a while longer with a conversation which the watchful brother-in-law continued to direct as he pleased, I felt my own lips stiffening into the resigned smile of the harem, and it was a relief when at last their guardian drove the pale flock away, and the handsome old gentleman who owned them re-appeared on the scene, bringing back my friends and followed by slaves and tea.

In Fez

What thoughts, what speculations, one wonders, go on under the narrow-veiled brows of the little creatures destined

to the high honor of marriage or concubinage in Moroccan palaces?

Some are brought down from mountains and cedar forests, from the free life of the tents where the nomad women go unveiled. Others come from harems in the turreted cities beyond the Atlas, where blue palm-groves beat all night against the stars and date-caravans journey across the desert from Timbuctoo. Some, born and bred in an airy palace among pomegranate gardens and white terraces, pass thence to one of the feudal fortresses near the snows, where for half the year the great chiefs of the south live in their clan, among fighting men and falconers and packs of *sloughis*. And still others grow up in a stifling Mellah, trip unveiled on its blue terraces overlooking the gardens of the great, and, seen one day at sunset by a fat Vizier or his pale young master, are acquired for a handsome sum and transferred to the painted sepulchre of the harem.

Worst of all must be the fate of those who go from tents and cedar forests, or from some sea-blown garden above Rabat, into one of the houses of Old Fez. They are well-nigh impenetrable, these palaces of Elbali: the Fazi dignitaries do not welcome the visits of strange women. On the rare occasions when they are received, a member of the family (one of the sons, or a brother-in-law who has "studied in Algeria") usually acts as interpreter; and perhaps it is as well that no one from the outer world should come to remind these listless creatures that somewhere the gulls dance on the Atlantic and the wind murmurs through olive-yards and clatters the metallic fronds of palm-groves.

We had been invited, one day, to visit the harem of one of the chief dignitaries of the Makhzen at Fez, and these thoughts came to me as I sat among the pale women in their mouldering prison. The descent through the steep tunnelled streets gave one the sense of being lowered into the shaft of a mine. At each step the strip of sky grew narrower, and was more often obscured by the low-vaulted passages into which

we plunged. The noises of the Bazaar had died out, and only the sob of fountains behind garden walls and the clatter of our mules' hoofs on the stones went with us. Then fountains and gardens ceased also, the towering masonry closed in, and we entered an almost subterranean labyrinth which sun and air never reach. At length our mules turned into a cul-de-sac blocked by a high building. On the right was another building, one of those blind mysterious house-fronts of Fez that seem like a fragment of its ancient fortification. Clients and servants lounged on the stone benches built into the wall; it was evidently the house of an important person. A charming youth with intelligent eyes waited on the threshold to receive us; he was one of the sons of the house, the one who had "studied in Algeria" and knew how to talk to visitors. We followed him into a small arcaded patio hemmed in by the high walls of the house. On the right was the usual long room with archways giving on the court. Our host, a patriarchal personage, draped in fat as in a toga, came towards us, a mountain of majestic muslins, his eyes sparkling in a swarthy silver-bearded face. He seated us on divans, and lowered his voluminous person to a heap of cushions on the step leading into the court; and the son who had studied in Algeria instructed a smiling negress to prepare the tea.

Across the patio was another arcade closely hung with unbleached cotton. From behind it came the sound of chatter, and now and then a bare brown child in a scant shirt would escape, and be hurriedly pulled back with soft explosions of laughter, while a black woman came out to re-adjust the curtains.

There were three of these negresses, splendid bronze creatures, wearing white djellabahs over bright-colored caftans, striped scarves knotted about their large hips, and gauze turbans on their crinkled hair. Their wrists clinked with heavy silver bracelets, and big circular earrings danced in their purple ear-lobes. A languor lay on all the other

inmates of the household, on the servants and hangers-on squatting in the shade under the arcade, on our monumental host and his smiling son; but the three negresses, vibrating with activity, rushed continually from the curtained chamber to the kitchen, and from the kitchen to the master's reception-room, bearing, on their pinky-blue palms, trays of Britannia metal with tall glasses and fresh bunches of mint, shouting orders to dozing menials, and calling to each other from opposite ends of the court; and finally the stoutest of the three, disappearing from view, re-appeared suddenly on a pale green balcony overhead, where, profiled against a square of blue sky, she leaned over in a Veronese attitude and screamed down to the others like an excited parrot.

In spite of their febrile activity and tropical bird-shrieks, we waited in vain for tea; and after a while our host suggested to his son that I might like to visit the ladies of the household. As I had expected, the young man led me across the patio, lifted the cotton hanging and introduced me into an apartment exactly like the one we had just left. Divans covered with striped mattress-ticking stood against the white walls, and on them sat seven or eight passive-looking women over whom a number of pale children scrambled.

The eldest of the group, and evidently the mistress of the house, was an Algerian lady, probably about fifty, with a sad and delicately modelled face; the others were daughters, daughters-in-law, and concubines. The latter word evokes to occidental ears images of sensual seduction which the Moroccan harem seldom realizes. All the ladies of this dignified official household wore the same look of somewhat melancholy respectability. In their stuffy curtained apartment they were like cellar-grown flowers, pale, heavy, fuller but frailer than the garden sort. Their dresses, rich but sober, the veils and diadems put on in honor of my visit, had a dignified dowdiness in odd contrast to the frivolity of the Imperial harem. But what chiefly struck me was

the apathy of the younger women. I asked them if they had a garden, and they shook their heads wistfully, saying that there were no gardens in Old Fez. The roof was therefore their only escape: a roof overlooking acres and acres of other roofs, and closed in by the naked fortified mountains which stand about Fez like prison walls.

After a brief exchange of compliments silence fell. Conversing through interpreters is a benumbing process, and there are few points of contact between the open-air occidental mind and beings imprisoned in a conception of sexual and domestic life based on slave-service and incessant espionage. These languid women on their muslin cushions toil not, neither do they spin. The Moroccan lady knows little of cooking, needlework, or any household arts. When her child is ill she can only hang it with amulets and wail over it; the great lady of the Fazi palace is as ignorant of hygiene as the peasant woman of the *bled*. And all these colorless, eventless lives depend on the favor of one fat tyrannical man, bloated with good living and authority, himself almost as inert and sedentary as his women, and accustomed to impose his whims on them ever since he ran about the same patio as a little short-smocked boy.

The redeeming point in this stagnant domesticity is the tenderness of the parents for their children; and western writers have laid so much stress on this that one would suppose children could be loved only by inert and ignorant parents. It is in fact charming to see the heavy eyes of the Moroccan father light up when a brown grasshopper baby jumps on his knee, and the unfeigned tenderness with which the childless women of the harem caress the babies of their happier rivals. But the sentimentalist, moved by this display of family feeling, would do well to consider the lives of these much-petted children. Ignorance, unhealthiness, and a precocious sexual initiation prevail in all classes. Education consists in learning by heart endless passages of the Koran, and amusement in assisting at spectacles that

would be unintelligible to western children, but that the pleasantries of the harem make perfectly comprehensible to Moroccan infancy. At eight or nine the little girls are married, at twelve the son of the house is "given his first negress"; and thereafter, in the rich and leisured class, both sexes live till old age in an atmosphere of sensuality without seduction.

The young son of the house led me back across the court, where the negresses were still shrieking and scurrying, and passing to and fro like a stage-procession with the vain paraphernalia of a tea that never came. Our host still smiled from his cushions, resigned to oriental delays. To distract the impatient westerners, a servant unhooked from the wall the cage of a gently-cooing ringdove. It was brought to us, still cooing, and looked at me with the same resigned and vacant eyes as the ladies I had just left. As it was being restored to its hook, the slaves lolling about the entrance door scattered respectfully at the approach of a handsome man of about thirty, with delicate features and a black beard. Crossing the court, he stopped to kiss the shoulder of our host, who introduced him as his eldest son, the husband of one or two of the little pale wives with whom I had been exchanging platitudes.

From the increasing agitation of the negresses it became evident that the ceremony of tea-making had been postponed till his arrival. A metal tray bearing a Britannia samovar and teapot was placed on the tiles of the court, and squatting beside it the newcomer gravely proceeded to infuse the mint. Suddenly the cotton hangings fluttered again, and a tiny child in the scantest of smocks rushed out and scampered across the court. Our venerable host, stretching out rapturous arms, caught the fugitive to his bosom, where the little boy lay like a squirrel, watching us with great sidelong eyes. He was the last-born of the patriarch, and the youngest brother of the majestic bearded gentleman engaged in tea-making. While he was still in

his father's arms two more sons appeared: charming almond-eyed schoolboys returning from their Koran-class, escorted by their slaves. All the sons greeted each other affectionately, and caressed with almost feminine tenderness the dancing brown baby so lately added to their ranks; and finally, to crown this scene of domestic intimacy, the three negresses, their gigantic effort at last accomplished, passed about the glasses of steaming mint and the trays of gazelles' horns and white sugar-cakes.

Marrakech

The farther one travels from the Mediterranean and Europe the closer the curtains of the women's quarters are drawn. The only harem in which we were allowed an interpreter was that of the Sultan himself: in the private harems of Fez and Rabat a French-speaking relative transmitted (or professed to transmit) our remarks; in Marrakech, the great nobleman and dignitary who kindly invited me to visit his household was deaf to our hint that the presence of a lady from one of the French government schools might facilitate our intercourse.

When we drove up to his palace, one of the stateliest in Marrakech, the street was thronged with clansmen and clients. Dignified merchants in white muslin, whose grooms held white mules saddled with rose-colored velvet, warriors from the Atlas wearing the corkscrew ringlets which are a sign of military prowess, Jewish traders in black gabardines, leather-gaitered peasant women with chickens and cheese, and beggars rolling their blind eyes or exposing their fly-plastered sores, were gathered in oriental promiscuity about the great man's door; while under the archway stood a group of youths and warlike-looking older men who were evidently of his own clan.

The Cald's chamberlain, a middle-aged man of dignified appearance, advanced to meet us between bowing clients and tradesmen. He led us through cool passages lined with

the intricate mosaic-work of Fez, past beggars sitting on stone benches and whining out their blessings, and pale Fazi craftsmen laying a floor of delicate tiles. The Caïd is a passionate lover of Arab architecture. His splendid house, which is not yet finished, has been planned and decorated on the lines of the old Imperial palaces; and when a few years of sun and rain and oriental neglect have worked their way on its cedar-wood and gilding and ivory stucco, it will have the same faded loveliness as the fairy palaces of Fez.

In a garden where fountains splashed and roses climbed among cypresses, the Caïd himself awaited us. This great fighter and loyal friend of France is a magnificent eagle-beaked man, brown, lean, and sinewy, with vigilant eyes looking out under his carefully draped muslin turban, and negroid lips half-hidden by a close black beard.

Tea was prepared in the familiar setting: a long arcaded room, with painted ceiling and richly stuccoed walls. All around were ranged the usual mattresses, covered with striped ticking and piled with muslin cushions. A bedstead of brass, imitating a Louis XVI cane bed, and adorned with brass garlands and bows, was throned on the usual platform; and the only other ornaments were a few clocks and bunches of wax flowers under glass. Like all orientals, this hero of the Atlas, who spends half his life with his fighting clansmen in a mediaeval stronghold among the snows, and the other half rolling in a sixty horse-power motor over smooth French roads, seems unaware of any degrees of beauty or appropriateness in objects of European design, and places against the exquisite mosaics and trceries of his Fazi craftsmen the tawdriest bric-à-brac of the cheap department store.

While tea was being served I noticed a tiny negress, not more than six or seven years old, who stood motionless in the embrasure of an archway. Like most of the Moroccan slaves, even in the greatest households, she was shabbily, almost raggedly, dressed. A dirty *gandourah* of striped

muslin covered her faded caftan, and a cheap kerchief was wound above her mournful and precocious little face. With preternatural vigilance she watched each movement of the Caïd, who never spoke to her, looked at her, or made her the slightest perceptible sign, but whose least wish she instantly divined, refilling his tea-cup, passing the plates of sweets, or removing our empty glasses, in obedience to some secret telegraphy on which her whole being hung.

The Caïd is a great man. He and his famous elder brother, holding the southern marches of Morocco against alien enemies and internal rebellion, played a preponderant part in the defense of the French colonies in North Africa during the long struggle of the war. Enlightened, cultivated, a friend of the arts, a scholar and diplomatist, he seems, unlike many orientals, to have selected the best in assimilating European influences. Yet when I looked at the tiny creature watching him with those anxious, joyless eyes I felt more the abyss that slavery and the seraglio put between the most Europeanized Mahometan and the western conception of life. The Caïd's little black slaves are well-known in Morocco, and behind the sad child leaning in the archway stood all the shadowy evils of the social system that hangs like a millstone about the neck of Islam.

Presently a handsome tattered negress came across the garden to invite me to the harem. Captain de — and his wife, who had accompanied me, were old friends of the Chief's, and it was owing to this that the jealously guarded doors of the women's quarters were opened to Mme. de — and myself. We followed the negress to a marble-paved court where pigeons fluttered and strutted about the central fountain. From under a trellised arcade hung with linen curtains several ladies came forward. They greeted my companion with exclamations of delight; then they led us into the usual commonplace room with divans and white-washed walls. Even in the most sumptuous Moroccan palaces little care seems to be expended on the fittings of

the women's quarters; unless, indeed, the room in which visitors are received corresponds with a boarding-school "parlor," and the personal touch is reserved for the private apartments.

The ladies who greeted us were more richly dressed than any I had seen except the Sultan's favorites; but their faces were more distinguished, more European in outline, than those of the round-cheeked beauties of Rabat. My companions had told me that the Cald's harem was recruited from Georgia, and that the ladies receiving us had been brought up in the relative freedom of life in Constantinople; and it was easy to read in their wistfully smiling eyes memories of a life unknown to the passive daughters of Morocco.

They appeared to make no secret of their regrets, for presently one of them, with a smile, called my attention to some faded photographs hanging over the divan. They represented groups of plump, provincial-looking young women in dowdy European ball-dresses; and it required an effort of the imagination to believe that the lovely creatures in velvet caftans, with delicately tattooed temples under complicated head-dresses, and hennaed feet crossed on muslin cushions, were the same as the beaming frumps in the photographs. But to the sumptuously-clad exiles these faded photographs and ugly dresses represented freedom, happiness, and all they had forfeited when fate (probably in the shape of an opulent Hebrew couple "travelling with their daughters") carried them from the Bosphorus to the Atlas.

As in the other harems I had visited, perfect equality seemed to prevail among the ladies, and while they chatted with Mme. de —, whose few words of Arabic had loosed their tongues, I tried to guess which was the favorite, or at least the first in rank. My choice wavered between the pretty pale creature with a *ferronnière* across her temples and a tea-rose caftan veiled in blue gauze, and the nut-brown beauty in red velvet hung with pearls, whose languid attitude and long-lidded eyes were so like the Keepsake portraits

of Byron's Haldee. Or was it perhaps the third, less pretty but more vivid and animated, who sat behind the tea-tray and mimicked so expressively a soldier shouldering his rifle, and another falling dead, in her effort to ask us "when the dreadful war would be over"? Perhaps . . . Unless, indeed, it were the handsome octoroon, slightly older than the others, but even more splendidly dressed, so free and noble in her movements, and treated by the others with such friendly deference. . . .

I was struck by the fact that among them all there was not a child; it was the first harem without brown babies that I had seen in that prolific land. Presently one of the ladies asked Mme. de — about her children; in reply, she enquired for the Caïd's little boy, the son of his wife who had died. The ladies' faces lit up wistfully, a slave was given an order, and presently a large-eyed ghost of a child was brought into the room.

Instantly all the bracelet-laden arms were held out to the dead woman's son; and as I watched the weak little body hung with amulets and the heavy head covered with thin curls pressed against a brocaded bosom, I was reminded of one of the coral-hung child-Christ's of Crivelli standing, livid and waxen, on the knee of a splendidly dressed Madonna.

The poor baby on whom such hopes and ambitions hung stared at us with a solemn, unamused gaze. Would all his pretty mothers, his eyes seemed to ask, succeed in bringing him to maturity in spite of the parched summers of the south and the stifling existence of the harem? It was evident that no precaution had been neglected to protect him from maleficent influences and the danger that walks by night, for his frail neck and wrists were hung with innumerable charms: Koranic verses, Soudanese incantations, and images of forgotten idols in amber and coral and horn and ambergris. Perhaps they will ward off the powers of evil, and let him grow up to shoulder the burden of the great Caïds of the south.

FRANCE AND AMERICA IN PEACE

By FIRMIN ROZ

THERE is certainly a general desire in France and the United States to see the two countries draw closer together. On both sides, surprise has been felt at the discovery of so much affinity and sympathy. The intimate contact which the war has brought about must be kept up. It is the duty of both countries to see to it that the ties of friendship formed in the brotherhood of common sacrifice shall not be loosened. Moreover, this unity would seem to be a necessity for the future, because the problems of the new era cannot be solved, or even broached, without cordial co-operation between France and America. But we must look upon this duty from a practical standpoint. It is not enough to say in an after-dinner speech that we ought "to bind tighter the bonds of the two sister republics." We want something more definite, more concrete.

A French magazine, "La Vie," in a special number devoted to the question, how we can become more closely united with America, has published twenty-four replies, all of which came from intelligent readers: university professors, scholars, men of letters, an admiral, an artist, a deputy. It would be equally desirable to conduct another inquiry of like nature among manufacturers, merchants, and financiers. By discussions of this kind ideas are defined and the way is cleared for action.

Work along these lines was begun some ten years ago, thanks to the initiative and efforts of the Comité France-Amérique, founded in 1909 and presided over by M. Gabriel Hanotaux of the Académie Française, a former Minister of Foreign Affairs. It is not, perhaps, without interest to recall in connection with this committee that it had an

honored ancestor, whose story M. Jusserand, French Ambassador to the United States, has recently told in a work of charming erudition, "With Americans of Past and Present Days." This was the Société Gallo-Américaine, founded in 1787 by J. P. Brissot, the future member of the National Convention, with Crèvecoeur and several other friends. The members got together to discuss the mutual welfare of France and the United States. The particular purpose of the association was to put the two nations in a position to know each other better and to bring the Frenchman and the American nearer together. The society was to import from America and publish books as well as newspapers, the text of laws, the proceedings of Congress. It was "to welcome Americans whose business should call them to France and whose knowledge would enable them to impart useful information there." It was considered of first importance that the society "in order to be useful to the two nations" should be composed of men capable of serious and concentrated work.

This is also the programme of the Comité France-Amérique. The chairman of the committee, M. Gabriel Hanotaux, who is particularly well qualified to answer a questionnaire like that of "La Vie," has laid down a very sensible and workable principle which he thinks should direct all efforts aimed at the development of Franco-American relations: "Ask the various French organizations, official and private, to get in touch and keep in touch with the corresponding organizations in the United States. For example, chambers of commerce and universities, corporations and associations of producers, assemblies and administrative bodies, might well enter into direct and intimate relationships with very happy effects. In the many different lines of activity, each country would give suggestions to the other, which would be received chiefly by men competent to understand them and the most likely to turn them to good account."

This is what has happened during the war and the period

of the Peace Conference. American engineers have taken part in the Congrès du Génie Civil at Paris. We have received a great many visits from Congressmen, delegates of the American Federation of Labor, special representatives of newspapers and magazines. The different delegations have enjoyed intercourse with Frenchmen of the same interests, and this has proved the best way to obtain valuable results.

Here, then, is the principle which should be applied to intellectual relations between France and America. The universities are obviously foremost among the organizations that can be used to further such relations. As a matter of fact, a beginning in this work was made several years ago, and it should now be continued on a larger scale. Two principal courses of action are at the disposal of the universities: the exchange of professors and the exchange of students. But one serious difficulty comes up with regard to the students. Our universities in France are made up exclusively of lecture rooms, laboratories, and libraries. They have no facilities for community life.

This is a matter that troubles Frenchmen and Americans who have at heart the development of affiliations between the universities of the two countries. Professor Maurice Caullery of the Sorbonne, who lived for several months in America and published a remarkable book on "*Universités et la Vie Scientifique aux Etats-Unis*," has made a special study, with a few of his colleagues, of the solution of this problem. He writes in reply to the inquiry of "*La Vie*": "Let us facilitate the coming together of the young men of the two countries by the exchange of students, and let us welcome young Americans in Paris and in the provinces. In Paris a building for American students is to be erected immediately. May it be popular, and may it reveal to our students the charm and benefits of the comradeship and community life of young Americans." At the University of Paris and at our sixteen regional universities—

Aix, Marseilles, Alger, Besançon, Bordeaux, Caen, Clermont, Dijon, Grenoble, Lille, Lyons, Montpellier, Nancy, Poitiers, Rennes, Toulouse—committees are being formed to look after the interests of foreign students, particularly Americans. These committees will not confine themselves to advising the individual about choice of courses; they will give him all the necessary information on practical matters and will find for him a family with which he can live and “feel quite at home.”

Since Professor Caullery wrote to this effect, the plan he described has been in part carried out. It was necessary to make haste and improvise in the emergency an organization that would meet the situation. The American army temporarily transformed several thousand young officers and enlisted men into students of our universities. Paris took as its share two thousand of them. The university succeeded in finding accommodations for almost all, and special courses were arranged for them, notably, thorough instruction in French civilization. Everywhere they were cordially welcomed, and all possible pains were taken to make their stay profitable and pleasant. At the universities to which they came in successive groups—as at Nancy and Besançon—an impressive meeting was held in their honor either towards the middle of their stay or towards the end. On the other hand, at Clermont-Ferrand, at Montpellier, and at Bordeaux the rectors of the universities gave receptions that took on the character of veritable fêtes of Franco-American friendship. At the University of Bordeaux the American students were particularly touched by the fact that they were received at such a function together with the French students returning from the army.

Take, as an example of the arrangements made for American students in France, the reception given at the ancient University of Montpellier, where Rabelais studied. There were seven hundred Americans here, and it was no easy task to find places for them to

live in a town already overcrowded—its population had increased during the war from eighty thousand to one hundred and ten thousand. However, this difficulty was overcome. Two hundred of the men were housed in the Petit Lycée, a large building with a beautiful garden. Here were also set up the offices, the stores, and the club managed by the Y. M. C. A. The president of the Committee on Foreign Students at Montpellier, M. Jules Valéry, professor of law, said that their good behavior and gentlemanliness were highly appreciated by all classes of society and brought them invitations from all sides. They started a newspaper, "The Soldier Student," which was printed on the press of the "Petit Méridional," of which it formed a sort of weekly supplement. Another local paper, "L'Eclair," gave a reception in honor of the boys and printed a supplement dedicated to them. And so there grew up here a flourishing and cordial Franco-American union.

Side by side with these temporary organizations, preparations were made for one that will be permanent. The American University Union in Europe, so competently and enthusiastically managed by Professor Nettleton of Yale, has undertaken to create in Paris a headquarters for American students and for American educational interests in France. This *Maison des Etudiants* will be at the same time a headquarters for Frenchmen who desire information about schools and colleges in the United States, and a place where Americans can return the hospitality which they have received from their French friends. But, above all, this organization will bear witness that Frenchmen and Americans are and will remain allies in peace as in war, to the great end of drawing closer together the intellectual interests of France and America and, in a larger sense, of reuniting the Latin and Anglo-Saxon civilizations. For the *Maison des Etudiants* the Municipal Council of Paris has given a superb site in the midst of its educational institutions. Mr. Nettleton expressed appreciation of this gift in words

at once impressive and moving: "For us, for all the Allied peoples, the soil of France is sacred soil. It is consecrated by sacrifices in which we have shared. In the most tragic moments of the war France never dreamed of yielding a single inch of soil to force of arms; but she does not hesitate to yield a portion of this soil to the force of friendship." Who can doubt but a friendship thus sealed will be indestructible?

It is important not to restrict exchanges of teachers and students to the higher institutions alone. We have in France a well-developed system of secondary schools, which resembles and, by an old tradition of culture, is connected with the work of the high schools in the United States and the undergraduate work in American universities. We have also normal schools for teachers who expect to go into the primary grades. In these two classes of institutions, the exchange of teachers and scholars would be desirable. For the pupils in these schools this would be easier to arrange than in the case of the universities, because our *lycées*, *collèges*, and *écoles normales* are on the order of boarding schools. The boy or girl can live in them at very moderate expense.

Our academies and scientific and literary societies can also do much for the intellectual *rapprochement* of the two countries. There is now in the United States an American Academy of Arts and Letters, whose founders evidently had in mind the rôle that the Académie Française plays with us, since they aimed to establish a society of scholars and artists through which the American spirit might attain to full consciousness and definite expression. It would be most interesting if this academy should enter into intercourse with our Académie Française, our Académie des Beaux-Arts, and also with two other bodies of our Institut de France: the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres and the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques. As for the Académie des Sciences, whose work requires special

initiation, and our medical, agricultural, and horticultural societies, they would find, undoubtedly, corresponding associations in America. The same thing is true of our organizations for social work—the charities, for example, and the Ligue Nationale contre l'Alcoolisme. All these societies could, to begin with, exchange publications. Afterward they could exchange visits. Many Americans who come to France, and equally Frenchmen who go to America, fail to take advantage of the opportunity for intercourse through these societies with their colleagues who are interested in the same questions and would get so much pleasure from the meeting.

Outside of the special groups, through whose medium relations between certain classes of Americans and Frenchmen can be established, it is by books and magazines that the broader intellectual affiliations are fostered.

We have in France few periodicals for the general reader, but these are excellent. They ought to be introduced into America and the better American magazines introduced into France. Let us make use at first—in order to blaze a trail—of the main avenues of communication: the public and circulating libraries, the universities, and the clubs. Here readers could come to know the leading periodicals of the other country, and it is to be hoped that they would afterward subscribe individually to this or that magazine, which they could thus choose intelligently because it suited their tastes and their needs. Little by little, the reading of magazines selected in this way would become a habit, and through them a person could perfect himself in the language of another country, familiarize himself with its ideas, and learn to know it.

When it comes to books, their choice presents a serious difficulty. The literary tradition of France is a tradition of liberty, and liberty in literature as in politics often degenerates into license. Madame Roland's famous *mot* at the time of the Revolution: "Liberty, what crimes are com-

mitted in thy name!" can be applied only too easily to literature. Under the pretext that hypocrisy is a vice and sincerity a virtue and that nature and truth must be respected, the realists and the naturalists have spilled over into lamentable excess. Logic, which is characteristic of the French spirit, carries it farther than that of other races in the application of a formula or the development of a system of thought. What is still more serious, the formula soon becomes a stereotyped process, a receipt for production that enables the disciples to outstrip the master and imitators to utilize more or less easily the same means to attain the same success. It has also produced an actual divorce between literature and life—a literature artificial and debased, to which the home and the public library are strictly closed.

Unfortunately, it is this literature that is exported. The publisher or his agent, who treats books as common merchandise, recognizes only two classes, those on which he makes big profits and those on which the profits are less. When a book may be easily brought out with generous commissions to bolster it up, the exporter looks upon it with favor. On the other hand, when a good book—a masterpiece, even—is not a commercial proposition, it runs the risk of being forever unknown beyond France. The international book trade ought to be carried on with the greatest care. There are books that express truly the genius of France, that give accurate analyses, faithful descriptions; there are others that have no significance; still others that are poor and false. When French readers can themselves be deceived in their books—and it is true that their taste is too often perverted—what can be expected of foreign readers?

French books, which should be one of the means of spreading our civilization, have certainly done us a great deal of harm outside of France. It is the same with the theatre. Not only do our guests see acted plays that give them an

impression damaging to our country; but these plays are read abroad even more widely than our other books. It is extremely important to understand how a theatre industry has grown up in Paris that often does more credit to the technical cleverness of our playwrights than to the moral truth of their pictures. Paris attracts more foreigners than any other city in Europe. It is in this respect a true cosmopolis. Around these visitors—for them and thanks to them—a big business of luxury and a profitable traffic in pleasure have grown up: imposing restaurants, brilliant cafés, elegant shops—all of them places that the Frenchman hardly knows and never frequents. It is in this artificial world of the “boulevard” that the theatre industry has developed. We already possessed the “esprit du boulevard,” which was not the true French spirit, or was, at any rate, only a very small part of it. Then there was added to this a certain boldness of language, a tendency to freedom in expression—for it is the French way to be outspoken. Imperceptibly this boldness became the worst sort of license, where grossness too often took the place of wit.

It is this unsavory mixture, having nothing really French, that strangers are shown, and by that they are to judge our race. This is the memory they take away with them from Paris—from the Paris of the Sainte-Chapelle, of Notre-Dame, of the Louvre, of the Invalides, and the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile; the Paris of history and art, of libraries and museums, of great schools and the oldest university in the world; the Paris of Boileau, of Molière, and Voltaire; the Paris of the seventeenth and eighteenth century salons; the Paris that has in all times inspired kings, statesmen, scholars, artists; the Paris that Theodore Roosevelt, speaking to us at the home of Ambassador Bacon, called “the Mecca of modern civilization.”

Too many Americans have seen that one side of Paris, and for this reason they are liable to confound the whole of France and likewise the whole of Paris with the “boule-

vard"; for the same reason they are deceived by the quality which is characteristic to a large degree of our stage.

But there are not enough Americans who like to enter into the intimacy of our life, into our homes. Intellectual relationships need to be supplemented by relations that are more intimate, more personal. We have attempted to establish something of this sort between American officers and French families during the time of war and demobilization. The work of the "French Homes," started by Madame Edouard de Billy, the wife of the late Deputy French High Commissioner at Washington, was the principal effort in this field. There have been others. But nothing is more difficult than to organize personal relationships. They will increase quite naturally [in proportion as contacts are made, following the principle already described, among various groups of Frenchmen and corresponding groups of Americans. Friendly ties will be the logical consequence of exchanges of professors and students, of business men and manufacturers and artists, and these will in turn facilitate the exchanges from which they have resulted. Therefore, we should work first of all for the exchange of people, books, magazines, and information. They are the chief sources from which other good things will come to help forward the friendship and unity of the two countries.

Our friendship and unity, precisely because they increase our common strength, are disquieting to the common enemy. He will leave nothing undone to weaken them. His propaganda is desperate. After trying to stir up the French against the Americans and failing pitifully, he attempted to stir up the Americans against the French. Americans have been everywhere welcome in France. They have been received as crusaders for justice and right. They were admired by the public, and the heart of the nation was touched when these generous adventurers came from so far away to espouse its cause. When the American troops took part in the fighting, their bravery aroused

enthusiasm. It should be remembered that the extraordinary popularity of the Americans with the French was so great as to excite jealousy in the older allies of France, who felt that they were neglected for the newcomers.

German propagandists then strove to spread among French workmen the idea that the Americans had come not to fight but to labor, and that they would take the places in the factories of native workers, who would thus be released for service at the front; and that, in addition, the Americans would be paid dear for their co-operation and would stay in the country to exploit it for their own benefit. This perfidious attack had no effect. Those who had based their hope on it now put it the other way round. As they had been unable to detach France from the Americans, they now tried to detach the Americans from France. They said to them: "The French do not like you. They have never liked you. They wanted you in the hour of danger when they needed you. Now that the danger is over, they have only one idea and that is to get rid of you as fast as possible." Various publications spread broadside in the United States these atrocious calumnies and clumsy lies; and the French press took up the extraordinary articles that appeared in them. A Los Angeles newspaper dared to say that an American soldier could not take ten steps in the streets of Paris without being insulted by the crowd. American soldiers who return to their country will do justice to such impostures. But the Germans have shown us how unbridled will be the propaganda which will attempt to separate in peace the allies and friends that the war has drawn together in cordial and brotherly union. Is there not here the best proof that the enemy considers this result vital, aiming to bring it about at any price? It behooves us now to oppose it at any price and to stand heartily united.

The petty difficulties of the long months of waiting and inaction that followed the heroic period of the war ought

not to make American soldiers forget the sublime reality with which they were in touch. Peace has come suddenly, the enthusiasm of battle has gone, the effort is relaxed. To-day the wonderful French soldiers who endured fifty-two months of war—and what war!—show their fatigue. For their part, the American soldiers, thrust back abruptly into the régime of peace, could not help resuming the petty jealousies of everyday life and being conscious of a thousand unpleasant details: the high cost of living that seemed to them exploitation; the inadequacy of our public services so terribly disorganized by mobilization, by military necessities, and the unprecedented requirements of the nation; devastated regions; the exodus of refugees; the return of the repatriated and the prisoners. Yes: it is true that many things have gone badly in this country of ours that has been so shaken—in this country which has sacrificed everything for its defense, for the defense of civilization and liberty in peril of death. But our American friends are too generous not to judge fairly. We are confident that they will not turn their backs on us from an impulse of ill-humor, and that the oscillations of an economic order seeking to recover its equilibrium will not cause them to forget the marvellous spiritual *élan* of the French nation from August 1, 1914, to November 11, 1918; the indomitable courage of the victors of the Marne, the Yser, Verdun, and the friendly welcome they gave to the armies of General Pershing.

There is another danger against which Frenchmen would like to put their American friends on their guard. The American troops who have occupied territory in the Rhine region have found there a country perfectly ordered and relatively prosperous. It has not been invaded nor convulsed by devastations. Its inhabitants have been commanded to show themselves friendly to the American soldiers, and all possible precautions have been taken to make a good impression and to provoke among them comparisons

unfavorable to France—to poor France, mutilated, bleeding, and systematically devastated by scientific barbarism. But when the American soldiers have returned home and have gone over in their minds their experience as a whole, they will understand all these things.

There are other Americans in France, who have seen only the derangement of the country, the difficulties and faults of its present state. All kinds of missions, delegates of societies or groups, newspaper correspondents, wish to visit our battlefields, our devastated regions, our redeemed provinces. Many of them have come under various titles to follow the work of the Peace Conference. They see a Paris rather badly disorganized, where they have some trouble in finding a place to live, where the transportation service has become defective through terrible overwork. They see provincial towns whose normal life has been upset by the drastic mobilization, by the intensive development of war industries, and by the endless streams of the refugees, the repatriated, the troops of the Allies. Travelers often have the disagreeable experience of finding broken windows in railway cars and of not finding rooms in the hotels.

It is a still graver matter that Americans feel they are being robbed in France. French business, it is true, profiting by the complete collapse of the ordinary equilibrium between supply and demand, has shown itself greedy of gain. But individual intentions are small matters beside the play of economic forces. For more than four years of war, France has been bled white. By reason of the immense armies that lived on our soil, consumption increased, while at the same time production decreased; and the lack of cargo space reduced, and finally stopped, importation. All goods and provisions became scarce. Prices rose and the raising of salaries stimulated demand. Then the merchant, who was obliged to put up the prices, and who saw the value of money falling, certainly did lose his sense of proportion.

He was encouraged by the generosity of our allies, principally the English and the Americans. They brought into France a great deal of money and were clearly disposed to spend it. They were not easily restrained by difficulties that they could surmount, by obstacles that they could overcome. Rather than put themselves to much trouble—perhaps in vain—to obtain what they wanted at the proper price, they thought the surer and quicker way was to overpay for it. If they afterward complained of having paid too dearly, they at least realized their part in the responsibility.

It is our privilege to lay bare before our American friends all our difficulties that they may have them before their eyes and touch them with their hands. If we could give the actual facts and figures, if Americans could know exactly how many of our men were mobilized in the course of the war and what proportion of our able-bodied men this number represented, how many men we transported both of our own and the Allies, what the transportation of arms and ammunitions amounted to, what was the actual falling off in farm labor, and, above all, how much invasion and war on our own soil cost in mines, factories, and trade, we could render account, at least to a large degree, for the difficulties of living in France to-day and the inordinate rise in prices. We should also make our American allies understand how we ourselves, before all others and more than all others, are the victims of this rise, because we have had to endure it, not as transients temporarily, but from the first day, and we shall have to endure it to the end. What disadvantages we have to face in this country where life was easy, goods reasonable, rents moderate! Many of the farmers and the rural landowners have not been able to cultivate their fields. Many of the property owners in cities have not received any rents. The French bourgeoisie of the liberal type and the middle class are suffering severely. They bear with dignity hardships which in most families are aggravated by

cruel griefs. If our friends knew all this, they would not forget it in the face of petty difficulties that irritate them or details that inconvenience them.

A more serious cause of friction is the alleged divergence of viewpoints at the Peace Conference. Ever since the signing of the armistice, Germany has counted on dividing the Allies and has hoped that the coalition formed in the stress of war necessity would not survive. It is true that the Allies have distinct interests and that on some points they have been antagonistic. But they have one great common interest which towers above all the others—the consolidation of the results of victory so dearly bought. The peace delegates differed as to means; but they had in view the same end. France is profoundly convinced that President Wilson more than any other man in the world has this end at heart, and she feels that in this respect the American people as a whole are behind him. She saw in him more than the recognized and responsible head of the nation; she received him with brilliant demonstrations of friendship and respect. Treaties of peace will be duly signed. But treaties are one thing, peace is another. Whatever the treaties may stipulate, peace will not be assured unless the four Allied powers—the United States, England, France, and Italy—stand firmly united. In this future solidarity, friendship between France and America is an essential element, which is destined, perhaps, to play the leading rôle. Neither in France nor in the United States can we allow ourselves to forget that just as French blood was shed in 1776 on American soil, so American blood was shed on French soil in 1917 and 1918, and that the alliance thus sealed must live forever cherished and sacred.

BELGIUM SINCE THE ARMISTICE

By EMILE CAMMAERTS

WHEN I returned to Belgium after the signing of the armistice, I expected to find the country in a state of deep moral depression. Through many compatriots who had succeeded in escaping from the Belgian prison during the last years of the war, I knew something of the methods employed by the enemy to ruin the country economically and morally, and it seemed to me that four years of such a régime were enough to wreck the strongest physique and to crush the staunchest spirit. I was therefore agreeably surprised to find the people intensely alive. To hear the cheering which went on for days and days in the streets of Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, and Brussels when the Belgian armies entered these towns, to see the radiant faces of wives and children meeting their liberators, to witness the excited conversations in the smoky cafés—one would never have believed that Belgium had just gone through the severest ordeal that can be inflicted on any nation, that she had lost almost all her wealth and had fought for so long a silent and helpless battle.

Things are never at first exactly what you expect they will be. Human nature is always ready to spring surprises on those who attempt to gauge its resources. But if I had made a mistake in imagining a mournful return, I would have made another—and a graver one—had I allowed myself to believe in these appearances of happiness. It did not take much sympathy and understanding to feel the strain behind the feverish excitement and to guess the tears behind the songs and laughter. When King Albert visited Brussels amid the wild cheers of his people, an abnormal number of women and children fainted in the crowd and had to be

carried away on stretchers. Apart from the change noticeable on the faces of relatives and friends, whom these four years of anxiety had affected more than ten years of peace could have done, anybody acquainted with the ways and manners of the Belgian people would have noticed evident signs of despondency and exhaustion.

And then, gradually, as I talked to my compatriots and compared notes with them, I began to understand the reasons for this artificial outburst of energy. They were really tired and worn out. If the well-to-do had not suffered great physical privations, they looked remarkably as if they had. Moral anxiety, responsibility, the fact that they had often been obliged to stand between the people and the enemy, had left their marks. But among all classes one psychological experience was the same: strength necessary for resisting the enemy had been founded on patriotism and pride, on self-sacrifice and on the belief that the whole world was watching their struggle and admiring their efforts. Cut off from the other Allied nations since October, 1914, fed for all these years on scraps of news brought to them by our propagandists, they had preserved the childlike and pathetic faith of the earlier days. They did not realize that their situation had altered, that they were no longer on the front of the stage. Nothing had changed for them.

Deliverance had come very late, but they greeted it just as they would have greeted it had it taken place in 1915 instead of 1918. Having heard nothing but what they were pleased to call "German lies" (which they systematically ignored) and eloquent eulogies of Belgian resistance and Belgian heroism, they greeted their liberators as Andromeda might have greeted Perseus—as if most of the Allied efforts of the war had been undertaken for their sake, as if everything depended on them and all other conflicts were merely side issues. It was pathetic to watch the pride with which they showed their war trophies, the tombs of their martyrs, the record of their fines, confinements, even

to the wool, brass, and rubber they had succeeded in concealing in their houses. They also had fought their battles, with other weapons; they also had suffered bitterly, as much as the soldiers in the trenches—more even, since no physical sufferings could be compared with their moral ordeal. I still remember a long discussion between a nurse and her sister, a Brussels woman, on this subject, the nurse insisting on the misery she had witnessed behind the Yser lines and the sister enlarging upon the horrors of German occupation, deportation, imprisonment, spying, and the terrible problem of food. We were travelling, at the time, in an ambulance car. The discussion lasted from Brussels to Bruges. I was relieved when we arrived at last, for never was friendship put to a sterner test.

This is a matter that should be clearly understood. Not only was the spirit of the population during the war thoroughly admirable, but its very narrow-mindedness was an element of strength. It is easy enough for those who lived outside to sneer at Belgian exaggerations; but they were vital to the prolonged and desperate resistance offered by a disarmed and helpless people to a strong and cunning enemy. The preservation of the self-centred enthusiasm of 1914 was essential to the preservation of Belgian nationality. It may have been an illusion, but to this illusion Belgium owes her life.

This, then, was the secret of the outburst which greeted the armistice and of the mad cheering that went on as the victorious Belgian and Allied troops entered town after town, pushing before them the retreating enemy. To the deliverers, the liberation may have been merely a glorious pageant of war. To the delivered, it meant the end of all trouble, of all misery, the sudden advent of a new era, the turning of a new leaf—a golden leaf—a time of joy and prosperity which would repay them for all their past privations and sorrows.

There is another aspect of the situation which escaped the

superficial observer. Belief in Allied power and resource never wavered during the years of occupation. It was greatly encouraged by the work of the Commission for Relief. When food was scarce, the Germans alone were responsible. The world was divided into two regions, a region of pain and misery under German rule, a land of plenty beyond the Allied lines. The mere idea that severe restrictions existed in England and that wealthy Parisians shivered during the previous winter never occurred to Brussels people. When the Allied contingents entered the town on the twenty-fifth of November, it was supposed they would bring convoys of food and clothing in their wake. Hence this seemed an excellent time to break the forcible fast of the war years in order to show that Belgian hospitality, though greatly hampered, was still alive. The last provisions, the last bottles secreted in hiding places, were promptly brought on the table, and everybody was determined to make a feast of it. An English officer whom I met in the countryside told me that the owner of the farm where he was quartered went every night into his garden to "dig out a bottle of Burgundy." On the night of the entry, the crowd danced in the illuminated *Grand' Place* in Brussels, singing the Brabançonne and Tipperary, and it looked very much as if the old days of Jordaens and Teniers were not altogether forgotten.

We now know how unimportant were the disturbances which, according to reports, accompanied the departure of the Germans from Brussels. The "riots in Brussels" were the last legend of the war, the parting shot of enemy propaganda. Because a few loiterers and urchins were foolish enough to follow the cortège of German soldiers who were in open revolt against their officers, because the red flag was hoisted beside the tricolor at the Socialist headquarters, the rumor spread that Brussels was on the verge of a Bolshevik revolution, and the whole nation in a state of ferment. But as a matter of fact, those who reached the capital on

the morrow of these dreadful events found the people as sound, as loyal, as they had ever been. They were in 1918 as they had been in 1914. Four years of oppression, threats, and intrigues had not shaken their faith in their cause.

On the contrary, their patriotism of the first days of the war had been tempered by their bitter trial. It had crept deeper and deeper into their souls; it had become, so to speak, ingrained in them. Had the Allies been able to support them better, had deliverance meant for them, as they hoped it would, the end of sufferings, had they been able to set to work immediately to rebuild their destroyed cities, to recover their stolen machines, had the government been in a financial position to act boldly and take whatever reconstruction measures it thought fit, we should never have heard of any Belgian discontent. Under the leadership of her young king, the whole nation would have got to work immediately; no idler would have been allowed to remain unemployed; and a few weeks of good food and normal life would have restored the whole situation without any complaint being heard. But Belgium was no longer the preoccupation of the Entente. Its statesmen were absorbed by far more urgent matters. Week succeeded to week and month to month without bringing a change. The oppressor had gone, but 800,000 Belgian workmen remained unemployed and half the working classes were dependent on relief. Requisitions had stopped, but industry was paralyzed through lack of raw material and the wreckage of manufacturing plants. Belgium was free, but she was unable to use her freedom, she was plunged in a state of ruin, utterly disorganized, heavily in debt—and she lacked credit.

Now, all this was not unexpected to those who had witnessed the gradual transformation of public opinion in Allied countries during the last two years and who realized the internal problems the Allies had to solve. It could easily be explained and even justified to a certain extent.

But the disillusionment in Belgium was all the more bitter in that the people were overwrought by their long struggle, and naturally inclined (as those are who have suffered too much) to think themselves wronged and make the most of their grievances. The hardships of the occupation had provoked a great deal of bitterness. People had acquired the habit of criticising authority and of kicking over the traces. Such had been for four years the policy of the purest patriotism. Had they been enabled to start work at once, this spirit would scarcely have had a chance to show itself, but the delays which allowed Germany to recover in part her defiant spirit, caused in Belgium much discontent.

The reaction showed itself in the press, more particularly in the nationalist papers such as "La Nation Belge," "Le Soir," "L'Action Nationale." It also spread among the masses, so that one could not enter a café or a railway carriage without hearing the Peace Conference proceedings strongly, and sometimes unfairly, criticised.

When I returned to Belgium for the second time, coming from London at Easter, I was struck with this contrast. A wave of depression had swept over the country. I travelled with some munition workers who were going to Liège on a visit. But they would not stay, they explained. Nothing would induce them to accept the low wages offered in Belgium. Besides, there was no work for them to do. They were on a holiday and were loaded down with gifts for various friends. They looked prosperous enough, the women in ostrich feather hats, the men uncomfortable in their creaking boots and Sunday best. I thought of the impression such visits must make in the stricken industrial districts of Belgium. I thought also of a question which is becoming every day more pressing: of the emigration of Belgian skilled laborers to France, to Great Britain, and to America. If unemployment were to go on for another few months, all our best workmen would follow the example

of these engineers; and when at last the factory machinery was restored, the employers would find themselves deprived of their skilled men.

Ostend was at the time a gloomy sight, with its wrecked and dirty station and its port obstructed with sunken ships—a ghastly contrast to the gay watering-place where I had spent so many happy holidays. In the waiting-room, a young Flemish couple were interviewing a Walloon workman on his return from America. “Would it be possible to go there? Was there a chance to earn good wages? Was life very expensive?” The traveller had been working in mines and enlarged on the luxurious life he enjoyed in the States. He shook his head, looking at the poor appearance of his neighbors, at the dejected aspect of the room, and said: “I believe I have made the mistake of my life in returning here.”

I listened with a lump in my throat: “What would be the fate of a country when old men regretted coming back to it and young people were obsessed by the idea of leaving it?”

I found more activity in Brussels and Antwerp. The bullock-carts had nearly disappeared, bicycles and motors had taken possession of the streets, and there was a certain show of business around the ministries and in the shopping quarters. But I was soon to hear how superficial this first impression was. Industry was still paralyzed, and very little progress had been made in combating unemployment. In Brussels itself there were over 90,000 unemployed out of 120,000 workmen. The situation was nearly as bad in Antwerp, and much worse in the industrial centres such as Charleroi and Liège. The recovery of the machinery stolen by the enemy during the occupation was extremely slow and difficult, owing to the fact that the manufacturers were not allowed by the conditions of the armistice to repay themselves by taking from the Germans the equivalent of what they had lost, but were obliged to

identify their own machines. Besides, many machines when delivered by the Germans at the frontier were only fit to be scrapped. And people complained bitterly that, while their factories had been deliberately wrecked, German industry in the occupied Rhine districts was in full swing and was accumulating large stocks. Soldiers on leave gave glowing accounts of the situation in Germany, and it was very often remarked that the vanquished looked better off than the conquerors.

Living was still about four times as expensive as before the war, and the exchange on the franc became alarmingly low. Allied countries, especially England, were sending in many manufactured articles but very few machines and only small quantities of raw materials. Never had Belgian exports been so low. While England exported £4,667,000 worth of goods to Belgium during the first months of 1919, Belgian exports to England were valued at £597,000—about half as much as in 1916 and 1917 during the German occupation, when a few articles were allowed to pass through Holland.

Nothing had been done towards rebuilding the destroyed areas, and the communications by rail and canal, which had been completely cut off, were only slowly re-established. Certain country districts remained isolated, all the material of their light railways having been removed to Germany. In their eagerness to push forward the work of reconstruction, the Belgians found themselves hampered at every turn. The people looked to the state for help. The government looked to the Allies for credit and to the Peace Conference for indemnities. And, for a time, it seemed as if they had looked in vain.

Politicians, merchants, and financiers were all obsessed by the economic problems. Strangely enough, the masses were far more interested in questions of "pomp and circumstance." There was, of course, a good deal of grumbling about the price of food and the lack of many necessities of

life, but the discontent caused by the apparent neglect of Belgian claims at Paris overshadowed everything else. There were some galling allusions to King Albert's flying trip to Paris, where he was obliged to ask for an audience with the "Big Four," and many comments on the choice of Geneva as seat of the League of Nations.

If I have succeeded in describing the state of mind of the Belgian people on the day of the armistice, the reader will have no difficulty in understanding such expressions of discontent as those that followed. The Belgians had for four years been nursing the memory of the great deeds of their king who had, quite rightly, become for them a kind of legendary figure. Possessed by this spirit of 1914, which they had so jealously guarded during their long captivity, they fondly imagined that he would be invited to sit at the peace table and take an active share in the discussions. Rightly or wrongly, his hurried visit to Paris seemed to them humiliating, especially when no apparent change followed. That Geneva, a centre of pacifist intrigue, should have been preferred as a seat of the League of Nations to Brussels, where the German ultimatum had been presented—and rejected—remained and still remains incomprehensible to them. They were prepared to accept any reason of convenience, but they could not understand why Brussels, which would no doubt have been chosen under other circumstances, should be passed by precisely because she had played such a heroic part in the struggle which rendered the creation of the League possible.

I do not wish to express here a personal opinion on these burning subjects. I am only trying to put before the reader an accurate impression of what I have seen and heard while travelling through Belgium. No doubt, some disappointments could not be avoided; and the point of view of the Paris delegates, who were faced with the tremendous task of remodelling the map of Europe, could not be that of a Belgian workman or a member of the Brussels bour-

geoisie, who thought only of his small country's claims and grievances. It was certainly unfortunate, from the Belgian's point of view, that President Wilson could not arrange to visit Brussels before the negotiations took place—as was at first planned—and that none of the "Big Four" had any extensive knowledge of Belgian affairs. Such knowledge would have helped them to realize that a small concession to *amour propre* would have gone a long way towards smoothing matters over and would have proved an immense help and comfort to the nation in the trials of reconstruction. Some Americans and some Englishmen with whom I talked on the subject were inclined to think that material help was all that was needed. I am afraid that such a theory does not take into account the psychological factor which, in this particular case, is highly important. A people which emerges from such heavy trials as those undergone by Belgium during the war, needs patting on the back before it is urged to further patience. Persecution creates a rather exaggerated delight in being made much of, especially in a country particularly appreciative of public ceremonies and old tradition. Mr. Brand Whitlock, by the way, in his remarkable book on "Belgium" has many good stories to tell about this trait—the love of flags, cockades, fête days, pageants—which is so characteristic of the Belgian nation.

As long as the people complained only of material difficulties we, who had come from the outside, could always say that the Allies had their own internal troubles, that the war had upset their commercial and industrial methods, and that lack of tonnage prevented them from restoring pre-war relations. But when they aired their grievances about King Albert's journey and the seat of the League of Nations, we could only remain silent. Words from us would only have added fuel to the fire.

A crisis came during the first week in May when the Belgian delegates left Paris and when their signature of the

Treaty of Peace was seriously questioned. Even the most moderate newspapers like "L'Indépendance" and "L'Etoile Belge" became indignant. The priority of Belgium in German indemnities seemed now in jeopardy. Her claims were to be examined together with those of the other Allies and settled in their turn. Ministers raised their voices in the Brussels Parliament recalling the spontaneous declaration by the Allies at Sainte Adresse, in February, 1916, promising full reparation, and adding that this promise was endorsed by President Wilson's Fourteen Points. M. Jaspar, minister for economic affairs, said that, if the country had to wait for the first instalment of the indemnity, she would perish before its payment; and the premier, M. Delacroix, declared that the acceptance of Belgium's claims with regard to reparation "was for her a question of life or death."

Such statements were not in the least exaggerated. The country's activity was paralyzed by want of credit, and credit could not be restored unless satisfactory assurances were obtained with regard to reparations. On the other hand, prolonged unemployment caused restlessness in labor circles, and the seeds of Bolshevism sown by the Germans at the end of the occupation were slowly germinating. Everybody believed that, if some settlement was not obtained shortly, the government would be faced with revolution. In the circumstances, a great number of public men were of the opinion that it would be better not to sign the treaty if satisfactory conditions could not be obtained, in order to disclaim all responsibility for future events.

The crisis in May may be considered as the lowest level of Belgian depression. From that time on, and as soon as substantial assurances were given with regard to indemnities, the tide began to rise. These assurances were not entirely satisfactory, but, at least, Belgium's financial burden was lifted for the time, and she was given a chance to get on her own feet. Her war loans were remitted, and she was allowed a prior claim for 2,500,000,000 francs to be paid

to her before May, 1921. Germany was also compelled to agree to deliver to her forty thousand head of cattle and eight million tons of coal annually for ten years. This was still very far from the full reparation which the Belgians had been led to expect, but they realized that they were being given a chance to restore their country and they did not hesitate to seize it. The decision taken by the king and his ministers, at their fateful council held in Brussels on the fifth of May, received the support of the overwhelming majority of the nation.

The Belgian is a born grumbler, and it may be said for him that he has had a good many opportunities to air justified grievances in the course of history. But he does not indulge in sulkiness. Grumbling is a healthy sign of energy while sulkiness is often the excuse of the coward for shirking work and responsibility. The Belgians regretted, of course, that so many protests and appeals had been necessary, but as soon as they perceived that a way was open for them out of the morass they turned their backs on the past and looked towards the future.

During the most critical period, the government had launched an internal loan which was subscribed to the extent of over 1,000,000,000 francs. Another far more important loan was floated in America. At the same time, the British government, anxious to satisfy Belgian demands, sent over to Brussels Mr. Herbert Samuel as British High Commissioner. Measures were taken to meet, as far as possible, the exchange difficulty, to use Antwerp as a base for the British troops of occupation, and to release as much raw material as trade necessities and transport difficulties permitted.

During the last four months, very important progress has been made in many directions. The repair of railway lines, including the rebuilding of permanent bridges, has proceeded apace all over the country, and the canals have been cleared of sunken barges and débris, so that most of

the important lines of communication by water and rail may now be considered as restored. Thanks to the return of machinery from Germany, which has lately been considerably facilitated, and to the importation of raw material from America and England, a certain number of factories have been able to open their doors. Certain mills are at work in Ghent and some iron works in the Hainaut and Liège provinces, such as "La Providence" in Charleroi, Cockerill in Liège, and Ougrée Marihay. A few blast furnaces have even been restored or are shortly to be restored in the Charleroi district. This is merely a beginning, and the problem of unemployment remains as urgent as ever. But such hopeful signs will do a great deal to renew the confidence of the workers and to keep them in the country.

The housing problem also has been tackled. The war has destroyed 30,000 workmen's houses, and since Belgium was already in need of houses in 1914, great efforts must be made to meet the demand. It is estimated that 100,000 new dwellings are urgently wanted, and the state has recognized a powerful building society, which will make the necessary advances to private people.

With regard to reconstruction in devastated areas, which cover nearly twenty per cent of the country, some important steps have been taken lately. Parliament passed a law in April, authorizing the state to adopt the communes which have suffered most through the war. When the town or village is totally ruined, the adoption is complete; that is to say, the government takes in hand, for a time, the work of reconstruction. When the destruction is only partial, the government allows the town a grant to enable it to rebuild public services or to face abnormal expenses for relief or public works undertaken to give work to the unemployed. High Commissioners have been appointed whose headquarters are at Ostend and Bruges for West Flanders, at Ghent for East Flanders, Antwerp, and Limburg, at Brussels for Brabant and Hainaut, and at Liège for Liège, Namur,

and Luxemburg. West Flanders, where the devastated area is greater by far than anywhere else, is divided in two districts—the coast and the interior. Transportation is provided by motor and steam vans whose central garage is at Roulers. The King Albert Fund has ten thousand huts available, which are distributed in the places where the need is most sorely felt. Thousands of huts are also being brought from France, where they had been used in the rear of the Belgian army; they will be appropriated for schools, churches, and communal offices.

On the other hand, every encouragement is given to the communes which can afford to erect permanent buildings. The government grants funds to buy stocks of bricks and other building material, the abnormal price of which is one of the main difficulties in the way of reconstruction.

One of the questions which the Belgians discussed passionately during the German occupation was the rebuilding of their destroyed towns. It is at once pathetic and comforting to think that at the very time when the guns were pounding Nieuport, Dixmude, and Westende to pieces, architects and experts were bending their heads over new plans and were discussing how to set to work. The number of projects of reconstruction and the enthusiasm with which they are talked of are among many signs of the indomitable energy of the people. The question was studied by experts who had left the country and were able to submit schemes to the government at Le Havre. But, if they received encouragement there, they were promptly disillusioned after their return. What a dozen men had done outside Belgium, hundreds had done during the occupation. And the result was and is still a battle royal of conflicting schemes, among which the government will have some difficulty in making a wise choice.

We can nevertheless foresee, to a certain extent, the main lines on which this huge work of reconstruction is going to be run. A sharp distinction must be established between

towns which have been completely destroyed, like Dixmude and Nieupoort, and others which have been partly preserved like Louvain and Dinant. The first can be rebuilt according to any rational plan which meets with the approval of the state and of the local authorities, without taking any account of the past. It is, however, doubtful whether any violent departure from the old traditions—like that proposed by the promoters of “garden cities”—will be made, since this would mean a complete change in property assessments—a rather difficult task when we remember that most of the houses were owned by their occupants.

When it comes to the partly destroyed towns, two schools of thought are in conflict. There are the modernists who are ready to sacrifice the half-ruined remains of a beautiful past to the exigencies of modern life, and the conservatives who would like to rebuild the town solely to emphasize the importance of the few historic monuments which have been more or less preserved. The latter attitude of mind is not necessarily more artistic than the first. The restorers do not content themselves with re-establishing things as they were in 1914; they would like to use this opportunity to do away with all modern buildings in order to obtain what they call a “perfect architectural ensemble” dating from a single period, and ignoring the important fact that towns have a life of their own like human beings, and that such reconstructions, besides being impossible (since the stone-carvers and master-masons of the past cannot be brought to life again), could only produce an utterly artificial result. These dogmatic restorers have already done sufficient harm in the past, and it is to be hoped that no fresh chance for mischief will be given to them in the future.

The prevalent opinion, however, championed in the press by those who enjoy the greatest moral authority, strikes a middle course between the two extreme views. And for once this middle course presents also the most artistic solution of the problem. It would be foolish, they urge,

not to take this opportunity to broaden the main streets for the convenience of future motor traffic; but at the same time, if the old buildings are to be preserved, their immediate surroundings must not be altered to the extent of spoiling the perspective. Suppose, for instance, that the *Grand' Place* of Louvain should be made the centre of a number of broad streets so that the Townhall could be seen from afar; this monument, whose effect of greatness was partly due to the narrowness of the adjoining streets, and to one's surprise in seeing it suddenly on debouching from them, would lose a great deal of its charm and beauty. The principle advocated would be to preserve the centre of such cities as Louvain and Dinant more or less in their original state, without attempting any artificial remodelling, and to lead the main traffic through wide roads which would surround them.

The case of Ypres is particularly interesting. It had been proposed, at one time, to preserve the ruins of the whole town in their present state, as a war memorial. But here again the interest of private owners and the attachment of inhabitants to their town will have to be taken into consideration. It is to be hoped that the burgomaster's plan for the rebuilding of the whole town, including the Cloth Hall and the Cathedral, will not materialize, but nothing will prevent the inhabitants from going back to their old houses and restoring them to the best of their abilities. While regretting, from a purely artistic point of view, that the present ensemble of the grandest pile of ruins created by the war will not be entirely preserved, every Belgian will feel happier to think that, even here, in the most desolate spot of his desolate country, local pride and love of the clock tower proved stronger than the German guns, and that the cock will crow again and children laugh where shells of every description burst ceaselessly for four years amid the clatter of falling débris.

All this activity, whether in full swing or still in the

planning stage, together with the increasing belief that the Allies have not lost their former interest in the future of the country, has greatly improved the morale of the people. If Belgium were still what it was eighty years ago, a purely agricultural country producing more food than the inhabitants were able to consume, we might say that she had already turned the corner and that she had taken to the road, shouldering gaily her new burden. For agriculture has suffered least, and there are no signs of discontent in the country districts. As soon as the farms are restocked with cattle, the work there will be practically normal, and even the shelled and inundated regions—about five per cent of the total area—may yield something to the obstinate labor of the Flemish peasant. It is, however, too soon to show hasty optimism when one remembers that the plague of unemployment is not yet cured—over 700,000 men being still out of work—and that many months must elapse before industry reaches again its pre-war standard.

There are, however, a few reasons for special encouragement. The signature of the peace treaties must relieve the tension in Belgium as everywhere else, even in Germany. The people of the Allied countries, less urgently pressed by their own problems, will find themselves in a better position to lend, from time to time, a helping hand to Belgium, and some of them will no doubt feel interested enough to visit the country. When they do, they will realize that, considering the ordeal she has gone through, Belgium stands firmly rooted to the rock of her faith. She may be slightly bent, like a tree by the storm, but she clings to the soil with the same indomitable will, the same irresistible energy, which enabled her to brave Germany's fateful order in August, 1914.

Because Belgian industry has been paralyzed through lack of machinery or raw materials, because the government lacked credit during the first months after the armistice, because so many people were compelled to fall back on relief agencies, the feeling has been created in certain

quarters that the Belgians were either exhausted by the war or had lost their old taste for hard work. This feeling may be justified by superficial appearances, but it does not stand the test of a serious inquiry. Even now, after this period of long inactivity, there is more grit left in the majority of Belgian workers than in many prosperous munitions makers, who thrived during the war and cannot face life to-day without pretty clothes and daily cinema shows. The main trouble with the Belgians now-a-days is that they have been so cramped by prolonged resistance that they can no longer relax in a more comfortable attitude. They have, too, grown touchy and somewhat hardened through the series of disappointments experienced since the armistice. It is greatly to be hoped, therefore, that a satisfactory solution will be reached in the negotiations which are now being pursued with the Dutch and Allied delegates concerning the revision of the treaty of 1839.

A little more consideration and understanding would work wonders in Belgian affairs just now. If the nation has not yet turned the corner, she is in the very act of doing so, and anyone who gives her support at the present juncture will be repaid a thousand times for his labor. The Allied nations—America, England, and France—have invested treasures of trouble and good will in Belgium during the last four years—to say nothing about money. I am well aware that they did not do this in the hope of reward, but it would be deplorable, from the Belgian point of view as well as from that of the Allies, if the strong bonds of friendship formed by the peril of war were not strengthened by peace. The seat of the League may be in Geneva, but Belgium's situation at the cross-roads of Europe remains a most important factor in the future life of mankind. The country will soon be ready to play her part in the concert of free nations if she is given to-day even a small part of the sympathy so lavishly bestowed on her in the past.

THE LONG ABSENCE

(In Memory of T. F. B.)

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Accosted

“If you saw blue eyes that could light and darkle
With merriment or pain;
If you saw a face that was only heart-lonely
In the cities of the plain;
If you felt a kindness that was happy as the daybreak,
Patient as night,
And saw the eyes lift and—the dawn in May break,
You have seen her aright.

“Blue-cloaked archangel, rein your steed a little,
Though cities flame!
Messenger of night, though my words are brittle,
Though I know not your name,
Though your steed paw sparkles and your pinions quiver
With colors like the sea,
Tell me if you saw her, if you saw my love ever!
She is lost to me.

“That is why I walk this windy highway
And stop and hark
And peer through the moonlight—always my way!
And listen up the dark
And knuckle my forehead to remember her truly,
The very She;
And that is why I cling your rein unduly
To answer me!”

But the eyes were deep and dark, though somehow tender.

Haste was manifest

In the gauntlet, the greaves, the irid splendor
That pulsed on his breast.

He did not even gesture to the night grown holy,
But shook his rein

As his steed leapt forth; while I—turned slowly
To the cities of the plain.

The House at Evening

Across the school-ground it would start
To light my eyes, that yellow gleam—
The window of the flaming heart,
The chimney of the tossing dream.
The scuffed and wooden porch of Heaven,
The voice that came like a caress,
The warm kind hands that once were given
My carelessness.

It was a house you would not think
Could hold such sacraments in things
Or give the wild heart meat and drink
Or give the stormy soul high wings
Or chime small voices to such mirth
Or crown the night with stars and flowers
Or make upon this quaking earth
Such steady hours.

Yet, that in storm it stood secure,
And in the cold was warm with love,
Shall its similitude endure
Past trophies that men weary of,
Where two were out of fortune's reach,
Building great empires round a name
And ushering into casual speech
Dim worlds aflame.

War and Death

For thinking evil and planning shame
The fire licked upward—at first a name,
Then star-devouring rebellious flame.

The dread light lingered high on the sky.
It grew and reddened—a voiceless cry.
It spread and touched us, we knew not why.

And a man sat staring out to the night,
Through tender silence, in warm lamplight,
Thinking always, “The fire at height!”

That fire blowing with growing roar
Saw us going, closing the door;
Saw us parted—who meet no more.

For thinking evil—all men drawn
Against a devil that dusked the dawn.
Each to his station. All men gone.

Some for the hilltop, fire to its brow—
Death, long torture—some for the plough—
Some for the silence—that I know now.

Travel

You and I dreaming
Planned the far-away,
Cities and hedgerows,
Distant summer day,
When, the sun sinking—
But, oh, a distant sun!—
We would be thinking,
“Think what we have done!”

You and I whispering
 Held the isles in fee
 By a chain of grasses,
 By your smile to me,
 Visioning some clime—
 But long years between—
 When we should say, sometime,
 "Think what we have seen!"

You and I wondering
 Of our old age,
 Turned a page pondering,
 And turned a page. . . .
 Now, my hands pluck ravelled
 Strands I can't untie.
 Yet—you always travelled
 Farther than I!

Her Way

You loved the hay in the meadow,
 Flowers at noon,
 The high cloud's long shadow,
 Honey of June,
 The flaming woodways tangled
 With Fall on the hill,
 The towering night star-spangled
 And winter-still.

And you loved firelight faces,
 The hearth, the home—
 Your mind on golden traces,
 London or Rome—
 On quaintly-colored spaces
 Where heavens glow
 With his quaint saints' embraces—
 Angelico.

In cloister and highway
 (Gold of God's dust!)
And many an elfin byway
 You put your trust—
A crock and a table,
 Love's end of day,
And light of a storied stable
 Where kings must pray.

Somewhere there is a village
 For you and me,
Hayfield, hearth, and tillage—
 Where can it be?
Prayers when birds awake,
 Daily bread,
Toil for His sunlit sake
 Who raised us dead.

With this in mind you moved
 Through love and pain.
Hard though the long road proved,
 You turned again
With a heart that knew its trust
 Not ill-bestowed.
With this you light the dust
 That clouds my road.

DEATH AND AFTER

By SIR OLIVER LODGE

PSYCHICAL research is an inquiry into unusual and unrecognized activities of the human mind. The first thing to establish is a *prima facie* case that there are such faculties; and having got as far as that, the next step is to study their laws and try to make a coherent working hypothesis.

The first stage has been amply accomplished. Even if nothing beyond telepathy be regarded as rigorously proved, that of itself opens a new chapter, or perhaps a new volume, in psychology and human knowledge generally.

That mind can operate on mind through the instrumentality of the muscles and the senses is a fact familiar to all, but I venture to say understood by none. A gap in our knowledge occurs at the transition from mind to brain at the generating end, and from brain to mind at the receiving end. The transition or interaction occurs, but the nature of the interaction between mind and brain is an outstanding puzzle.

Once an idea, a thought, or an intention has emerged from the intellect, the emotion, or the will, and incarnated itself in some cells of the brain, the rest of the process can be followed more or less completely by the physiologist. He can trace the impulse down the nerves to the muscles—the muscles either of the larynx or of the fingers, let us say, until it emerges in the movement of extraneous matter coerced into the audible or visible code called language. An originally mental act thus has to take the curiously inorganic and apparently quite unintelligent form of pulsations in the air or the ether, and in that form to travel to a distance, while the molecular or ethereal movements are received by a

sensitive instrument, a tympanum, or a retina; and then, by physical devices which in one case are clearly mechanical and in the other case may be chemical or electrical, certain nerve endings are acted upon and a stimulus sent to brain centres. There once more we lose touch with the process; we cannot follow its details but have reason to know that the stimulus is translated or converted into something like the original thought or idea as it existed in the mind responsible for the origination of the whole complicated series of operations.

This, I say, is our ordinary method of conversation, and we have grown so accustomed to it that we think it simple and natural and intelligible, as it is certainly normal and common.

But telepathy, if it be what we think it is, skips the intermediate series of physical processes and seems to be a direct kind of communication between mind and mind. To display the fact that telepathy has occurred, some physiological mechanism must be employed—that is true—but apparently direct transmission of thought can be achieved under favorable circumstances without any intermediate of physical mechanism. This, at any rate, is our working hypothesis regarding telepathy; and if or when this is admitted, a great step will have been taken towards postulating a sort of independence of mind and brain, and towards a reasoned denial of the necessary and permanent connection of mind with the bodily mechanism with which it is now associated.

If the mind can act apart from matter, then perhaps it may outlast matter, and be as effective in its own sphere after the severance as before. But no longer will it be able to communicate with us still in the material world. We who remain still associated with matter, and limited by the capacity of our brains, are thereby shut up and isolated from the general psychic universe. We can attend to our daily work, we can converse with those who possess bodies like ourselves and who understand our code, and we can do

the multitude of things required of us here and now. But conversation with those who have lost their bodily organs is denied to us. They have passed out of our ken. They cannot put matter into motion, they cannot throw the air into vibration; their powers, if they still possess any, can only be to influence us psychically or telepathically, so we should imagine; though perhaps they may be thereby exerting more guidance and giving us more help than we are aware of.

But the question arises, is that really all the dead can do? We must not hastily close the door to investigation and jump to the conclusion that outside this subtle and silent influence they are practically out of existence; that they have gone not only beyond our ken but beyond their own, and that for all practical purposes they are really extinct. That is the idea which has been formed by many materialists. That is the idea which we are, any of us, likely to form if we give life-long study to the physical and physiological mechanism without taking any broader outlook. When bodily mechanism is discarded it will appear that nothing remains. It is a pardonable conclusion for specialists to arrive at, but it is a piece of rash theorizing, and it may be emphatically controverted and contradicted by facts.

Evidence of a cumulative and striking character is forthcoming to show that an intelligence which has lost its bodily mechanism can, under certain conditions, make use of the mechanism of others. People exist who have the receptive faculty so strongly developed that, by going into a calm state and keeping themselves quiescent, they can passively allow their nerve-muscle mechanism to be operated on—presumably through some centres in their brain—by minds other than their own. Multiple personality may be one form of this intrusion—a pathological form—but there are other less troublesome and quite healthy variants when the intrusion or possession or control is subject to management and is only temporary. In such cases this control

can be permitted for purposes of experiment; it is perhaps responsible sometimes for what is known as inspiration; and it can be employed also for carrying information, and for transmitting messages of comfort and consolation to the bereaved. A person with the receptive and transmissive faculty well developed is called a medium. We may not be able to account for the faculty, any more than we can account for the musical or artistic or mathematical faculty, or for the performance of a child prodigy. The first question is not how such things happen, that is a second question; the first question is whether the phenomena spoken of really do occur.

I have no hesitation in saying that the proof to-day is ample that persons with mediumistic faculty exist, and that through use made of their bodily organism intelligences still existent but discarnate (and therefore as it would seem powerless in the material realm) can still make their presence felt, can still communicate, still exert influence, and still indirectly operate on matter, through the vicarious employment of the medium's bodily structure. This structure has grown accustomed to be used for speech and writing; it is educated up to a certain point; and within these limits an intelligence finds machinery of a not wholly unsuitable kind, and is able to make use of it. To achieve any communication quite beyond the normal powers of the medium, to converse in an alien tongue, or to solve mathematical problems, through a bodily instrument unacquainted with such things, may be impossible, and at the least must be difficult.

Such things could hardly be done telepathically; and I venture to say that they cannot be done by the sympathetic direct action of mind on mind. To achieve results of that kind, the uneducated mechanism would have to be worked telergically, by direct manipulation or operation on the particles of the brain. I believe that even this is feasible to skilled operators, although it may be comparatively rare.

But any ordinary kind of message can be transmitted, as I think, telepathically, that is to say, can be conveyed to or selected from the contents of the medium's mind, apart from the physical organism; and then, when the mind has been stimulated into activity, it will be translated into the physical realm and reproduced after the accustomed manner in those code signals (called language) which we all understand.

Something of the same kind, it appears, can be achieved by living people also; and the possibility of influencing the mind of another person, so that he acts not as he himself would but as the agent wills, is now familiar as a variety of medical practice under the name of hypnotism or mental suggestion, though it was for a long time disbelieved in and ridiculed. The receiving part of the patient's mechanism is usually employed for conveyance of the stimulus to his mind, but the subsequent interpretation into bodily action is clearly the effect of a controlled or stimulated or suggested mental activity, resulting in bodily movements in quite the customary way.

But no physiological receiving organs need necessarily be used; for telepathic suggestion on a sensitive patient is also becoming more or less recognized as possible. It is this kind of telepathy which I myself think most likely to be employed by discarnate persons; with occasional resource to telergy in difficult cases, or when ambitious attempts are made to get special evidence transmitted.

Illustrative examples are so numerous that it is difficult to make selection. I will refer, however, to two papers on "Lethe" which were published in the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth volumes of the "Proceedings" of the English Society for Psychical Research. Here in the first place it is narrated how Mr. George B. Dorr of Boston, sitting with Mrs. Piper in America, asked the "Myers Control" what the word Lethe suggested to him, in order to see what classical reminiscence the word would evoke.

To his surprise the references given by Myers were not to anything known at the time to Mr. Dorr, but to a tale in the ninth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* about Ceyx and Alcyone. A pathetic tale it is about a drowned husband and the appearance of his wraith to his wife for the purpose of informing her that all her prayers and longings on his behalf were vain, and that he would not return. Among the incidents of this story—though perhaps few even among classical scholars will remember that—the cave of sleep is described and the source of the river of Lethe. Accordingly, the reminiscence was quite appropriate, after it had been hunted down and understood, though at first the odd collection of names which was all that could be got through the medium seemed a meaningless and irrelevant jumble. As a matter of fact, when we had the clue, none were irrelevant.

When this episode had been narrated to us in England, and before any report of it had been published, I myself, being in touch with a sensitive in England who knew nothing whatever of all this matter, nor anything appreciable of the classics either, thought it would be instructive to ask the "Myers Control," operating through this quite other and distinct sensitive, the very same question as had been asked through the mediumship of Mrs. Piper by Mr. Dorr. The two sensitives were and are completely unknown to each other; the sensitive with whom I was in touch was not a professional medium but a private person whose identity has not been disclosed.

I asked the question by correspondence, not being myself present, saying virtually, "Ask Myers next time he comes what the word Lethe suggests to him." Answers were immediately received and written down, referring to episodes in the sixth book of the *Aeneid* of Virgil, connected with the golden bough and the descent into Hades and to persons seen there, all written in a fragmentary but scholarly and intelligent manner. These references were entirely

appropriate to the given theme, for therein is told how the souls ready for reincarnation assemble on the banks of the water of Lethe in order that they may drink it and forget their past life before returning to earth. So far the reminiscences may be said to have been transmitted on the whole telepathically, presumably by selecting fragments of literary reminiscence floating in the medium's mind and putting them together in the best way open to the control. The references were obviously quite relevant and appropriate, and of a type characteristic of F. W. H. Myers, but as literary pabulum it was conceivable that they might possibly represent only buried or unconscious knowledge on the part of the medium. Such a hypothesis would be a very forced one, but to avoid even this explanation "Myers" evidently thought that something more clinching was desirable, something impossible to attribute to any buried literary knowledge on the part of the sensitive; so by special effort, that same evening, a word was telergically got through—a meaningless word written automatically by a scrawling pencil held in the sensitive's hand, with instructions to post it to me at once. The pencil seemed to be making flourishes and scrawls, but among them, and indeed built out of them, the word Dorr is plainly legible. The word was, in fact, given twice in this manner, and was said afterwards to have been done by special effort because of its evidential significance. Why should the word Dorr be a reminiscence called up by a question about Lethe? No reason whatever can be given, save the true one that the same control through a different medium had been asked the same question by Mr. Dorr in America.

The working hypothesis now to be briefly indicated is what has been forced upon me by long and varied experience of these phenomena. And if such a hypothesis is true, it is clearly of the first importance; for it begins to give us some understanding of what death is, and how far it is a fatal interruption to everything of intellectual value or emotional hope.

I assert on the strength of my experience that death is not

a going out of existence, though it is a separation of soul and body. It may be called the liberation of spirit from the trammels of the flesh; it may be expressed in various ways; and it is certainly a loss of the accustomed bodily mechanism. As such it would seem to be largely a disability and a loss. So it has usually been regarded. But if the fact of communication is established, we may hope to hear something on the other side of the account, and we may be told by those who are able to communicate that the loss is more than counterbalanced by gain. We may learn that the conditions into which they have entered are more favorable to their development, which is happier and freer than before. We can be told that their affection and powers and memories persist, that these things were part of their permanent personality, and were not essentially connected or limited to the bodily instrument. The function of that was merely to enable their manifestation in the world of matter. They may go on to tell us that they have gained a larger comprehension of the possibilities and privileges of existence, and that they look forward to an endless progress into states of being too lofty for them to do more than dimly conceive.

That is, in fact, a general summing up of their testimony; and those who say that the trivial reminiscences with which the departed establish their identity and prove their right to be attended to are all that they are occupied with—and all that they manage to get through—are unacquainted with the facts. Unfounded statements of that kind can only be made by people who are blinded by their prejudices and warped into a kind of smug self-satisfaction which relieves them of the task of inquiry, and sets them free to decry and ridicule the work of others.

Religious people who ought to know better are among the chief sinners. They ought to know better, for as they accept in a vague way the existence of a spiritual world, they have not the excuse of the life-long materialist investigator. They believe, in a sense, in continuity of existence—or so we must suppose—and the only question is, of

what nature is the boundary. Is an interchange of ideas, or reception of inspiration, or ascent of petition, possible across the gulf or not?

Here surely religious people ought to be guided by facts and be willing to listen to evidence. The reasons they give against the possibility of the facts are patently absurd; just as absurd as those given by some mediaeval schoolmen against the existence of Jupiter's satellites when they were discovered by Galileo. "The number of planets is necessarily seven, hence there cannot be any more." "If they existed they would have been seen long ago." "The telescope is deceptive when applied to heavenly bodies." "By using means of observation other than the unaided eye we are prying into things which are intended to be hid." "If God had permitted us to know things of this sort, they would have been revealed from the beginning of the world." "The Christian system is complete without them."

All these objections are being applied in modern times to communication with the dead. The only one I will question is the last. I venture to say that, in the highest sense, the Christian system is not complete without these psychical facts. Every Gospel concludes with incidents of this nature. But they have been left in the twilight of faith or superstition and have not been contemplated with clear intelligence. If it is left to our day, and to students of science, to bring facts long hidden out into the daylight of scientific knowledge, that is surely a privilege for which we may be thankful. The mistaken conservatism of a few prejudiced workers, whether professedly scientific or otherwise, need not be allowed to interfere. Underneath their ill-informed dogmatism they have a real love of truth, and this has only to be liberated from the crust of prejudice which overlays their real instincts. The new knowledge is a bonus conferred upon this day and generation—a sort of reward for the honest labor of the last few centuries in the eager search for truth whithersoever it may lead.

AMERICAN SCHOLARSHIP

By FREDERICK E. PIERCE

THE world has a habit of mistreating scholars. It mobbed its Jenners, it imprisoned its Galileos. As its persecutions have put captive scientists on bread and water, so its indifferent neglect has reduced many literary men to a diet even more scanty. When we marry the martyrdom of scholarship to the ignominy of literature in the person of the literary scholar, we might expect the climax of physical suffering. In America, however, which finds the gentle asphyxiation of souls a safer and more pleasurable hobby than the racking of bodies, the tragedy has not been physical. The "literary scholar" in American universities did not inherit the chains of Galileo plus the poison vial of Chatterton. Rather the misfortune of his anomalous position lay in this, that a genuine Chatterton was turned into a pseudo-Galileo. Because the leviathan of science had swum best according to a certain method, therefore the eagle of inspiration must flap his wings just like the leviathan's fins, even if he tumbled in the process and evolved into a dull aquatic fowl.

Hence his discontent. Men do not pursue any form of literature, scholarly or otherwise, primarily for money. Most of them, had they begun young, could have won larger incomes making automobile tires, going into the wholesale potato business, or running summer hotels. They had entered this field for aesthetic development; and if they were robbed of that, they had every right to consider themselves the victims of a fraud. Having chosen a career of plain living and high thinking, they could hardly be expected to feel satisfied with plain living minus its redeeming accompaniment.

The great war, with its piercing X-ray, has tested our university scholarship as it has all things else. It has lighted up a painful contrast between scholarly methods in literary and in scientific fields. Our academic scientists brim over with enthusiasm for their systems. Where they have become among the foremost men of the day in this earth-shaking crisis, they feel that they have succeeded as a direct result of their university training.

How was it with teachers of English, French, and ancient literatures? Had they been specially drilled for years to furnish the Wellses, the Masfelds, the Rupert Brookes, as Bowdoin and Harvard once furnished our Lowells and Longfellows? If here and there some amount of vital work was produced in biography or criticism, fiction or poetry, was it done by reason of the author's training, or despite it? Answer, ye dull theses, ye deadening monographs. Young physicists and chemists, when the war reduced their academic salaries, found their university training a source of revenue elsewhere. They became highly paid experts in industrial plants. But when the teacher of English tried to eke out his slender income by novels or magazine articles, he felt at every turn the deadening effect of his past discipline on imagination, wit, and style. Theoretically a highly trained specialist, he had actually less earning power in the literary world than if he had never taken his advanced studies. He had been crippled alike for art and for bread-winning. Too many of the "literary specialists" in our universities, constantly drawn towards literature by their boyhood love, constantly repelled towards scientific method by their university environment, had settled down into an aimless, amphibious existence, now paddling a little in the shallows of lyricism, now scratching out a few facts around the rotting stump of some old master.

Much of the trouble was due to the domination of American thought by German scholarship. That such domination existed is to-day a matter of general knowledge. Something

that was neither science nor literature, a vast, ugly hybrid, with the dangers of both and the virtues of neither, a system of methods that were misfits, tyrannized over literary scholarship as remorselessly as the junker tyrannized over his peasants. Then we transplanted this ill-omened tree of knowledge to America, a misconceived exotic in a foreign soil. We grafted on its alien vices our own native faults of artistic crudeness and sordid efficiency.

No one can dispute the debt that American scientists owe to their Teuton colleagues. Explosion-rent Europe for four years has shown terribly the adequacy of German science. Whether better or poorer than the French, it is good enough. Chemists, physicists, masters of economics, minds hard as rock and keen as knives—these it can produce. But war, as if tearing away a curtain, showed the appalling inadequacy of German scholarship in the humanities. Where is that kindly balance, that reverence for masterpieces of art, that “sweetness and light,” which is the practical contribution of literary and philosophical scholarship to the progress of the world? Ask the ruins of Reims cathedral, the *manes* of Edith Cavell. Is it any wonder, then, that a scholarship standardized by the Prussia of Bismarck and commercialized by the bustling America of Standard Oil, a scholarship which ground out monographs under military dictation and then used them for a form of advertising as Philistine as that of cigarette manufacturers—is it any wonder that such a scholarship worked better in the field of economics than in that of poetry?

We need insist no longer that something has been wrong. Thousands are already convinced of that. But if literary scholarship is to be reformed and to take that position of leadership in the literary world which scientific scholarship holds in the scientific world, we must locate accurately both the harbor for which we are steering and the reefs on which others have been wrecked.

What is scholarship? It is not a search for facts but a

search for truths, to which facts may or may not be the stepping-stones. It was up a stair of accurately recorded facts that Darwin climbed to a vital truth. It was on a pedestal of mingled fact and feeling that Boswell erected his enduring statue of Johnson. It was by consciously avoiding "lists of dates and facts" that Masefield produced his own "Biography," which none the less is a more literary and scholarly biography than any Ph.D. will write about him for many a long day. All honor to these differing forms of scholarship. Each of them old Thomas Carlyle would have found "sincere" in its own field. And all dishonor to any mad system that would make us work by Darwin's method towards an insincere mockery of Masefield's goal.

Accurate data have their place in certain provinces, and certain provinces only, of literary scholarship. But far more essential than they in every province is the resurrection or preservation of moods, feelings, attitudes of mind. These are our national heritage, gained by the great dead after years of struggle, not capable of being more than dimly adumbrated on paper, lost forever to the world save as new minds are trained to receive them from the old. No great poem exists in print; any psychologist can tell us that. It exists in a living mind. It flames up in the reader's brain at the sight of the printed page. If German scholarship could so sterilize every reader's brain that no one of them would respond, that poem, as poetry, would cease to exist on the earth though there were a million accurate texts of it in our libraries, guarding it as a grammatical exhibit. More important than the scholarship that preserves variant readings is the scholarship that keeps alive in us the power to read. Eminently respectable is the scholarship which tells us that Shakespeare once lived in Silver Street. Far more important is the scholarship which tells us that Shakespeare will live with us to-day in Arden. Here has been the fatal defect in the educational appraisals of so many scientific, linguistic, and business experts. They have failed to see

beyond fact scholarship, the amassing of data, that higher emotional scholarship which consists in the acquisition of new and noble experiences:

. . . the rungs by which men climb
Those glittering steps, those milestones upon Time,
Those tombstones of dead selves, those hours of birth.

Having established by facts the length of the Brontosaur's thigh-bone, geologists were much impressed when we established in the same way the chronology of Shakespeare's dramas. Yet Shakespeare was a mighty force in English thought before our list was worked out; and he may still become a mere musty skeleton of dates once we lose our grip on his emotional life. We are teachers of literature, not osteologists.

Genuine literary scholarship, with its wholesome balance between accurate analysis and noble emotion, with its genial toleration for individual tastes and abilities, has been far from non-existent in our American universities. But it has played a regrettably minor rôle. Far too much in evidence has been the typical Germanized Ph.D., the greatest living authority on all things not worth knowing about some particular poem. He has been discouraged from asking himself whether this poem is good or bad, intrinsically deserving of comment or not; but he has been trained to produce a nice twenty-page monograph on the date of its composition, which is already accepted for publication (subsidized publication) in "*Das Moderne Mausoleum*," a quarterly journal of philology. And so there will be one more fact to add to the scrap-heap and one more depoetized soul to add to the human scrap-heap too. If Mrs. Wordsworth had interrupted her husband's inspired hour to ask him what day of the month it was, he would probably have answered—with more asperity than affection—that he didn't know. Blake would have decided that the sonnet was "written in eternity." Meanwhile there remains one date which no scholar

has yet determined, the date on which the learned monograph will be read. Just how the wisdom of mankind is to be increased by articles that no one reads, educators have failed to state.

Such was the pernicious result of that false analogy continually drawn between scholarship in science and scholarship in literature. Such was the result of the continual demand for something definite to publish. Emotional experience which it has taken years to gather may offer nothing for the printer; any laborious mediocrity with the regulation pick and shovel can quarry out facts enough in a few months to make a monograph. As facts were tangible and brought rewards, emotions intangible and without market value, and as the system was applied to young men already heavily loaded up with teaching, the result was inevitable. Emotional development was deferred and deferred till age took away the power of development itself. An attitude towards life that had been the ambition of great poets through years of struggle, was precisely the thing on which "literary scholarship" had turned its back, sometimes under hallucination, sometimes under coercion. The first requisite for producing either scholarship or teaching in humanistic fields is the development of a well-rounded human soul. Because Prussian methods ignored this, they have had a withering effect not only on teaching but on literary scholarship itself.

Nothing is easier to-day than to decry German pedagogy. It may not be so easy to locate in practice the evils thus vaguely condemned. Yet until this is done, attempts at reform may accomplish nothing or create a system worse than the one discarded. There is serious danger that, rushing from one extreme to the other, we may reject humanistic scholarship in all forms or else plunge into gulfs of mawkish and brainless sentimentality. The evils in German scholarship have not lain in emphasis at times on reasonably accurate data. Neither have they consisted in the presence of a

stern and exacting discipline, provided that discipline was literary. They have lain in these four things: that German research was enforced instead of voluntary; that it was premature; that it was of one narrow type; and that it forced this one type on men of many types.

True scholarship, like all things noble, must be a free-will offering, a labor of love, done only by those men who wish to do it and only in those years when authorship comes spontaneously and naturally. It was voluntary love for the work that made great the biographies of Lockhart and Boswell. In quarters where German influence has been rampant, ninety-nine one-hundredths of the doctoral theses and nearly half of the publications even from full professors have not been labors of love. A young man who for several years had been skilfully unfitted for any other gainful occupation, and who in the meanwhile had rashly married, faced the alternative of finding four periods in the life of some ancient dramatist or else finding nothing whatever in his larder. So he usually found the four periods. Perhaps he was a man of poetic spirit, longing for the leisure in which alone poetic feeling can develop. Alas, that academic system which rewarded so well the man who discovered, preserved, and handed down to posterity the text of a dead author had no rewards for discovering, preserving, and handing down to posterity those lyric moods which were the soul of that text. Blessed is the embalmer who saves from corruption the soulless mummy; but as for the soul, that is too evanescent a thing to be weighed, measured, and credited. Perhaps he was an enthusiastic teacher, with no natural taste for research, either good or bad. Alas, the God who made him and the lamb was not the one who made tigers and Prussianized pedagogy. It would be a tragedy if some minor document of the fourteenth century should be lost from our libraries; but no tragedy whatever if the literary instinct should be lost from the coming generation. So he stunted his rare powers in other directions to produce

a flimsy mockery of what a natural scholar could have done so much better, and enjoyed in the doing. The pamphlet after it had served its commercial purpose was kept on file in libraries for reasons never adequately explained.

A great university can have no nobler function than the encouragement of wholesome and spontaneous scholarship, by granting it leisure, honors, and adequate pay. But the encouragement of voluntary scholarship and the enforcement of reluctant research differ from each other precisely as do pure love and prostitution; one is the upbuilder of our life, the other the source of monstrous diseases in the academic body.

Many men can gather accurate data before they are twenty-five, some can develop an eloquent style before that age on imaginative themes. But the power to combine the two, to invest huge skeletons of data with the breathing flesh of sympathy and a noble style, is something that comes to few men before thirty-six. The beginner, forced into untimely research, must choose between enthusiastic inaccuracy or accurate asininity. Since all the pressure was in the latter direction, he crippled his imagination and style for years by printing a decade before he was ripe for printing. Lounsbury, one of the greatest literary scholars in America, did nearly all his publishing after he was forty. These enthusiasts for early and voluminous publication never seemed to realize that they might spoil an incipient Lounsbury, either by stultifying his mind or by inspiring him with a life-long loathing for a scholarship which he would naturally have loved. Then, wholly apart from the author's age, the material itself needs years to ripen. Noble thoughts blossom out of the decaying humus of facts long gathered, not out of the barren brush-heap of facts piled yesterday. Where the statistics have rotted the style can grow. But under the German research system, while the statistics were rotting the children were fasting.

If literary scholarship means the acquiring of literary

ability as scientific scholarship means the acquiring of scientific ability—and it ought to mean that or nothing—then the legitimate field is as vast as our emotional experience. What would we think of a science which considered investigation into antiquated machinery as scholarship, yet held it unscholarly to study the earth-shaking inventions of 1919? But the editor of some forgotten poetaster was a literary scholar, and the author of an essay on Masfield was an impressionistic amateur. Robert Frost spent years investigating the rhythms and associations of words in homely speech, as Darwin investigated the development of life. But because Mr. Frost embodies his results in a poem delighting ten thousand readers, not in a monograph wearying two or three—clearly he is no scholar. No public would have tolerated a technical school which turned out mechanical engineers unfitted to distinguish between good and bad machinery. Yet our graduate schools turned out “literary scholars” less fitted to distinguish good poetry from bad than when they entered.

What would we think of a science which tried to prevent its young men from imitating the scientific giants, the Kelvins and Marconis? Yet how many a graduate department in English could have been found five years ago over whose doors we might all too appropriately have inscribed the words:

All verse abandon, ye who enter here.

One of the most readable and scholarly of books is Trevelyan's life of Macaulay. What department would have accepted a man's life of his uncle as a doctoral dissertation? Prussian scholarship was constantly hunting for original documents. But the most original of all documents is the poetic brain itself, in which the poems of Shakespeare existed before any hand put them on paper. It was not by mechanical collating of texts but by living himself into Shakespeare's mind that an English editor restored the noblest touch in

Falstaff's death scene. And what knowledge of the poetic brain can the dead drill of Prussian methods offer? German Ph.D.'s were endlessly hunting for sources, *Quellenforschungen*. Yet how systematically were they excluded from the greatest of all sources for authors, the book of human life, the inexhaustible quarry of Dickens and Balzac. They were insulated from it as if in a tower of glass.

What better evidence for the pseudo-scholarly nature of such work could we have than that it was condemned years ago by that French Titan of learning, Sainte-Beuve? "Let us encourage [not enforce] all laborious investigation," he said, "but let us give in everything the first place to talent, meditation, judgment, reason, taste." And he complained bitterly that "to edit an old book already published, or to print some insignificant scrap for the first time, is nowadays a more serious claim to esteem than to have a style and ideas." Yet the very graduate schools in which Sainte-Beuve has been extolled and expounded have urged their students to do what he deplored. Goethe, during days when Germany was her better self, ridiculed in the character of Wagner that soulless pedantry which his nation has since been exporting to us.

Like a drill-sergeant from Berlin, Prussianized scholarship cried: "Who cares for your personal tastes? Who cares for your idiosyncracies? Here are my orders!" Not until the edelweiss grows in Sahara and the palm tree in Greenland will such methods produce anything but barrenness. Of the literary temperament more than of anything else it remains forever true that one man's meat is another man's poison. The genius of Lockhart and Macaulay thrived on accurate facts; Coleridge at thirty attributed the sudden and terrible collapse of his poetical powers to an excess of fact research. Stupid accumulation of mere data is always pernicious to literature; intelligent fact research may enrich our literature with a "Life of Scott" or rob it of an "Ancient Mariner," all according to the temperament of

the man. Yet the academic Juggernaut rolled placidly over all alike. For many young minds full of literary promise, enforced documentary research proved deadly as a whiff of poison gas. On others, of the Macaulay and Lockhart type, it fell harmless; but even to them it did no benefit. After our vast expense, our wasteful "throwing about of brains," there are no more of these genuinely literary fact masters to-day than there were in the time of Lounsbury and Child.

Meanwhile below the talent that it blasted and the talent that it influenced not at all, there remained the effect of Prussianized research on those who had not talent of either kind. This German hegemony has been an effort to create scholarship by rule of thumb; and true scholarship, like every other manifestation of genius, cannot be produced that way. A certain type of plodding mediocrity can, no doubt, be trained by courses in "scholarly method" for the amassing of facts and the boring of specialists; but a really great scholar, a Sumner, a Woodberry, a Child, is not the product of any pedagogical turning-lathe. The past two decades have bred shoals of minor scholars, as Pope's age bred minor poets; and the minor scholar has proved the more exasperating nuisance of the two. The Goddess of Dulness yawned over Cibber's poetry, but she has fallen into a state of coma at the meetings of modern philological societies. Meanwhile our college presidents labored hard that the literature of six thousand years might be condensed to a five-foot bookshelf and that the literature of their own faculties might be extended to some thousands of yards. This programme of meticulous research was intended to fill our faculties with "big men." But men grow great only according to the enlightened laws of their own being, not according to the cramping policy of an institution. It is a pity that those who have measured genius by a yardstick, applied to a bibliography, did not include in their five-foot shelf De Vigny's "Death of the Wolf":

When man sees what he was, and leaves behind,
Silence alone is grand—the rest is weakness.

Perhaps they might then have realized why some inspiring teachers with no bibliographical tails to their kites are looked up to by friends as great dumb scholars.

It is said that a famous poet of deep religious feeling but unorthodox creed once cried: "I have no religion because of my religion." In so many American universities, five years ago, the most literary of our young men were crying: "I have no scholarship because of my scholarship. Because I believe in my right to develop as a feeling, imaginative man; because I believe in my right to develop a sense of sane and wholesome balance towards life; because I feel my right to leisure for assimilating the great past—because of all this I protest against a system which stifles my emotions, withers my imagination, distorts my sense of proportion, and crushes my God-given individuality into the moulds of Prussia. I demand that joint scholarship of the head and heart so nobly voiced by Browning:

Young all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old!—
and because I demand this I do not wish old age to find me
plodding on in a Prussian drill where

Knowledge comes but Wisdom lingers.

Scholarship is truth, and a better way of developing it than Prussia can offer was given long ago by our own English poet-scholar: "For who knows not that Truth is strong next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, no stratagems, nor licensings to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defenses that error uses against her power. Give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps, for then she speaks not true, as the old Proteus did, who spake oracles only when he was caught and bound; *but then rather she turns herself into all shapes except her own, and perhaps tunes her voice according to the time.*" .

THE BIRTH OF DEMOCRACY

By CHARLES FOSTER KENT

WHAT is the origin of the democratic ideals for which the civilized world during the past five years has been lavishly pouring out its resources and its life blood? In answering this question the majority of men think naturally of the French and American revolutions, or of the Roman Republic, or of the democracies of ancient Greece; but the historic facts carry us back five hundred years further to the hilltops of Palestine as the original home of democracy. There one thousand years before the beginning of the Christian era, the Hebrews developed a theory and type of state that were in many respects more democratic than those of Athens in the fifth century before Christ or of America to-day.

This remarkable political phenomenon is primarily due to the wealth of democratic ideals and institutions which the Hebrews inherited from their nomadic ancestors. The Semitic tribe, as it developed in the semi-arid steppes of southwestern Asia, was the cradle of human democracy. It represented a theory and type of social organization that was democratic to the point of being communistic, for even the property of the tribe was held in common. Under the influence of its peculiar physical background, it was organized not to promote the interests of a tyrant or a ruling class, but simply to protect and to promote the welfare of every member of this closely knit community. In the ancient tribal councils, as in the Arab tribe to-day, every man had a voice either directly or indirectly in deciding all questions that concerned the social group. The leader or sheik was chosen by the members of the tribe, not because of any inherited prerogative, but because he was best fitted

to serve them. His authority was not absolute, but simply delegated. Like the Arab sheik, he was often asked by litigants to act as judge or arbiter; but the carrying out of his decision depended entirely upon the mutual agreement of the contending parties and the influence of public opinion. He personally had no authority to enforce it.

If in time of war he was not the ablest warrior and military leader, the tribesmen selected the man who was, and implicitly followed his command. Thus in theory and in practice the head of an ancient Semitic tribe was not the master but the servant of the people, and each man shared the responsibilities as well as the rights that went with this thoroughly democratic type of organization.

When the Hebrew tribes settled in Palestine they carried with them this theory and form of government. What is more significant, they succeeded in maintaining them in the face of tremendous odds. Opposition and struggle with the autocratic systems of government already established in Palestine only intensified the devotion of the Hebrews to their inherited ideals.

The most striking later analogy also comes from southwestern Asia. When the Arabians, after the death of Mohammed, conquered the encircling nations, they built up a confederacy at the head of which was a ruler who was elected by popular choice. As in the case of the Hebrew commonwealth, this type of government arose because the nomadic theories of government were superimposed upon an older civilization. It was successful because the confederated people were already familiar with this popular type of political organization and educated in the science of government through constant training in the old tribal councils, in which everything that concerned the tribe was openly discussed and decided.

When the peril and pressure of foreign invasion made it clear to the early Hebrews that, as in the case of our colonial forefathers, if they did not "hang together they would hang

separately," they called their ablest men to lead them to victory. In gratitude for deliverance and to insure the fruits of victory, they asked certain distinguished leaders, like Gideon, Saul, and David, to continue to lead them, and offered to transmit the same authority to their descendants. All these rulers were chosen from the ranks and elected by popular vote. Their tenure of office depended wholly upon their personal ability, upon their fidelity to Israel's democratic ideals, and upon the support of the people. This significant fact is abundantly illustrated in the history of the Hebrew democracy. Saul's fear of David's superior prowess and popularity was well founded. He frankly said to Jonathan, his son and natural successor: "As long as the son of Jesse lives on the earth your rule will not be established." True to this prediction, on the death of Saul the southern tribes at once elected David their leader, and, as soon as the weakness of Saul's surviving son was demonstrated, the northern tribes followed their example. In both the North and the South inefficient or despotic rulers were soon deposed; but in default of constitutional terminal facilities, they usually lost their heads as well as their office.

The son nominated by a dying ruler ordinarily succeeded to the leadership, as is illustrated by Solomon's succession, but only after the nomination was confirmed by the people. In one or two significant instances the nominee of the dying ruler was rejected by the people, as for example Solomon's son, Rehoboam, by the northern tribes because he refused to give them definite assurances that he would serve rather than exploit them.

The essential democracy of the Hebrew commonwealth has hitherto been overlooked because the title borne by Israel's rulers has been invariably translated "king," and the state over which they ruled, a "kingdom." Both translations are misleading, but it is difficult to find an exact equivalent for the Hebrew word *mêlêch*. In the Hebrew and in the cognate Assyrian and Aramaic lan-

guages the root from which it is derived means to "counsel" or "advise." Gideon, Saul, David, and their successors were, by virtue of their title as well as in fact, simply the chief counsellors of the united tribes. Their functions and authority were practically identical with those of the tribal sheik, only they served a larger and more stable social group. Their method of election was even more direct and democratic than that followed to-day in electing the President of the United States. Their tenure of office resembled more closely that of the present head of the British democracy, although it was not so firmly established.

The Hebrews not only tenaciously retained the right to elect or reject their chief executive, but they always reserved the power to overrule his decisions. History furnishes several striking illustrations of this fundamentally democratic characteristic of the unwritten constitution of the Hebrew commonwealth. When, for example, Saul, bent upon keeping his rash vow, was on the point of putting his son Jonathan to death, the people interposed, and the life of the heroic warrior was saved. Although David was the ablest leader Israel ever had, he always during his earlier years responded to the will of his people, and his loss of popularity during his later years is clearly traceable to a tendency to withdraw from public life and so to lose touch with the people. The result was that they fell an easy prey to Absalom's intrigues, so that David, to save his life, was compelled to flee from Jerusalem.

The strength of Israel's democratic institutions was revealed when certain ambitious leaders like Solomon and Ahab adopted the autocratic ideals prevailing in the neighboring states and attempted to impose upon their people a tyrannical form of government. Even though these two autocratic kings succeeded, during their lifetime, by sheer force of arms in maintaining their rule, the Israelites after their death rejected their policy and elected as chief counsellors men who were taken from the ranks of the people.

The older autocratic and the Hebrew democratic theories of state are brought into clear contrast in the twelfth chapter of Second Kings. In response to the popular demand that Rehoboam lighten the intolerable service of his father and the heavy load that he laid upon the people, he, following the counsel of the youths reared in the despotic court of Solomon, declared, "My finger is thicker than my father's loins! Whereas my father loaded you with a heavy yoke, I will make your yoke heavier. My father chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scourges." His fatal mistake was that he repudiated the advice of his older counsellors, who voiced the Hebrew democratic ideal: "If you will be a servant to the people and will serve them and accept their terms, they will be your servants forever." Eleven of the twelve Hebrew tribes deliberately chose to sacrifice the unity and strength of their nation rather than surrender "the rule of the people, for the people, by the people."

Another powerful force that contributed to the development of a pure democracy in early Israel was the life and organization of the Hebrew city and town. The ruins of the old Canaanite cities tell the pitiful story of the rights of the individual ruthlessly sacrificed to secure the protection of a feudal lord. He lived in a tower flanked by a temple and supported by an army, while the common people were his chattels and lived and died in stone and mud hovels little larger than the ash bin where many a modern street Arab finds his home.

The Hebrews found this autocratic type of city organization strongly entrenched in every Palestinian town that they captured. The marvel is that they ever succeeded in eliminating it as they did root and branch. In a few cities which had a strong Canaanite population it apparently survived for generations, but in the distinctly Hebrew towns there were no kings nor tyrants nor even an oligarchy that, as in the Greek cities, lorded it over the common people.

Instead, the organization of a Hebrew town was thoroughly democratic. It is narrated in the eighth chapter of Judges that when Gideon, in hot pursuit of the Midianites, desired to secure food from the towns of Succoth and Penuel, east of the Jordan, he appealed not to a king or governor, but to the elders and officials of Succoth and to the people of Penuel. The seventy-seven elders and officials who were at the head of the little town of Succoth evidently constituted the village council that was the prototype of the Sanhedrin, later found in every Jewish town.

In First Kings, the twenty-fifth chapter, it is recorded that Jezebel wrote letters in Ahab's name to the men of Naboth's city, to the elders and officials, commanding them to put Naboth to death; but even in perpetrating this crime they were instructed to follow the established democratic methods of procedure. Naboth was to have all the forms of a public trial in which his peers were to act as judges and the men of the town were to have an opportunity to present the facts and voice their opinions.

In this public way all questions of a political, social, religious, and legal nature were decided in these ancient town meetings. In the walled cities these democratic assemblies were held in the open space just inside the main city gate. The fifth chapter of Nehemiah contains a vivid account of such a "great assembly," as it is called. It was evidently an open forum where every man could speak and questions were decided by a popular vote. This was the school in which democratic citizens were trained. Here were kept alive those traditions of the equality and the inviolable rights of each citizen which proved rocks of stumbling to such predatory autocrats as Solomon and Ahab. Here even the humblest Hebrew learned by constant practice how to discharge his responsibilities as a citizen not only to his local community but also to the larger commonwealth. Here was developed that democratic atmosphere which made the unique work of the Hebrew prophets possible.

Another force that moulded Israel's democratic ideals was the inevitable reaction from the oft-repeated and painful contacts with such extreme embodiments of absolutism as ancient Egypt, the Canaanite states, Aram, Assyria, Babylonia, and Persia. The Hebrews hated autocracy with an intense hatred because for centuries they were its pitiable victims. Moreover, hatred of it prompted the noblest deeds in their history. The greatest achievements of all their early prophets were performed while defending the rights of the people against aggressive autocracy, either within or without the state. Thus Moses, like a Titan of old, fought almost single-handed against the strongly entrenched, grinding industrial despotism of Egypt. Deborah rallied the tribes against a merciless Canaanitic autocracy. Samuel's great service was the discovery of a popular leader who was able to train the Hebrews so that they could successfully resist their Philistine oppressors. Nathan publicly condemned David for trampling on the rights of an individual subject. Ahijah encouraged the fateful revolution that freed the people from the despotism of Solomon. Elijah pronounced a curse upon Ahab because he had, under the influence of his Phoenician wife, wantonly disregarded Naboth's rights as a citizen of a democratic commonwealth, and the autocratic king bowed humbly before this bold expression of outraged public opinion. From 1200 to 600 B. C. there is not a decade in Israel's history when the contest between the ideals of Hebrew democracy and those of oriental despotism was not being hotly waged, and the prophets were always the protagonists of the people. To maintain their democratic institutions, the Hebrews sacrificed internal peace and in the end their national life. Ideals that crystallized as the result of such strenuous struggle and self-sacrifice were inevitably destined to endure.

Israel's prophets and lawgivers were not content to define democracy simply in the terms of political organization. They saw clearly that mere political organization would

not solve the problems of society. They were the dauntless pioneers who first carried the ideals of democracy into the fields of economics and religion. In so doing, they anticipated the significant movements that are stirring the world to-day. Amos, the Judean shepherd, in the name of Jehovah declared relentless war against all class profiteering and—

Those who recline on ivory couches,
Who lie sprawled upon their divans,
And eat the lambs from the flock,
And calves from out the stall;
Who drink wine by the bowlful,
And anoint themselves with finest oils,
But feel no sorrow over Israel's ruin!

Both Amos and Isaiah unsparingly arraigned the wives of the ruling classes in Israel because, impelled by the desire for luxury and display, they were goading on their husbands to acts of cruelty and oppression. Isaiah also fought vigorously for the democratic use of natural resources such as land:

Woe to you who add house to house,
Who join field to field,
Until there is no space left,
And you live alone in the midst of the land!

In the remarkable constitution found in the book of Deuteronomy a bold attempt is made to incorporate these democratic principles in definite laws and institutions. It is enacted that slaves shall not only be freed after six years of service, but shall also be generously provided by their former masters with sheep and cattle, with grain and wine, that they may maintain their economic independence and not fall back into slavery through debt. No interest shall be demanded for a loan made to a poor man. Not only was it provided that the gleanings of the field and vineyards should belong to the poor, but it was also definitely enacted that every man at any time could gather from a field or

vineyard all the grain or grapes that he could eat or carry away in his hands.

In their zeal to carry the principles of democracy into the economic life of the nation, Israel's law-givers went even further and decreed that in the seventh year all personal rights in the land should be waived, and that poor and rich alike should share all that it produced. The methods of economic reform proposed by the Hebrew law-givers were preventive rather than merely remedial, evolutionary rather than revolutionary, and aimed simply to correct the evils and retain the advantages that came through the personal possession of property. In the same way they strove to make the religious life of the people thoroughly democratic. In the name of Israel's democratic God they decreed that when the heads of the family and community went up to attend the three great national feasts they should take with them the poor, the widows, the orphans, the slaves, and even the resident aliens. They were also commanded to share with these dependent classes, as with the members of their own families, the food which they had provided. In the later Jewish laws the resident foreigners are accorded equal religious rights and privileges with the native-born Israelites. Into the organization and life of the synagogue the Jews carried the same democratic principles. It was an institution ruled entirely by the people and for the people.

Even though the Hebrews developed what was in many ways the most thorough-going democracy known to history, they were slow to share their democratic ideals with other nations. This fact is largely the result of their painful contacts with the outside world. Like the prophet Jonah in the familiar story, the majority of the Jews were more eager to see their heathen foes destroyed than they were to convert them; but certain of their prophets rose above racial hate and prejudice and began to dream of a world democracy. The author of the fourth chapter of Micah sketched the outlines of a league of nations under which they would

submit all disputed questions to the divine tribunal at Jerusalem for arbitration. He even looked forward to the time when all the destructive paraphernalia of war would be converted into instruments of production and when all men would enjoy the fruits of peace. One prophet boldly pictured the day when the Jews and their traditional foes would be united by religious as well as political ties (Isaiah, chapter 19).

It was on the broad foundations laid by Israel's patriots and prophets that Jesus built his comprehensive programme for a democracy that would include all classes and races. He made it his first and chief task to train socially minded men and women who would prove loyal and efficient citizens of this new world democracy; but he also laid the cornerstone of that new social order in the fraternal community which he founded at Capernaum. It was that same community which after his death was transferred to Jerusalem and from this centre rapidly extended throughout the Roman Empire, until before the close of the first Christian century devoted representatives of this new society were found in the most distant provinces.

In the light of its Hebrew antecedents, it is clear that Jesus's social programme, which we are wont to call the "kingdom of God," may be more exactly described as the "democracy of God." Its true character best explains why Paul, with his intensely democratic tendencies, avoided the term "kingdom of God," using it only three or four times; for the Greek term *βασιλεία τοῦ θεοῦ*, employed to interpret the historic Hebrew phrase, "democracy of God," was redolent with autocratic associations. Paul therefore substituted the more figurative but more democratic term, "body of Christ," which emphasized the close unity of the whole and the fact that each individual member had an important and absolutely essential part to play in that new society.

Israel not only developed the first democratic state in human history, but, as is well known, its laws and institutions were closely copied by the founders of the American

commonwealth. The first two of the Fundamental Articles of the New Haven colony, adopted in 1639, boldly assert:

I. That the Scriptures hold forth a perfect rule for the direction of Government of all men in all duties which they perform to God and men; as well as in families and commonwealth, as in matters of the church.

II. That, as in matters which concern the gathering and ordering of a church, so likewise of magistrates and officers, making and repealing laws, dividing allotments of inheritance, and all things of like nature, they would all be governed by these rules which the Scripture held forth to them.

In 1644 the general court of the colony voted that "the judicial laws of God as they were delivered to Moses and expounded in other parts of Scripture, so far as they are not typical or ceremonial nor had exclusive reference to Canaan, should be the civil and criminal code of the colony till the same be branched out into particulars hereafter."

In the Fundamental Articles adopted by the New Haven colony the one source of authority recognized was not a royal grant but the will of those governed. The new government was based simply on a social compact, and therefore represents the first real republic established in the western hemisphere. In this way the ideals wrought out in ancient Israel were directly transplanted to the soil of America.

The democratic principles found in the Old Testament had been the constant inspiration of the pioneers who first came to New England. It is not strange, therefore, that they wrote them into their laws and their political and social institutions. The Massachusetts Bay colony, like the New Haven colony, made the Hebrew code the basis of its criminal and inheritance laws. In language as well as in principle many of the laws still on the statute books of the New England States clearly reflect their Hebrew ancestry.

Not only did the New England pioneers draw freely from the constitution of the old Hebrew democracy but they also

imitated many of its institutions. Even the architecture of the New England meeting houses, the lineal descendants of the early Christian basilicas, was modelled on the ancient Jewish synagogues. The simple democratic services held in these meeting houses were in their detailed order, as well as in general character, strikingly like those of the early synagogues. The New England town meetings, where questions of common interest were decided and citizens trained, were undoubtedly influenced by Teutonic antecedents, but they also correspond closely to those village councils in the old Hebrew commonwealth which were the corner-stones of democracy. The sermons, the public documents, and the newspapers of the colonial and revolutionary period are also saturated with the democratic ideas of the Old Testament. It is not surprising that when the thirteen original colonies united, many of Israel's democratic ideals and institutions were adopted by the founders of the American commonwealth. In this concrete way, as well as through Christianity and the living pages of the Old Testament, the early Hebrew patriots and prophets have directly and deeply influenced the spirit of democracy that is sweeping throughout the world to-day. In defining democracy in terms of political and economic justice, of equality of religious as well as social opportunity, and of universal responsibility, they have laid the eternal foundations upon which all true democracies must be built.

A GROUP OF POEMS

By KARLE WILSON BAKER

Stars

I am so small—when I go out
Beneath the heaven of All Souls,
And see them twinkling all about
Who won through to their briary goals;
When I look up into the dome
Their gathered constellations wreath—
The Great, the Faithful, trooping home—
I am so small, I scarcely breathe.

I am so great—for I am I.
Not one, of all the starry band,
Went just the way I travel by
To overtake my fatherland.
Seeking forever mine own Sign,
Lord of my spirit's lone estate,
My soul's a heaven where they shine
A part of me—I am so great.

Acorns

Now and then, all through the day and night,
An acorn drops on the roof and goes rattling down the gutter.
I cannot tell why the sound delights me,
Nor why I have such a pleased and noticed feeling,
As of a child that shares a joke with its parent,
When I think of the black old oak,
Stretching his craggy arms over my roof-tree,
And dropping his polished pebbles on my house.

Leaves

My great trees are stripping themselves,
Throwing away their gauds,
Preparing for the winter of their souls.
But my little cedars
Are picking up the twisted golden baubles
And sticking them in their hair.

Gray Days

On a gray day
When I am alone,
My heart glows and blooms
Like embers among ashes.

On a gray day
When I am alone,
The tent-fires of nomads,
And the road-fires of palmers,
And the hearth-fires of builders
Burn in my spirit.

Overhead Travellers

There you go in your breathless wedge,
Melting across the sky over my house like a clamoring
shadow!
My heart leaps, and I flap my wings wildly, but I cannot go
just yet.
My fledglings do not grow so fast as yours:
I must scratch for them longer.
But some day, we, too, will take the air-lines—
My mate and I.
(Unless, indeed, I shall have found real wings in the mean-
time.
In that case, it won't matter,
For I shall go farther than you, then, haughty birds.)

Fairy Fires

They burn on the windowpane
When the day is soft and late,
But you think they are out in the cold
Between the bush and the gate.

Clean through the blaze you look
At the dear, black, naked trees;
No beautiful bough is burned
By hungerless fires like these,

But no heart is ever warmed,
And no spirit weds desire,
And no house is ever home
That wants for the Fairy Fire.

THE WIND ON THE BATAK HIGHLANDS

By GUSTA DE WIT

ON the central plain of mountainous Sumatra, the great plain of the Batak, vast as the sea, bare as the sea, heaving in long grayish-green waves like the sea, on the hill-girt plain of the Batak, the voices of the wind are many. The folk of the dark, island-like villages hear them pass high overhead, wrathful voices and gentle, voices of fury and violence, and voices of airy play.

In the gray giant grass of the wilderness, the *alang-alang* that out-tops a man on horseback, the hunter and his dog stalking the deer in its hiding place, hear. In the fallow field the long file of women who, swaying in cadence, drive into the soil the lance-like staves with which they break up the stubborn soil for the seed, hear.

Within the thin, wooden house under its hill-like roof, the fraternal households, crouching around the smouldering fires of evening, hear. Above the reddish glow that lights up hands lying open and faces dreamily at rest, the swaying darkness rises dizzily. The hollow height overhead, the cavern of the great roof, beaten upon like a wave-washed cliff by all the circumfluent tides of space, reverberates with the inrushing rumors of the wind. The weary husbandman hears them in his sleep, stretched out upon the sleeping-mat with a bundle of magic herbs for a pillow, that he may dream about his newly reclaimed field, and know surely whether the harvest will be good.

When in the blind terror of lightning flashes, hurled down perpendicularly out of a black zenith, spears of white flame jaggedly breaking in the fling, in the uproar of crashing detonations that explode upon the hill summits and bound down the slopes echoing, the thunderstorm breaks over

the plain, then the wind runs before the howling hound of heaven that seizes and tears the flying clouds. The Batak houses lower the tremendous buffalo-horns of their gables against him as he comes rushing on, hundreds of him, yelping with rage.

When the roving Batak peasant, a thriftless seeker of soil whence he may harvest without tilling, puts fire to the rank growth of the slopes—by and by he will scatter handfuls of rice in the fertile ashes—when the alang-alang and brushwood are changed into bluish-gray drifts of mist, the saplings on the skirts of the hill wood lift aloft the creeping flame, and all of a sudden the tall trees rear into the sunshine, gigantic, blazing palely; then the wind comes galloping apace, snorting. He plunges into the flood of splashing fire and wallows among the flames as the buffalo-bull plunges and wallows in the midday pool.

The jungle explodes out of the hundreds of scorched bamboo trunks, swelling with heat, that burst asunder with a dull detonation. The wind charges through the splintering trees. He roars. And all around him, like a herd of wild buffalo-cows rushing after the maddened bull, a herd of red flames leaps up and rushes after him, stampeding down into the plain, that whirls away under their hooves in clouds of pungent smoke.

Through the deep, narrow, winding channels which rain, gathering into a river, has worn out in the gritty soil of the plain, and for hundreds of feet the sheer wall drops down to the depths where a hurrying gleam of water shimmers white amid darkness—the wind wanders complaining to himself; a prisoner he roams hither and thither in lonely lamentation.

The horseman cantering along by the brink of the ravine lashes his pony into a gallop to escape from that sound. It sets him thinking of dirges, such as the women chant without the village gate, at fall of night.

Even such plaintive cries a Batak mother utters, mourn-

ing on the grave of her darling child; even thus she wails and heavily sighs and moans, imprisoned within a darkness of sorrow whence there is no escaping, in a labyrinth of saddest thoughts that keep her wandering in ever circling mazes.

All through the dark ravines of the river the wind wanders complaining endlessly.

But the voices of his gladness are heard upon the hills when the rains are over and the new leafage sprouts.

The villagers' ponies, roaming the pasture at will, prick up their ears and suddenly break into a gallop, neighing, manes and tails flying. The wild hill doves, the beautiful silvery-gray ones that coo with so deep and soft a note, rise to meet him in broad flights. Piercingly sweet the flute-like sound he sends through their winnowing wings.

And in the village grove, in the plantation of ever bending and swaying bamboo that sifts down a shadowy coolness over the bathing-place all a-ripple with the leap of the tiny fall, his frolicsome voices are as many and manifold as the frolicsome things that happen there.

He makes all manner of pleasant sounds among the floating leafage and the swaying trees that lightly creak and chirp as, bending aside from his passage, they jar against one another, all manner of pleasant sounds among the spouting jets of the little cascade, hurrying between smooth boulders, and the purling, clucking, gurgling streamlets that further on spread into an evenly rippling pool.

He is a voice among the voices of the village maidens as, laughing and calling to one another, they come down the bank to fill under the fall their tall pitchers, shaped out of sections of bamboo. The women come to dye the long pieces of cotton cloth from their looms in the cisterns dug out into the rocky slope, where the soaking indigo leaves have darkened the water. As they rinse the blue stuff in the brook where the stream runs fullest over the froth-whitened stones, and hang it out on the bushes to flutter

flag-like in the breeze, the wind merrily accompanies their merry chatter.

From the main road along which the men are returning from the two days' journey to the busy trading town on the seashore, he wafts the creaking, grating sound of the heavy-wheeled market carts and the tinkling of the bronze bells at the throat of the buffalo, which the driver, fast asleep, leaves to take its own way home.

He scatters afar the leaping echoes of hoof beats cantering up the steep village hill; the cries with which small herds-men urge on the slow, huge plough buffaloes, all wet and gleaming from the swamp, as deliberately they make their wonted way to the fodder spread out in the cool darkling space under the floor of the pile-supported house; the dancing rhythm issuing from the huge barn set in the midst of the village where a score of women are pounding rice in the single block made from a hollowed out tree-trunk.

All these many and pleasant sounds the wind carries along, lapped in his own pleasant murmuring as he wanders through the bamboo grove. The Batak have lured that pleasant voice of his to be their companion in the fields at harvest time.

As a boy whittles a hollow bamboo twig into a flute to play a ditty on, so they fashion a straight, sound bamboo trunk into a flute for the wind. When the huge instrument, firmly planted in the earth and well supported, stands erect in the rice-field, the wind comes to play on it; merrily he makes it sound over the fields. The swarms of thievish rice-birds that swoop down on the ripe field with a noise as of an avalanche of pebbles clattering down the hillside whirr away, frightened, and never dare come back as long as that loud flute keeps playing. The long-drawn, clear modulations soar away over the fields and the distant windings of the river, over the black village roofs.

The women, seated on crossed ankles at their looms, in the broad shade of the eaves, call to one another across the

intervening spaces of sunlight: "Sister, dost thou hear the wind-flute? Ah, our harvest is safe now!" They listen, looking up from their work with tranquil eyes. No need now to trouble about the careless boy, sent out to scare the birds, who is sure to have climbed down out of the pile-supported watcher's hut to start a game with some play-fellow; no need to vex one's heart into palpitations of anxious surmise about the grown-up daughter for whom a lover, wooing in secret, may be waiting by the field that lies prone under a devouring swarm of birds. And as they resume their weaving this one and the other finds herself humming a soft-voiced response to the tune of the wind-flute.

Who was the inventor, one wonders, of this rare instrument, a thing to play with for the wind, a thing to work with for the folk of the fields?

The Batak do not know, it is in vain to inquire throughout their villages. But what manner of a man he was, and what his thoughts, may well be guessed at by all who have ever heard the wind-flute playing over a distance of ripening rice-fields.

A silent man, who loved solitude. Children ran after him. When out hunting, he used to gather the sharply-ridged seeds of certain kinds of lianas for his followers to play with. He would tell them many fairy tales too, about the dwarf antelope, more cunning than any other beast of the wood; and about the tiger that took pity on the two maidens in the ravine who had lost their way; about the big gourd, that was really a shape changed by witchcraft, the son of a mighty Rajah he; and about the Evening Star, the shining Fair One, friend to the lonely wood-ranger who tops the stack of the palm blossom for its sweet juice that he may make wine of it. He knew the herbs that restore sick men to health and cause wounds to close up and heal. Skittish horses which no rider could tame grew quiet under his touch.

In the jungle, as, followed by his dog, he wandered over

the hills and through the deep ravines after deer; in the fields when, among the other men of his village, he dug out the deeply rooted stumps of the burnt down trees; on the scant strip of tender green *sawah** by the brook, the rich man's prized possession, ever assiduously tended; in the narrow footpaths, along which the villagers, marching in long file, travel to the distant market, keeping up a monotonous continuity of talk, that by and by goes to swell the buzz and hum within the ring of ponies at grass and empty carts around the solitary tree overshadowing the market hill; of an evening too amid the chess players and the drinkers of palm wine in the guest house of the village; he would sit silent as one musing and lost in thought, as through the din of his companions' voices and their boisterous laughter, he listened for the voices of the wind.

He had listened to them so often, so long, so lovingly, that he had come to distinguish all those many different ones in their various moods and intonations, and to know their secret concordances with the changes of the weather and the aspects of the landscape.

When he heard the wind roam hither and thither, wandering around the house and muttering as one lost and unhappy, he thought: "Now the plain is overcast, the column of vapor perpetually rising out of the deep crevice in the slope of Mount Sibayak, drifts eddying in crinkly streaks past the yellow ravine where the sulphur is gathered; the whirling dust cloud precipitated from the hilltop thins out and floats transparent at the base of the steep whence the torrents of this last rainy season have torn away the shrub-wood and the grass."

*A *sawah* is a flooded rice-field, the water on which is constantly renewed by irrigation. Such fields which require a great deal of labor are possessed by the well-to-do only. The poor have dry rice-fields, which produce rice of an inferior kind. On the plain where the water wears out deep channels in the volcanic soil the *sawahs* are necessarily but narrow strips along the brook-side.

The limpid, evenly undulating tone of another of the wind's voices would bring before his inner sight the outline of the distant hill ridges to the north, standing out clear-cut and all but transparent against the sky; and the mellow changes and fluctuations of color, paling from emerald to silver and kindling again to a green as of deep waters that drift in long ripples over the sprouting rice.

He felt the white and golden scintillations a-quiver in the wind-stirred gloom of the citron bushes in the village fruit garden, pricking the inner side of his closed eyelids.

The day might be breathlessly still, scarce a fluffy blossom-plume of the alang-alang waving: but within his head he heard the chirp and creak in the swaying bamboo of the hillside, the sharp, short shriek of the startled deer warning the herd of danger, the voices of herdsman, flying down the wind.

Sounds passed into his blood, like the air he breathed. He opened himself to the wind. He became as the grass of the wilderness and the bamboo wood rustling in the wind, as the startled deer sending forth its cry upon the wind, as the ravine which the wind floods with sound even to overflowing. He felt a song within his throat, tugging upon the leash, straining to dart away, after the wind.

And one day, sitting alone at the skirt of the hill wood, as he let the wind play on him in this wise, his thoughts being of his love, whose task it was to watch the rice-field all day long, and who wept sometimes under her mother's harsh voice and harsh hand, he fell a-musing upon how it would be, if the wind, rustling in her bamboo jungle so pleasantly, were to blow the empty spaces over her field full of sound.

Many a time ere this, whilst listening to the wind among the alang-alang reeds, or whilst blowing his cunningly fashioned bamboo flute, he had pondered this strange thing—that wind, withstood and striving, will change into sound. Now musing gradually clarified to thought, and the tall,

straight, smoothly rounded bamboo trunk at which he sat gazing, to his suddenly brightening eyes took on the shape of a flute, for Wind, the divine Musician, an instrument divinely tall.

He is not remembered among his people. There is no one left in the many villages of the Batak plain to tell how he pondered and strove, baffled again and again in his painstaking endeavor, and still renewing it in tireless patience; how at last, at last, he heard the full pure clarion-sound he had hearkened for streaming through the aptly disposed apertures, and stood listening, head bent aside, tasting with delicate sense the quality of that rich note and drinking delightedly long draughts of the liquid music that came pouring out of the hollow wind-flooded tree; all unconsciously he smiled never heeding, nay, all but unaware of his pretty sweetheart, as, feeling for his hand, she pressed against him, caressingly. No one remembers him. But his wind-flute still sounds over the plain of the Batak.

At the stark hour of noon, when the fields are empty of folk and the buffalo herd have plunged down into the cooling swamp, when all the birds sit silent and in the tawny grass, crumbling into ashes under the intolerable sun blaze, the very crickets are dumb, then from somewhere out of the unseen, the tune comes floating which the wind plays on his tall flute—a sustained modulation of long, full, sweetly changing tones that from a dim depth brooding over the fields soar up to ecstatic heights of the lark, vanishing in a blaze of blue.

Most melodious is that sole sound in the wide silences. Over the hill-encircled plain of the Batak, vast as the sea, bare as the sea, heaving in grayish-green waves like the sea, most melodious the voice of the wind as he sings his song to the field folk.

A SIBERIAN NOTE-BOOK

By WILLIAM V. DUNCAN

COMPILED AND EDITED BY OLIVE GILBREATH

IF the significance of a military achievement hinges upon the number of men involved and lost, the fighting trek of the Czech eschelons across Siberia counts little by the side of the battles of France. Only thirty-five hundred men comprised the group of eschelons which did the major fighting, and only four hundred were lost. But from the point of view of a unique and knotty task accomplished only by clear judgment under confusing conditions, lightning movements, daring, and a doggedly persistent fighting will, young General Gaida did a brilliant thing when he delivered the Czecho-Slovak eschelons from the German-Magyar net stretched by Lenin and Trotsky between Penza and Vladivostok through the offices of the local Soviets and the Red Guards. From the point of view of the imagination, it must possess the mind of every traveller who knows that wild level, lying for days between Irkutsk and the Urals, and who can see this pigmy band of fighters slowly following the thin line of rails, breaking across the steppe in spite of wrecked bridges and torn up tracks, without ammunition except as they wrenched it from the enemy always outnumbering them—but always coming east. Everything was against the heroes except the fibre of the men. And the victory of the Czecho-Slovaks over the Bolsheviki is but another confirmation of Marshal Foch's dictum that "Every victory is first a victory of the will."

The major fighting of this trek covered three months, from the eighteenth of May when the trouble started at Cheliabinsk until the twenty-third of August when Cossack cavalry under Semenoff, heading to the rescue, met the self-extricated

eschelons at a little *stantsia* east of Baikal. The whole of this three months—the summer of 1918—Vladivostok waited expectantly, its eyes turned to the north. A drama was being enacted there on the steppe, which might mean the annihilation of the Czechs and a new Red Terror in Siberia—this was known, but little else. Communications had been interrupted and a complete curtain of silence had fallen. One could only sense something strained and ominous. Now that the curtain has lifted and the incidents have been revealed, the action there to the north, about which Vladivostok spent a summer of speculative suspense, appears more desperately daring and more romantic than had been or could have been conceived by imaginations dwarfed and grayed over by living in cities, with city folk. The episodes prove it what writers spontaneously burst into naming it; it is a modern Odyssey staged against one of the backgrounds in the world worthy of it, the Siberian steppe, and adding to the ancient epic qualities of time, space, and numbers to which we are accustomed in Homer's recitals, the touch of the twentieth century, the terrible modern engines of destruction—armored trains, artillery, and high explosives.

The diarist himself travelling on a train ahead of the echelon with which the trouble started, does not record the initial incident of which he is unaware; he chronicles only the effects as they filter eastward. The Czech official reports, however, record the beginning of the hostilities which finally developed into the armed conflict all along the trans-Siberian railway in the Czech effort to reach the sea and unseat the Bolsheviki. From Czech reports, as we now know, the Moscow Central Soviet had promised safe passage to the Czech echelons crossing Siberia on condition that they surrender their arms, except for a small guard. This had been done, and the first group had passed without serious friction; but the feeling between the travellers and the Russians, for various reasons largely emanating from the German Foreign Office, was daily growing embittered. The

break came through an unlooked for incident between troops at the Ural station in Cheliabinsk. While a train of the constantly passing Magyar prisoners, homeward bound, was standing opposite the trains of their old enemies bound east for France, a Magyar struck a Czech with a piece of iron. The Czechs demanded the prisoner and killed him. The Soviet then arrested certain of the Czechs; whereupon the Czech regiments took the town. The fight was on.

On the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth of May a treacherous attack was made all along the line on the Czech trains. The Moscow authorities had begun telegraphing positive directions to obstruct the movement of the Czechs, and the "soul of every [Czech] soldier cried out for revenge for the blood of his innocent comrades." The captured telegrams of the Bolshevik authorities add another piquant chapter to Bolshevik literature. By order number 115, the Czecho-Slovak eschelons were to be "confronted with a bloody penalty—shooting in masses by the Soviet troops"—if they did not immediately surrender arms.

The desire of the Moscow authorities to divide the Czechs, shunting the second group and sending it by Archangel with the intention of cutting the line and leaving it to perish in the tundra unless it would join the Red Army, is now known. And the captured telegrams definitely fix the guilt of the intention to imprison or kill the Czecho-Slovaks on their way across Siberia. The running battle increased daily in intensity—the feeling softened in no way by the mutilations perpetrated by the Bolsheviks—until the climax of the fighting around Irkutsk and Lake Baikal. An armistice was once proposed by the consuls at Irkutsk and accepted, rather warily to be sure, by the Czechs and by the Bolsheviks. But the latter broke faith a few days later and killed sixty-seven of the Czechs by treachery. After this, it was the Czech at his best against the Bolshevik at his worst.

The military problem of the Czechs was unique. All the

fighting occurred along the trans-Siberian, the troops leaving the railway only to entrench at the sides or to make detours and cut the railway at the rear of the enemy. Every big town—Omsk, Krasnoyarsk, Novo-Nikolaievsk—was a Bolshevik centre from which the Red Guard set out to stop the eschelons as they came down the line. It can be readily understood that with the Czech trains scattered from Penza in Europe to Vladivostok in Asia, on a line punctuated with these enemy masses, the whole of the trans-Siberian region was striped with movable and moving fronts.

The strategy itself was fairly simple. The principal ruse, repeated many times and always new to the Red Guard, was a retreat which led them on in pursuit, supplemented by the quick detour of a Czech detachment to cut the track in the rear. In one case, the Czechs walked five days almost without food, in order to tear up the path of flight. It was by this kind of movement that the back of Bolshevism was broken in Siberia. Colonel Ushakoff, having trapped sixty-one eschelons of Bolsheviks, wrecked their trains, and captured tons of ammunition. The most dramatic fighting occurred at the end of Lake Baikal. Here, besides Ushakoff's exploit, there were two major episodes. One was the sinking of a big and dangerous ferry which had been armed and had an unpleasant facility in shelling the Czechs. One night they equipped a raft with three-inch guns and sank her. But the most brilliant feat, the immeasurably valuable service, which made the young captain a general, was the saving of the railway tunnels around Lake Baikal. There are forty-one of these tunnels; all were wired, but the Czechs daringly wrecked the high explosives on the tracks before they could be placed by the Bolsheviks in the tunnels. Only one, tunnel 39, was wrecked in the Bolsheviks' haste to escape. This was "daylighted" by the heavy charge, and held up the eschelons for three weeks, a fact which in itself suggests the enormous service rendered by the lightning decision of the Czechs that saved the other forty tunnels to the Allies.

The diary here presented was kept by Mr. Duncan—a New York man in the service of the Y. M. C. A.—later with the Czechs on the Volga front; it has been supplemented by the Czecho-Slovak official reports and by the bulletin of the American engineers who turned back from their mission to the Ambassador at Vologda, and “with four hundred prisoners and a two-inch rope” repaired the bridges over which the Czecho-Slovaks made their triumphal escape. The only effort in editing and supplementing the diary has been to give a bird’s-eye view of this most remarkable retreat and advance, such as is naturally not in the realm of the diarist inditing his daily log by the light of a flickering candle, on a railway car battered by the wind, which is only one in the string of trains stretching across the steppe while “the Bolsheviki are at it again up there in the dark.”

Cheliabinsk, Siberia,

Wednesday, April 24, 1918.

I am in Asia, just over the line. If you turn to your map, you will spot a town by the name of Cheliabinsk. That is where we are tied up now waiting for instructions to go on. For the past two days we have been crossing over the Ural mountains, by a more southern route than that by which I entered Russia, and I am glad for every inch these old wheels have bounced over. In November the snow was heavy and the rivers frozen. Now all nature is coming to life. The streams are babbling along and the snow is going fast. The Urals are not great mountains. There is nothing about them to remind one of the Andes or the Rockies, but they are pretty, with their little hills and streams and openings, through which you get a vista that holds the eye and stirs the aesthetic sense. . . .

We have been on a siding next to a train of poor refugees and one of their cars has been shutting out my light. Now it has pulled out and the evening sun is flooding my palace. The road is full of trains carrying refugees whither they know not and whence I know not. Poor souls, they are having a tough time of it, wretchedly clad and fed, women and children as dirty as human beings can be, still to be recognized as such. For the most part, our

men have been feeding them from their pail allowance, but where the next meal is coming from they do not know. For a playground, the children run about under the cars, always in danger, but it does not seem to matter. From the foot-square space in the box car, two pale faces have been peering out at me. I shall never forget them. One was a little girl with her upper lip slit up to the nose, which gave her baby face a strangeness that belongs properly to animals.

Monday, April 29, 1918.

Here I am in Siberia again, the Siberia of exiles, of cold and banishment—but I feel anything but an exile. The sun is warm, the snow has almost wholly disappeared; the fields are full not of prisoners but of soldiers playing. It is a picture of life and hope, not of gloom and despair. The winter has gone, spring has come.

What a plain this Siberia is! On, you go for miles, the flatness broken only by a hut or a lone tree in the distance. And then a village, the first detail to be seen a white cupola, and the last as you recede. There is a call from these plains to roam. No wonder these people are such wanderers. No wonder the cars are crowded with peasants just going—they do not know where—just going, lured on by the plains. No wonder these people love to roam in their conversations—and how they wander when they talk! . . .

Just now my train is standing on a siding about three miles out of Petropavlosk. The town of Tobolsk is north of us, about five hundred miles, where the ex-Czar is living. Yesterday we spent most of the day at Kurgan. Kurgan must be typical of the Siberian smaller cities. It, too, has the breadth of the plain about it. The streets are wide; everything has the mark of ampleness. These towns are expecting to grow and seeing to it that they will not be overcrowded too soon. There is something of our Western atmosphere here. . . .

Out on the horizon, now wending their weary way across the plain, is a long line of camels. They are hitched to carts like horses and look as if they had toy wagons behind them. Thanks to those camels, everything seems to be plentiful here. Bread that cost in Samara two and a half roubles a pound can be bought for thirty kopecks here and it is plentiful, too. That is one of

the strange riddles to me; in Petrograd and Moscow, people cannot buy bread for love or money and here, on direct rail communication, flour is abundant. . . .

May 11, 1918.

To-day is the first time that Siberia has fulfilled the picture I have always had of her. A blizzard is raging. Think of it—the middle of May and the snow is piling up to cover the car. The wind howls like wolves and the snow is stealing in through the cracks, even cuddling up against the stove, which Joe is doing his best to feed. 'Twas such a night as this that poor King Lear was out on the heath, but these plains look deserted. No wonder that the huts are built low, hugging the ground. Only three days ago, the peasants were in the fields tossing the hay about, the women making sport of their labors while the light breezes caught the straws and stole away with them, and now those piles of hay are like mountains of snow.

About four days ago we left Petropavlosk, but after six hours we stopped again. There must be trouble ahead, but what we don't know. All that we know is that we have not received word to come on, and without that we cannot move. How the storm grows! It is trying now to get the better of the candle but the little fellow holds his own nobly.

Ilskil-Kool, Sunday, May 19, 1918.

The gramophone concerts from the car window have brought all the villagers crowding about. They listen for an hour or more and then they ask, "Bydet zaftra vecheroin?" "Will it be to-morrow night?" Our orchestra has arrived now and the gramophone will have a rest. The band concert last night set them wild. The town had never seen fifty musical instruments together before and when they began pouring out the richest harmonies from the great masters—no "rag time" nor popular stuff that we hear so much—they went straight off their heads. It was the event of a lifetime to many of them and they listened, young and old, as though they could never have enough.

What a desert for wholesome amusements! And in the absence of better ways, the young of the town find amusement in ways ill for them and for the village. Virtue in these towns is not a pure and holy possession of a maiden's character; it is

regarded as cheap and treated likewise. The degree of immorality is unbelievable. In one of the smaller cities where we stopped, the doctor's figures were that sixty-five per cent of the women and girls were diseased. Neither towns nor armies are helped by the presence of the other.

You can hardly believe how crude conditions are in these Siberian small towns. All the water we use must be brought in cars from a distance. The local supply is found in dugouts and ditches, where the women come to wash their clothes and draw the water. The sight of a bare-footed woman in the path, swinging two pails suspended from a yoke, no longer attracts attention.

For the past week, the representatives have been in session to discuss the route from now on. That is one reason why we have been tied up here so long. Now a little definite news comes. Half of the army will go by way of Archangel, the other half by way of Vladivostok. From Vladivostok, two regiments will proceed across America and two around India and through the Suez and Mediterranean. You can imagine my joy on hearing that we are to continue east and my longing that we shall continue going east, east.

Yesterday a train of Austrian war prisoners, returning to Austria, came into the station just as a train of Russian prisoners, returning to Siberia, arrived from Austria. All went well until the poor Russians discovered the fine shoes that the Austrians were wearing, a sad contrast to the wooden-soled things they had on. Those shoes must have recalled all the hardships they had endured and they fell upon the Austrians and took their shoes away. The German and Austrian prisoners here have a comparatively easy time. They are free to work where they please and earn their own money. Being good workmen, many of them do well and can afford to buy good clothes. In Germany and Austria, the Russian prisoners are worked by the government and clothed sparingly. The feeling here against Austria and Germany is growing more and more hostile and this is one of the lesser reasons. Around this town alone there are five hundred Austrian prisoners and many Germans.

Choomuiskaya, May 26, 1918.

We arrived at the little place with the big name last Tuesday. The feeling is intense between the German war prisoners and the

Czechs and especially between the Magyars and Czechs. Yesterday when a train load bound for Germany and Austria showed their feelings too openly and unwisely, the Czechs chastised them (I use the word with all the weight it can carry). The Bolsheviks of late, I hear, have been putting all the obstacles possible in the passage of the Czechs until the Czechs feel drastic measures unavoidable. Last night they drove the Bolsheviks out of this town, taking over the railway and the telegraph. What I hoped would never come has come, and it looks as if the Czechs were at war with the Bolsheviks. The Czech trains are stretched all the way from Penza to Irkutsk, and it does seem foolish for the Bolsheviks to force an issue with them when they are so well placed for holding the railway. The excitement is intense, and when an armed train left this morning it looked as if we were getting into the midst of things. It is too soon to say what it means but I hope it means that the Bolsheviks will see that the Czechs get transportation to Vladivostok. I think it better if the Czechs can keep free from entanglements with the Russian factions. So far they have and it would be a pity to be forced to cast their lot with one party or another now.

A first class passenger train came into the station this morning early and I was so hungry for news that I was bold enough to wake up the Englishman who, they told me, was aboard and make him come out of his coupé and talk to me. But he practically had no news. When I left Samara, the Germans were pounding away at the western front. The Englishman told me that the Allies had stopped that advance and that was all he had to tell. . . .

Bariabinsk, May 31, 1918.

Our train is headed west and I am one hundred and twenty versts farther away from Vladivostok than when I wrote last. The Czechs are actually at war with the Bolsheviks, and from the peaceful state of travellers, we have passed over again into a fighting body. I came in on a second troop train and found the Czechs entrenched along the railway against an attack from the Omsk Bolsheviks who are said to be very strong, stiffened also by thousands of German and Austrian prisoners armed by the Bolsheviks. A force has already proceeded in the direction of Omsk, from whence comes word that the bridges are burned and

the tracks torn up. Orders may come at any moment for this train to move on, and then the question will be settled at Omsk.

June 2, 1918.

This is to be the story of a battle and so you had better pass by this page. . . .

Thursday morning about four hundred and fifty of our men went ahead to take the next position on the way to Omsk. They found the Bolsheviki strongly entrenched and greatly outnumbering them. At sunset word came for more men, for the hunger of war is not easily satisfied. We are only one train, about eight hundred men, the other four trains belonging to the regiment having passed Omsk, and the best we could do was to send one hundred and fifty men, among whom I went, hoping I could be of service, though I did not know what. It was comparatively safe moving up to the front in the dark, the only firing by scouts and patrols. Since the one covering was a flagman's lodge, used for headquarters in the dark, and that was filled with tired soldiers stretched out in every available spot, I went back to the car—three versts—and to my blanket. It was one o'clock then and I was tired. In looking about for a place to sleep in a box car, I found a soldier stretched out on the floor dying from a bullet through his head. He was unconscious, a little relief from his sufferings.

In another car I lay down on two boards and was soon asleep. The days are warm but the nights are cold; when you are dead tired, though, it doesn't matter. At a quarter past three it began to dawn and at four the firing began. The night before I had not realized how great the odds were against us, but there was no doubting it then when I heard and saw the artillery fire of the Bolsheviki and the continuous rat-a-tat of their machine guns. We had no artillery and only three machine guns, while of the latter the Bolsheviki had more than they knew what to do with. One gun was straight ahead of us on a car on the railroad, as we could plainly see.

I came away without food but luckily I had a little coffee, and with water from the engine it seemed a banquet. On the floor lay a piece of bread crust which a soldier had thrown away the night before, and I was hungry enough to cut it up and toast it

to go with my coffee. After that I started for the front, less than two miles away. I made half the distance but returning soldiers told me I could never reach it, that it would be necessary to cross an open spot without cover and the machine-gun fire was awful. There was nothing to do but to lie down in the field and to look and listen. That seemed fine until the screeching shells began to come over my head. The Bolsheviki were trying to get our train. At first their marksmanship was bad, but after a while they came so near that it was necessary to back the train. When they found the range, they began with shrapnel. I was now between two fires and the cozy spot in the field didn't seem so friendly. Little by little I made my way back to the train which had to keep going back as the shells found us.

The wounded soon began to come in. During the night we telegraphed for a sanitary car, but when it arrived we found it an old fourth class car with no facilities whatever for caring for the wounded. The doctor was at the front and so I pitched in to do what I could. It was a miserable situation, no water, no bandages, practically nothing. It was necessary to bring water from the engine. The men were nearly dead from thirst and ready to drink the swamp water along the tracks. . . .

At noon the men came crawling in. The commander saw that it would be a waste of human life to try to force the position and like a wise man he thought more of his men than of getting the station. Our men had advanced into a swamp which it was necessary to cross in order to charge the cannon. The farther they got, the deeper they found themselves in the mud and water; they were a sight when they came dragging in. For nearly twenty hours some of them were in positions where they had to lie all the time. There were no connecting trenches, no safety passages as on the big front. Each had to dig his hole and make the best of it. One of the men who had been through the big battles on the Austrian front told me that he was never under such fire before. The machine guns kept at it steadily and there was no chance to rest. . . . Last night a small advance-guard of about two hundred and fifty men came in to help and the people went wild to see them. This town is as much excited as Warsaw must have been under siege. The report that artillery is coming sounds good, but whether there will be enough to meet the oppo-

sition is a big question. More machine guns are coming and some cavalry, which will help a lot. What counts is the spirit of these men. They are just crazy to get another chance, not that their feeling against the Bolsheviks is so great—they look upon them as being fooled by the Germans—but they are wild at the Magyars and Germans who are fighting with the Bolsheviks.

I said this would be the story of a battle. It turns out to be only the tale of my experience. The tale of every battle can be only the tale of a man's experience, for no two men see the same battle. . . .

Three hours have passed since I wrote those last words and now the Bolsheviks are upon us again. The artillery has not come and we are helpless without it, the Bolsheviks being less than three miles away. It means that we shall have to keep going along slowly, tearing up the tracks and putting every obstacle possible in their way until we meet our artillery and then we can come back and make a stand against them. In the meantime, we are hoping that our men on the other side are hammering them and that we have them between two fires. The men, to be sure, are disappointed in the failure of the artillery to arrive but they are not cast down.

Later.

The whole village is in flight. Along the road, fleeing to the woods or to the next village, are people hurrying on foot, some driving their pigs and cattle, some carrying what they can, wagons filled with what they could gather in their haste, so great is their dread of the Bolsheviks, a thousand times stronger than any fear of the worst tyrants of the old régime. Here in my car is an old woman crying her poor heart away. Our train is picking up all who can jump on as we move slowly along. It is growing dark now and the line of wagons is indistinct along the road. We will move slowly, tearing up the tracks here and there, weakening the little bridges. The Bolsheviks must have made an awful mess with these people, so few friends to welcome them, so many in mad terror at their return. . . . We have stopped for the night at this little station, Kurgan. The fugitives continue to pass; it is too dark to see them but one can hear them and sense them there, fleeing they know not whither but fleeing, fleeing—anywhere from the Bolsheviks, "the friends of the people."

Kargat, June 4, 1918.

To-day reinforcements have come, consisting of two trains, which will bring the Czech forces a little nearer in strength to the Bolsheviks. I had just returned from the house of a man who promised to develop some films for me, when we heard the cannon of the Bolsheviks at it again. They were up to the spot where the tracks had been torn up and their shrapnel could just reach us. There was the usual excitement of backing the trains out of danger and getting them stretched along the tracks, not to mention the excitement of soldiers "getting under way" to their positions. Our train had stopped about five versts out of the station and I went back to see what was going on. The Bolsheviks evidently thought that they were still dealing with the few soldiers who made the stand against them the first time, but when the cannon that had come up in the night got into action and planted one shot on the Bolshevik engine, they came to a stop with remarkable rapidity. By the time I reached the station, the Czechs were well advanced beyond the village. The photographer's house was closed; he was probably far away in the woods. With the exception of a few Jews, there was not a soul in the city. I saw Czech soldiers chasing two men, probably Magyars trying to get behind the Czech lines. The Bolshevik army seems to consist now of Magyars and Germans.

The diarist, at this juncture, left Kargat to accompany the Czech staff captain to Novo-Nikolaievsk for a conference with the American railway commission, appointed by the Kerensky government and at this time trying to enter Russia.

Near Tartarskaya, June 9, 1918.

It was five o'clock when I reached the troop train again, and I got a great welcome from the men, who look upon me now as a part of the regiment. Since I left, there has been no heavy fighting; the Bolsheviks have been going back speedily, tearing up the tracks to block the pursuing Czechs. We passed the place where our men made that attack a week ago. How familiar it seemed with its associations. There a shell burst, here the pole that gave me shelter. Farther along, it was necessary to wait three hours until the bridge was repaired, and then it was a big

dash ahead. The Bolsheviks gave up the fight after some hours, they were being pressed so hard, and we came along in time to see about two hundred of them taken prisoners. The Germans and Magyars fled to the woods and to the steppe—they were taking no chances on what would happen to them. To-day the Czechs executed four prisoners as murderers, not because they were prisoners but because they had killed Czechs in cold blood. One was an engine driver who, when the Czechs had to leave Bariabinsk, shot one of the Czech guards in the back. He was driving one of the Bolshevik engines, was caught in the round up and pointed out by a fellow workman. He confessed to his crime. . . .

The people are keenly enthusiastic over the clearing of the road by the Czechs and behind the new government in Siberia. When the Bolsheviks came, they came also as deliverers, but they failed completely in holding the favor and support of the people, who say that Bolshevik tyranny was worse than that of the Czars. . . .

Antibesskie, June 14, 1918.

Here we are a little farther along the way and probably on the eve of another battle. The seventh regiment is up at the front about twenty-five versts ahead, and if the Bolsheviks are too strong our men will be called up the tracks. The scene here is anything but warlike. In the next car a soldier is playing the accordion, and out on the fields the men are kicking a football. On another field are four hundred Serbs—homeless wanderers—now on their way to Vladivostok, thinking that they will go to America. Two months ago I saw them in Samara; then it was cold and they were ragged. They are a pitiable sight and many of them are sick. Little nations, such as the Serbs, have known the horror of war as the big nations can never know it—rock-bottom horror. . . .

Yesterday was a holiday in Novo-Nikolaievsk, a church holiday as most of the holidays are in Russia. In the morning, I went to the cathedral service, crowded to the doors, and was as deeply impressed as ever. The mystery, the simplicity, and the fervor of the worshippers, the ineffable beauty of the chant—it is not to be caught in words but it leaves its seal on the spirit. And in the afternoon, there was a parade of the Czech soldiers which gave the inhabitants a chance to see a well organized and disciplined group

of soldiers under arms, the first they have seen for many months. The city is on the Ob river, one of the big rivers in Asia, and apart from its beauty, it serves as a bath and a wash tub. I could not resist the lure of the stream and soon found myself battling with the current to keep myself from following its merry flow to the Arctic. . . .

Marinsk, June 16, 1918.

The truce* will be over at midnight and it is now nine o'clock. The men who are not already in the trenches are quietly moving out to find their places. I have been shaking hands with many, with a little extra pressure. For ten days a truce has kept the peace but since terms could not be arranged, the guns must boom again, and the cars with their death-vomiting machines are all ready to move forward. . . . This morning with three officers, I went out to inspect the positions. Across the river, we could see the Bolsheviks working on their trenches. To me it looked as though they had by far the better position; from their line of hills they can see our every move and their cannon are trained on the bridge which the Czechs must cross to get at them. It is now pouring rain and the troops are marching by, they know not whither, but each one is confident that it is to Victory. Soon the machine guns and the cannon will be doing their deadly work among these daring men, unstintedly devoted to their sacrifice. I can hardly describe my feeling in the midst of this tragedy of men cutting their way through this Bolshevik-German wall—to France and liberty.

Beyond Marinsk, June 18, 1918.

I just couldn't stand those men marching by the car, and when the doctor seemed glad to take me along, that settled it. It didn't take long for my man and me to throw a few things into a bag, but it was long enough to miss the line in the dark. It looked pretty glum, as if there was nothing to do but to return but I heard a rattle of wagons, and a cavalry rider, whom I persuaded to investigate, told us to go straight ahead and we would reach the sixth regiment. What I thought would be only our own regiment men turned out to be a force of 1,300!

Our destination was behind those hills across the river, where we were to come up behind the Bolsheviks, cut the wires so that

*This truce was arranged by the American railway commission.

they could not communicate with Krasnoyarsk, surround them and tear up the tracks to prevent their escape. To do this meant a trip of more than twenty-five miles, which we began about 4:30 P. M. At first the going was fine, the road in good shape and the night pleasant, too pleasant and warm for my big coat which I had to lug on my arms. You should have seen the natives of the little villages coming to their windows and peeping out at this army passing in the night. It was getting light at two and rain began to fall. . . . At places, we had to go Indian file through the woods where the wet branches soaked us—cold and penetrating. I was glad then for my *shuba*. At six we came to the river but there were only three little boats to aid in crossing. The river was about a hundred feet wide at this spot and the current swift and icy, else we would have jumped in. The day before I had been swimming in the same river but the sight of that dark tide made me shiver. It took more than three hours for the men to cross. I don't know how the blunder was made, but there was no way to take the cannon over and so they had to go back, three big guns that might have done a lot of mischief!

After we had skirted the hills like hunters after their prey, the command came to rest. The men dropped down in the wet and slept, but not for long, for the next order was to climb the hill and get the Bolsheviks on the other side. The Czechs no longer speak of the enemy as Bolsheviks but as Magyars and Germans. Many no longer even disguise themselves as Bolsheviks but fight in their own uniforms. When we reached the top of the first hill, we saw another hill and on we crept stealthily, expecting to be fired on from ambush. We crossed five ridges of hills before we were discovered. But then there was no mistake about it! The machine guns and rifles spoke only too plainly. The Bolsheviks kept retreating, with the advantage of knowing the ground, and our progress was slow. Finally we came to a spot which looked good until the bullets began to sing past our heads. Since I was there to help the wounded and not as a fighting man, I lay down for a while. Little by little, after a time, my man and I crawled up until we came to an open spot. Trying to cross brought a shower of bullets again and so we sought shelter in a hole. It looked bad for us. With our own men we could tell something, but separated, we knew neither where our own men were nor the enemy nor what

they were trying to do. For over thirty hours I had had no sleep and very little to eat. But there was nothing to do but to drag ourselves back to the place from which we had started, knowing that when we reached it, there would be nobody there to tell us anything—and the climb back over those fields, woods, and hills seemed the road to eternity. I guess that it was only the fatigue beginning to tell. But we finally reached a little place where soldiers and prisoners were pouring in. The men had succeeded in cutting the tracks and the wires and in surrounding the Bolsheviks, but their trains had managed to get out of reach beyond where the rails were torn up and escaped. . . .

It is now Monday evening and I am in my car again and all is quiet. In a few moments, we will be moving along again. The fields are full of those wild flowers whose absence I was lamenting a while back when we were having blizzards in May. Every imaginable color is to be found in the fields, all the common flowers of the fields at home and many that are new to me. The soldiers are great lovers of flowers and when the train stops for water, you can see the men running to the fields to pick a bouquet. Yesterday it was wet and cold, to-day a mid-summer day of intense heat, and to-morrow, without fail, will be a day of wind. The other day during a sun-shower, hail fell large enough to hold its own without melting. . . .

June 24, 1918.

There is not a village in Siberia that the war has not claimed victims from, with the result that indifference is now the spirit of the land where there is no strong government to organize and inspire, and Germany is quick to see that she can go far without arousing these people who wish only to be left alone. The people are mighty glad that the Czechs have come and have chased the Bolsheviks away, but they seem mighty slow getting into the game themselves. The country is like a much over-stretched elastic which after its release has no come-back. Some things are difficult to believe, not to say explain. In one of the villages the other day, I found a family living on tea and black bread and nothing else, and they looked the truth of that statement. In a land that should be flowing with milk and honey, some people were actually starving. For the past week, we have been unable to get any light bread. Last winter, in the cities, I didn't mind

eating the black sour stuff but here, in summer, in a wheat country, it makes me want to shake somebody. When we passed through Siberia in November, at nearly every station, you could buy a roasted chicken for almost nothing, but I have seen only one along the road since we left Samara two months ago. Even the bologna, then eatable, looks now as if made by the enemy to sicken you by its looks.

It is evidently bath night, for the women are crossing the tracks and fields with their children, carrying the bundles of fresh clothes and the green branches with which they switch themselves—whether to add to the unbearable heat or to knock the spots out, I don't know.

Nizhni Colinsk, June 24, 1918.

It is now Monday afternoon. Early Saturday morning we left our last stopping place and we have been on the go ever since. Quite a new sensation, but we have been riding for the past forty hours, stopping only long enough to give the engine water. Even at the big station, Krasnoyarsk, we stayed only an hour. It was Saturday night and bath night and I really wanted to stay, but a battle was raging ahead and we thought we were needed at the front. And now here we are, with the front only seven versts away. The cannon are booming ahead there in the darkness. The sixth regiment having played a large part in the last battle has been the latest to arrive and now we are awaiting orders.

After the last battle, at Marinsk, the Czechs pursued the Bolshevik trains and captured them before they reached Krasnoyarsk. In the meantime, other Czech forces came up from the east, and the Bolsheviks, caught between two fires as at Omsk, gave up and the people themselves took Krasnoyarsk. As at Tomsk, the Bolsheviks had a steamer waiting on the Yenessei and made away with all the gold they could lay their hands on, about 3600 pounds. Every large city is a Bolshevik centre; therefore, in order to take Siberia, it is necessary to take every large town. . . . By intervention of the French and American consuls, it was arranged that the Czech troops on the other side of Irkutsk should go through to Vladivostok on schedule time, in return for which permission they were to surrender their arms.*

*The original agreement between Trotsky and Lenin and the Czechs was an unhindered passage to Vladivostok.

Not knowing conditions in Siberia, the Czechs accepted, with the result that they were fired upon from a wood by armed German prisoners and sixty-seven Czechs were killed. You can imagine that this part of the Czech army was not falling over itself to accept similar conditions when they were offered. The Czechs are certainly not interested in the internal affairs of Russia—but I can't conceive their pulling out and allowing Germany to come in and overthrow this infant government, now that it has declared itself against Germany.

June 25, 1918.

The men didn't have to wait long for those instructions yesterday; even while I was writing, some of them were getting ready to go to the front. From the village I had a great view of the artillery duel and could hear the rifle fire and the machine guns almost steadily at it. Just when I was turning in, the Bolsheviks got the range of the station, and shells began bursting above and around us. Worse than the fire of the enemy was a storm that flowed in upon us like a cloudburst. The rain was bad but worse than that and, in a sense, worse than the fire of the enemy are the pesky fleas that inhabit these regions. I don't know what they are, but meaner things I have never met. They come in swarms and hordes, darkening the view, filling your nostrils, getting mixed up in your eyelashes, never stopping but going clear down your throat until you feel yourself choking, not to say anything of the way they pile up on your neck and roost on your ears. From the car windows, I have noticed people in the fields wearing a covering like heavy mourning. Some of the people were good enough to offer the soldiers this netting and it was amusing to see some of the soldiers refuse who thought it unbecoming to a soldier. But I have not seen any refuse after they once met a cloud of the pests. . . .

In Siberia, June 27, 1918.

This has been another day of slow going, stopping every now and then for the tracks ahead to be repaired. . . .

At the last station, Hydoelanskaya, it was my lot to witness again evidence of the Bolshevik brutality and degeneracy. Earlier in the struggle, our advance train had reached this station when they met superior forces of the Bolsheviks and were compelled to fall back. In the fighting, three of the wounded Czechs

became separated from the others and took shelter in this station where the railroad doctor bandaged their wounds. When we came to the station to-day, we heard the awful tale of the mutilation of this doctor. The Bolsheviks had cut off his hands and tortured him in ways that I sicken to speak of; and the evidence was before us in the form dug out of the grave and in the bodies of the three wounded Czechs whom they had done to death. It is hardly credible—to a man who had bandaged three suffering men. I should like to hear the Bolsheviks' reasons, for it appals me to think of human beings so inhumane. The soldiers expect to be shot if they fall into German or Magyar hands; but to be butchered to death has no part in any warfare. . . .

June 29, 1918.

If you have read "Taras Bulba," Gogol's story of the Cossack, then you will know what I mean when I say that last night I had a chance to see a real picture of the Cossack. It was at sunset when over the tops of the white birches, the heavens looked as if on fire, while over to the right, the clouds were like waves rolling over a sea of pink. I heard a shout, "The Cossacks are coming," and through the opening in the woods rode these lovers of war. The horse and the rider are one; both were tired but there was something that told you that if the bugle had blown, all the tiredness would have fallen away. They are soldiers to the manner born, war is life to them. If a thing is worth having, it is worth fighting for. Even when they gathered in groups around the common pails and borrowed one another's spoons to eat the common meal, their bearing was that of soldiers. Pigs can feed from a trough and you go away disgusted, but when you see these fellows back from a fight, delving into their mess, you stand to admire. Their leader was fully six feet seven inches tall with a beard that said he was Russian of the Russians. All were well formed, strong men, hardened to the out-of-doors. Their eschelon was not there, and so they made themselves at home for the night on the ground. It was a sight to remember as our train pulled out from the station, those Cossack groups around the fire, singing the songs of war in which their spirits revel. There were about three hundred and fifty in this group who had been sent with a company of the Czechs to get in behind the Bolsheviks and they did their work well.

Irkutsk, July 16, 1918.

Another bridge—the Bella river bridge—blown up; a fourteen span double bridge crumpled up in the middle with dynamite so that the heavy girders fell from the stone supports. And the Bolsheviks fled, not waiting for the bridge, with the Czechs after them in pursuit towards Irkutsk. One force was to follow along the railroad and others to advance by different roads east.

My regiment started about ten at night with a few wagons and machine guns. Our longest delay was at the first, when we had to walk the horses and wagons across the ties and a temporary arrangement over the spans and bumpety bump along the ties on the other side. Here our tramp really began. I was caught off guard without any sleep during the day but the night air was stimulating and cool. At three it was daylight; we could see the town lying in the valley below and an hour later we were fast asleep on the stones of the square while the cook prepared tea for breakfast.

It was twelve o'clock before we could get started the next day, wagons for the heavy stuff being difficult, and how many versts we covered I don't know but I should guess about sixty. Sometimes, I myself could set the pace. The American army shoe is a dandy shoe for walking, with its broad sole and big toe. Many of these poor fellows have shoes that do not fit and instead of socks, only rags wrapped around their feet. It would be wonderful if the women in America could knit about eighty thousand pairs of socks for these men. This second day's march was along the trans-Siberian but a courier whom we met announcing the flight of the Bolsheviks took some of the inspiration out of our forced marches. Along this road, we often saw the houses at which the exiles were kept and pictures of old Siberia kept coming into my mind. . . .

By eight o'clock the next day, we were off and in three hours reached the range of hills from which Irkutsk broke into view—cathedral domes and minarets all bathed in the clear Siberian sunshine. It was six o'clock when we reached the city and a holiday—Peter and Paul day—and the people gave us a welcome such as must have greeted the ears of returning conquerors of old, except that we were greeted as saviors and deliverers. As we passed through the street in parade formation, though dirty and footsore, all the fatigue was forgotten in the joy of the crowds, the

music, and the rhythm of the Czech marching songs and the fall of marching feet. . . .

At night the city gave a dinner to the Czech and Russian officers, a very interesting proceeding. Unlike our arrangements, the eating and the talking go on at the same time, and how the Russian likes to talk! I should judge that he also likes to drink, for every new speech was the occasion for a toast to the Allies or the Czechs or the new Russian government, while often one speaker would make it possible to drink several times during one speech. O liberty, how much foolishness and toleration is committed in thy name! Some of the orators spoke several times as if they had forgotten something and the world would be poorer for not hearing those precious words. Sometimes a speaker not on the programme would speak from his place, unannounced, especially a Cossack, who loves liquor as he loves fighting. It is a marked characteristic of the Russian people that every man can talk on any subject at any hour, but there it stops. There is no action. At the dinner, enthusiasm was at boiling point—freedom, patriotism, war against Germany, the overthrow of all traitors. And yet these are the men who let the Bolsheviks run things as they pleased. A few weeks ago, the Magyars got armed and ran wild and these men sat here and could not even help the Czechs prevent the Bolsheviks from blowing up tunnel 39. Just now they seem to be forgetting their party differences but as a Russian officer, who knows Russian life and politics, said, in two weeks they will be quarrelling among themselves, emphasizing their party differences, fighting for the chief places and forgetting all about the kissing and embracing that took place at the banquet. . . .

One of our companies has already left to march to Lake Baikal.

Irkutsk, July 21, 1918.

Wars and rumors of wars! That describes the atmosphere I am breathing daily. Every conversation has war for its theme, every paper is full of it, the street scenes don't let you forget it.

The day began early for me when the American consul from Omsk appeared at our house with some Czech officers about 1 A. M. The best I could do for him was to let him sleep in my bed while I enjoyed the comforts of the floor. The latter is literally true, as you would understand if you could see the straw mat-

tresses we are sleeping on; the guest must have thought that he was roughing it on a haystack. There are seven beds in the little room and they are occupied by officers in turn as they are off and on duty. After tea and bread for breakfast, I took the consul off to the consulate where he met some of the American engineers just back from the interior. The general feeling is that now is the accepted time for America to step in and save the Siberian situation. Of course we are cut off from all direct communication and it is easy to think that we are in the midst of the biggest events taking place; you know the feeling of one in the middle of a crisis, confusing the part with the whole.

The battle is going on every night down at Lake Baikal, and the wounded are coming back, floated down the river on a log raft for thirty-six hours. One of the bridges was all ready for the trains when the rising water carried away the supports and a good bit of the work must be done over again. So it goes. But if the Czechs are able to clear this road, what a gift it will mean to the Allies, over four thousand miles of good road across Siberia!

Irkutsk is beginning to look like a Russian city of the old régime. The officers are getting out their old uniforms and medals, which the Bolsheviks have not permitted them to wear; even the cab drivers are putting on their picturesque costumes and the civilians are bringing out garments that they had to keep under cover lest they be accused of being *bourgeois*. To-day in the cathedral a service of thanksgiving was held over the departure of the Bolsheviks, and the crowds looked really sincere in their worship. The Bolshevik terror must have been awful here, judging alone from the absence of fear and the joyous expressions on the faces I see every day.

July 24, 1918.

To come to this place is like coming into dreamland. What an ideal spot in which to spend a vacation! It is one of those little curves in the shore of Lake Baikal where the hills and the mountains come down to the water and the village follows a road along the shore line. Here the simple life is a reality but not now when the Magyars are hidden in the hills and fear possesses the people. I left Irkutsk yesterday on a paddleboat with a lot of Czech soldiers and had one of the finest rides on the river which, incidentally, is a combination of many rivers you think about

when you want to describe a pretty trip. In places, it reminds you of West Point where the Hudson seems to be heading straight into the hills; at other spots it is like the Hudson farther up where you could jump on to the land without wetting your feet; at times it is as swift as the Parana as it flows through Paraguay, but never is it a big river. But no other stream can rival this Angara in clearness as it comes rushing from the fresh, clean, deep Baikal. Were you to follow it all the way, you would come out into the Yenessei, which would take you into the seas of the north. . . .

My stay at this place was too short, just two hours, and I am now crossing the lake again intoxicated with its beauty. At Baikal station, only the débris of the former buildings remains. Here the Bolsheviks' trains were standing when the Czechs hit the cars loaded with dynamite. And the buildings are no more—only the wreckage of wheels and cars strewn about.

The war on the lake is becoming a genuine naval engagement. The Bolsheviks have several big lake boats mounted with cannon and every now and then they start on a mission of destruction, but the cannon of the Czechs are well placed on the shores and stop them before they can do much damage. There are no engines here now but I have the offer of a hand-car to carry me to the front, a little faster than walking and slower than an engine—just the right thing to help me forget the fighting for the present and enjoy the scenery, when not passing through the forty or more tunnels. . . .

Kooltook, Lake Baikal, July 25, 1918.

It took eight hours yesterday on the hand-car to get here but I would not have missed the ride for anything. The railroad runs around the southern end of the lake and half way up the eastern shore before it branches off for Chita, and Kooltook is at the lower end of the lake. The mountains come right down to the lake, so that it is necessary to pass through thirty-eight tunnels and ten galleries to get to Kooltook. My word, but it was cold and dark sitting on that little open car crawling through those holes! From the warm sunshine we would be plunged into an ice-box atmosphere and were always glad to welcome the little streak of light at the end. You could see where the Bolsheviks had drilled into the rock, preparatory to wrecking the tunnels—the engineering work of years. All along the way, we passed Russians

and Czechs guarding the railroad from the Bolshevik cannon mounted on the lake boats. They could still do a lot of damage if they could get close enough to drop a few grenades into the tunnels, for the Czech eschelons are not yet all through. How beautiful it was—that ride twisting about the rocky curves with the deep blue water of the lake always at your side and the mountains from the other shore rising high to the clouds, which hovered above like huge drifts of snow.

This is the place where our men overtook the Bolsheviks by marching around the hills, and for three days* a battle continued here in which the Bolsheviks lost heavily. Our men have advanced farther up on the other shore to a village which I can just see around the curve of the lake and the Bolsheviks are only a few versts ahead. We are expecting the Bolshevik boat to appear and try again at the tunnels and our positions, but so far it has not shown up.

This is the real outdoor life, where you don't need to play at it—washing in the lake, boiling your milk, making toast of the sour bread over an open fire. The people are returning to the village now and we are able to buy supplies. Three days ago, however, when the supplies failed to come through and the villagers were finding safety in the mountains, the men were without bread for three days and they had to kill a horse and make a stew. A force of Czechs have left from the next village to climb the mountains and surprise the Bolsheviks and there ought to be something doing across the lake, only seven versts away. The fact that the mountains come down so close makes any big movement impossible and the battle must be waged along the railroad. It seems to me that the Bolsheviks have the better position with the aid of their big boat, but somehow they never seem to make the most of their opportunities. There are still a few galleries ahead and they may be able to do some damage there. . . .

Listnovitchnaya, Lake Baikal, August 6, 1918.

I am back again in that little village about which I raved so much when last here. For a week we have been in Irkutsk, and then came an order for our men to come up to the front again, and

*It lasted, as a matter of fact, five days and the Czechs were almost without food.

here we are keeping the Bolsheviks from making a landing on the western side of the lake. For the last three days fighting has been going on along the railroad across the lake; at times we can hear the artillery distinctly on this side, more than twenty-five miles away. The terror of the villagers is the "Angara," the boat that carried the trains across the lake before the railroad was built and the hills bored by tunnels. The Bolsheviks in their retreat took that boat and put a cannon on her and, being the biggest and swiftest boat on the lake, she terrifies the people, who fear that she will blow up their town during the night. A light discovered on the lake at night is sure to set the cry going that the "Angara" is coming and the excitement does not seem to ebb. It is just one hill and mountain after another around the lake here, with occasionally a ravine or small valley, with a lonesome cottage or two on the shore. The villages are inland and access to them lies over the path of the mountains. It is necessary that these twisting paths be watched, and the soldiers on duty take their places on the mountains from which they have a view of the lake and the lower hills. If one loves the hills, one could not wish for a better post, but if nature moves him not, then watch is a lonely mission. More than once I have watched with the guard on a mountain top while the clouds have swept by over the lake below.

This morning the English consul at Irkutsk came up to the village to see what was doing at the front, and since one of our boats was going up the lake about fifty versts to take some soldiers to a fishing village where once or twice the Bolsheviks have tried to make a landing, he went on the boat and I trailed along too. I was sorry that his one day on the lake was wet and cloudy but for me there was beauty in the strange figures of the clouds and mists and the mountain tops above the clouds which the regularly "beautiful" day did not offer. How often the little puffs of clouds fooled us into thinking that we were looking at the smoke from the "Angara," and had it been true, we would have been at her mercy, for our guns were smaller and our speed less. The village consisted of about twenty-five houses, a church and, out on the reef, a lighthouse. The mountains there are supposed to be rich in gold but the inhabitants make their living by fishing. The skins of the sea-lions, as the natives call them—

possibly a species of seal—are valuable, and the fat is used in the manufacture of soap. One of the officers bought all he could find in the village, seven of a gray color and very pretty. A soldier had some gold findings which he had bought from a native very cheap, but there was no more. The natives do not seem to be ambitious to be rich, only to get along. In the near-by villages live the Buryats, of Mongolian blood and rather intelligent looking. We took back with us about thirty-five Cossacks and their horses. The leader of this band of daring rough-and-readies is a young fellow of twenty-one who has studied in the Art Institute of Moscow. I thought of Robinson Crusoe when our boat pulled away from the shore and the soldiers waved after us. After we had left, they had only the water in front and the mountains behind. Twice on our way back we stopped to pick up a soldier guarding a path and to leave another in his place.

When we reached the village, news was awaiting us that the Bolsheviks had been defeated across the lake and were again in retreat. Many of them sought refuge in the lake only to find it their grave. Their force is, no doubt, large and they will pull it together again and offer resistance. Their plunder is so great that they will fight hard to save it and to make good their escape.

Sleudanka, August 15, 1918.

A telegram called me to Irkutsk . . . but I am now back at Baikal. Just three versts ahead is the tunnel which the Bolsheviks blew up. It has been necessary since the "daylighting" of the tunnel for the Czech and Russian forces to drag their cannon over the mountains and most of the fighting on the other side of the tunnel has been accomplished by the armored trains captured from the enemy themselves. The Magyar losses have been so heavy that many of them have fled to the woods. To-day comes the report that four hundred of them are surrounded in the hills near-by. The tunnel is open now and we may pass through to-night and take up the rout or fight, or whatever there is to be done up ahead. At the tunnel last night I met Colonel Emerson and a party of his American engineers. They have been helping, and they consider the Czech a fighter and a good one.

The lake is just as beautiful as ever. The days are much shorter now and the sunsets do not linger as long. The women

and children pick berries from the hillside and sell them along the railroad by the glass. To-day I was able to get some red-caps fresh from the bushes. The spring was very late and the farmers are only now raking the hay. . . .

August 19, 1918.

And such a day as this is! It rains and the wind is never weary. We are at a little siding where a group of three or four buildings is dignified by the name of a station. No eggs, no milk, no berries, no "nothing." I am roasting black bread through and through to appease the taste. The mountains are invisible through the mists and the lake is out of sight, only a stretch of scrubby woods with burnt stumps to feed the sight to-day. The poor soldiers are confined to their cars and the weight of the day leans heavily upon them. What a contrast to last night, when everything was crisp and snappy! We were on another siding last night and a crowd of soldiers was listening to a gramophone concert when suddenly looking out from the car, we felt that the Magyars had stealthily arisen from the ground and closed in upon us. Why is it that in danger, men become inarticulate and the alarm is given in an un-understandable roar? I jumped from the car with the others, but the danger was not great—not so great as it would have been had not two heavy engines and a car stood behind us. A train had come into the siding expecting to find it free, and too fast to slow down after our train was discovered standing there. The little cars behind and the big engines were smashed to splinters. Only one soldier was injured seriously—he had both legs broken. The train that smashed in was the work train from the tunnel and its last car was loaded with dynamite. Was that not luck? If that car had been at the other end, the mountains would have been all night echoing the tale of our destruction.

Myssovaya, August 23, 1918.

We are still at the lakeside of another one of these Siberian towns where the waves roll up on the beach and the women run down to wash the clothes. The lake is angry to-day and the waves are foaming, rolling the pebbles about with little care. A shower has fallen unannounced and the women are as wet as their clothes but they seem not to care, the sun will come out again.

Out from the shore is the steamer "Baikal," or better, her remains, for the pride of the lake is now a ruin. This was another big boat which the Bolsheviks armed and which terrorized the populace by dropping shrapnel into strange places. When the Czechs captured Tankhoi, where the docks were, the "Baikal" was left homeless and had to wander about the lake. Here she was shot to death and now only her huge frame remains. The "Angara" became tired of wandering about also, shot at from unexpected vantage points, and one day recently she sailed into port and surrendered. Thus ended the naval encounters in this war. The Bolsheviks had the biggest and the best boats on the lake and all their effort ended in the old way, *defeat*. The "Angara" is now trying to tow her dead sister across the lake to the docks. To me the scene is as solemn as a soldier's burial.

Soon we shall leave the lake. The order has come to move on to the next big city. The railroad soon turns east again, away from the lake, and I am wondering if I shall see it ever again. If so, it will probably be clad in the white of winter, with summer green tucked away for next spring.

For the past few days, we have been watching the hills. They are full of the Bolsheviks who fled for safety when the battles were lost. The nights are cold now and even raspberries become monotonous diet after a week, and so one by one and in small groups, these tired fugitives give themselves up to our men in the woods. We have been expecting an attack in this place for several days from a large force of Magyars who sailed down the river east of us and then were to march around us. They have evidently had word of the defeat of their troops and are changing their course but our men are ready for them wherever they appear. We are not far here from the Mongolian border, and the river Slenga on which they embarked flows into that land. I hope that it will not be necessary to follow them into Mongolia, for the front is spread out enough as it is—across north Asia.

Precisely what the diarist hoped would not occur did occur. The Bolsheviks fled with their plunder to a Russian city, Troitskavask, near the border of Mongolia, where they gathered in force, and thither a Czech expedition was sent

to capture or drive them out and to re-establish telegraphic communications with Peking. This pursuing force consisted of two divisions, Russians and Cossacks, and Czechs. Since there were only two steamers and barges available and since it was necessary to carry not only cannon but kitchen wagons, provisions, and all the equipment for a self-supporting expedition, half the Czechs walked while the other half rode. This expedition the diarist joined, and his absence in Mongolia explains the non-appearance of the Ushakoff episode in the diary, the account of which as it is here given has been taken from other sources.

It is gratifying to those who have watched with despair the collapse of the Russian army that a Russian officer was the hero of both the stirring incidents which turned the tide of Bolshevism. After Colonel Ushakoff had sunk the "Baikal" by mounting a few field pieces on a raft, crossing the lake at night and shelling the ferry at close range until he set her on fire, he audaciously set out to trap the large force of Bolsheviks at Verkniudensk. With unsurpassable daring, he crossed the lake to Posselskaya and informed the Bolshevik commissariat that he was a Bolshevik, that he had with him eighty men, and that if they would hasten the supplies and ammunition to him from Verkniudensk, he himself would return across the lake, blow up the tunnels, and cut off and annihilate the Czechs. He himself sent a telegram to Verkniudensk to this effect—with every result desired. The Bolsheviks fell into the trap and set out from Verkniudensk with all their munitions, supplies, and a band to celebrate the killing of the Czechs. In magnificent spirits they came to obliterate the last of the undesirable "minions of French and English capital."

There was an obliteration, but it was not of the Czechs. The Barnaoul regiment by a detour cut the tracks in the rear of the Bolsheviks, their trains were derailed, sixty-one eschelons and forty field pieces captured, and the whole force thrown into panic and rout. Many were killed and

the morale was so thoroughly shaken that they were never again able to entrench themselves. The back of Bolshevism in Siberia was broken. But the gallant Colonel Ushakoff was among the dead, though by his own mistake. After his men had cut the tracks, he walked back towards station 339, and mistaking the retreating armored train of the Bolsheviks for the advance of the Czechs, came towards it calling out that he was Ushakoff. His body was found savagely mutilated, and showed signs of the fiercest torture inflicted before death.

By the capture of the Verkniudensk Bolsheviks, the road was comparatively cleared. Semenoff threatened trouble at one time, but it did not materialize. At a windy little *stanitsa* near Chita the eastbound Czechs met the Czech force bound westward to the rescue—a historic scene when Czech met Czech. “We hardly knew them in their new French style of uniform,” the diarist writes of the troops from Vladivostok, “but great was the rejoicing. They had many stories to tell but best of all, that the road was open through Manchuria to Vladivostok.” To the weary men who had fought the summer through, it was blessed news.

But many a worn soldier never saw the open road. Vladivostok, the sea, France—beautiful phantom phrases, never to be fulfilled. The diarist records the order for the return of the Czechs over that terrible road, through which they had won by the uttermost vigilance, the coolest daring, with almost uncanny quietness. “Up to the present our men have believed that they would go east to France but the new order sends them west again to begin operations against the Bolsheviks and Germans. We have only left the territory and now back again. I wonder who will help, and if nobody will help—who will tell them?” Herein has lain one of the tragedies of the war. The Czechs, who were homesick for the Bohemia they had won with their blood, were sent to the Ural front.

AMONG THE BOOKS

LEST WE FORGET

Belgium, by Brand Whitlock, \$7.50, 2 vols., D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1919.

We stand at the beginning of a fresh German campaign. The defeated enemy will make every effort to recover so much of his good name as will suffice to give him entrance, if not to our homes, at least to our business houses; he will employ every device to whitewash himself, denying what he dare deny of the charges against him, excusing where he must admit the facts of barbarism, and taking advantage of those commercial and political forces in our country which, to obtain their own ends, desire to rehabilitate him. We may expect a large importation of those sophistries which troubled many credulous people in the first two or three years of the war, and no doubt they will be far more subtle and more skilfully handled now than they were then. For this reason it may be said that Mr. Whitlock's book has been published in the nick of time.

We must not forget Belgium. We must remember how the German people, not merely the German military caste, but the average Germans capable of bearing arms, conducted themselves in the day of their power, when they were assured of victory and did not care what the world thought of them so long as they were winning. It is not vindictiveness but prudence which bids us retain this alarming picture in our memories. Disgusting as it is, degrading as it is, offensive as it is to our better nature and discouraging to our hopes for mankind, we dare not put it away with the records of the Spanish conquest of Mexico and Peru and of Alva in the Low Countries. The things of which Mr. Whitlock writes so fairly and so temperately, and yet with such appalling effect, were done in our own time, to men, women, and children whom some of us knew, and they would have been done in Illinois or Nebraska if these States had happened to lie in the path of German military ambition. So this book has a very distinct

practical value, as a study of the mentality of the invaders, a revelation of their innate illogicality and carefully acquired cruelty.

One would like to believe that the evil traits which the war brought out in German character were temporary, developed only recently under the stress of a terrible delusion or a cunning perversion; but the kind of facts adduced by Mr. Whitlock and their constant repetition forbid this charitable conclusion. The German male stands convicted as a moral coward, cringing before authority, deceitful, illogical when moral elements enter a problem, thoroughly materialistic, and capable of dropping a shutter between his imagination and the sufferings of other human beings in such a way as to prevent the ordinary inhibitions of sympathy. This is what a people can be reduced to by "realism" in politics—that is, by selfishness, by refusing to take a wide and generous view of foreign relations. We may well ask ourselves whether narrowness of vision and our national self-complacency and boastfulness may not in time bring us as low.

With an art that seems not wholly conscious, Mr. Whitlock has written a book which is something more than a history of Belgium between August, 1914, and April, 1917, something more also than a great treatise on the psychology of the male German; it is a drama, the record of a struggle between brute force and spiritual virtue. Gentleness, refinement, wit, logic, hope, and faith fall back before their ancient foe; they appear to lose in every combat; yet one feels with an ennobling thrill that somehow, even in the darkest days, they were superior and that in the end they were bound to triumph. This effect is increased by a certain sense of passiveness in Mr. Whitlock himself, as of one unfitted for strife, physically weak, and in no way hungering for the joy of combat. This lover of peace and quietness, a very sensitive person intellectually, with artistic leanings and a manifest distaste for political and economic discussion, this man, tired of administrative work and desiring nothing so much as time to write a novel and to savor the rich fruits of the old Belgian civilization, was suddenly seized by the filthy current of war and carried whither he would not.

His book is a record of unwelcome surprises. The incidents he relates were in general not sought but thrust upon him by fate.

He impresses the reader as a man of much refinement, moderate, full of all gentle instincts, optimistic even to the verge of crudeness, charitable even to the point of being indiscriminately soft-hearted. The gods of war, with broad dramatic irony, thrust upon this amateur of letters and painting the task of representing half a dozen nations and mediating between German military governors and the prostrate Belgian people. Mr. Whitlock admits that he had no very great interest in diplomacy. He expresses not only a horror of war but a lack of interest in military operations. He evidently was not fond of adventure or sensation. His testimony is that of an unwilling witness, though no one could accuse him of being unbiassed. To have lived in Belgium through the months of August and September, 1914, without acquiring certain prejudices was impossible for any decent moral being. But Mr. Whitlock was by nature and training as fair a witness as the Germans themselves could have asked.

What is Mr. Whitlock's testimony? It falls under five main heads: the crime of the invasion; the burnings and massacres of 1914; the manners of the German officials; the murder of Edith Cavell, and similar cases; the deportations.

The first chapters introduce us to a rich, industrious, self-centred country basking in the sunshine of peace and comfort. The air is still, the sky serene. Then, as sudden as a summer storm, comes the invasion. Belgium had not been conspiring with either France or Britain. The false and cruel charge that she was so conspiring was made long afterwards, and even the numerous German officials with whom Mr. Whitlock had to deal appear not to have taken it seriously. Yet it was trumpeted about in the United States in 1915 as an excuse for the crime of 1914, and will quite probably be revived when we are once more exposed to German propaganda.

In regard to the burning of towns and the massacre of civilians in the early weeks of the war, Mr. Whitlock writes with great authority. He was no newspaper correspondent looking for sensational "copy," but a diplomatist, that is, a man whose duty and profession it was to minimize all incidents that might lead to international ill-will and to look on the favorable side. Moreover, he was constantly associating with German officials and accessible to their representations and arguments. Never-

theless, we need nothing further than Mr. Whitlock's testimony to convince us that the essential facts of wanton and abominable cruelty have not been exaggerated in the accounts that have hitherto been published. He quite definitely states, for example, that the massacre and burning at Louvain began by two German detachments firing on each other by mistake. The Germans pretend that the citizens provoked the outrages by firing on German soldiers. Here as elsewhere, according to Mr. Whitlock, the Germans were nervous and in a highly excited and apprehensive state of mind, and also many of them were drunk. The awful slaughter at Tamines, Aerschot, Visé, St. Trond, Tirlemont, Termonde, and especially Dinant, the deliberate burning of houses, the cold-blooded murder of women, children, and old men, the raping and torturing of victims, and the diabolical delight of the Germans in the mental suffering of their helpless prisoners—all these stories are confirmed by this most careful and responsible narrator. "Women and children," he says, "were forced to stand by and witness the murder of husbands and fathers." It is our duty to force our minds to dwell on this fact long enough to realize, in part at least, what it means, before the whitewashing begins. In most of the cases recorded by Mr. Whitlock the slaughter was commanded by officers and overseen by them. At Dinant, where ninety helpless non-combatants were lined up and shot, among them twelve children under six years old of whom six were babes in arms, the firing squad was commanded by a colonel. The survivors, dragged from the bloody, writhing pile of bodies, were forced to dig a grave for the dead and dying. Mr. Whitlock definitely says: "Many women and girls were violated by the German soldiers at Aerschot." These are but two out of hundreds of cases which he mentions. He deals with them all very succinctly and quietly, yet not even the Bryce report or the reports of the Belgian government are more horrible than his plain statements. Perhaps there are still some Americans who imagine that "Belgian atrocities were overdrawn." They should read this book by the United States Minister in Belgium.

Out of the shuddering gloom of this subject our author passes into another in which there is some scope for amusement as well as contempt and wonder—the manners of German officials. It must be remembered that these persons represented the fine

flower of German civilization; they belonged to that famous officer caste for whose prosperous development all the rest of Germany had sacrificed itself for half a century, the class in whom was concentrated what Germans considered good breeding as well as authority, education, and wealth. As they revealed themselves to Mr. Whitlock in the two years and eight months when they forced their society upon him, they appear as men of an essentially selfish, unimaginative, coarse, and gullible nature, weak in self-discipline and tragically afraid of the machine to which they belonged. Some had kind dispositions; some possessed to a certain extent a knowledge of polite and humane usage, though it seems always to have been knowledge rather than instinct or second-nature. Their ambitions, and also the limitations which so comically caused them to fail in every social, moral, and diplomatic effort, were those of new-comers in the world. The words "parvenus" and "nouveaux riches" fall constantly from Mr. Whitlock's pen in describing them. It has long been my belief that one of the oldest and deepest causes of the war was the uneasy consciousness of the upper and middle classes in Germany that socially they were behind the English and the French. To be troubled about one's social position is to admit inferiority. Bland self-assurance or sublime indifference to social distinction are the only possible attitudes for those who have really "arrived." The Germans were very poignantly aware of the fact that they had some distance to "climb."

There is perhaps no single incident of the war that will be carried so far through the ages in song and legend as the murder of Edith Cavell. The world has well nigh forgotten all about the campaigns and battles of Richard the Third, but the strangling of the little princes in the Tower is in vivid memory still. That a powerful association of men should lay hands upon a woman, a good woman, devoted to the blessed profession of nursing, and should confine her for many weeks in a dungeon and at length kill her, and all for doing what was vastly to her credit, harrows the heart. She is one of the most heroic figures in history. In centuries to come our descendants will see her in their imaginations writing her last words of Christian charity in her lonely cell and then facing undaunted the slaves that shot her and the brute who gave command. By putting together Mr. Hugh Gibson's account

and Mr. Whitlock's one may learn all that will, possibly, ever be known of this black crime, though there is a hint of hidden treachery on which the future dramatist will exercise much ingenuity. In contemplating the martyrdom of Edith Cavell, America associates herself with England, and we realize the oneness of our race, proud that this heroine was of our blood and lineage.

Mr. Whitlock in all that concerns the English, be it said in passing, does justice to their character. High and low, in disaster, in loneliness, he found them calm, staunch, warm-hearted, trusty, and brave.

As the weary months of the German occupation rolled on, life in Belgium became more and more unendurable. The foulest and heaviest blow was the deportation of Belgians into Germany and to the Front, to work for their enemies. Of this and of its effect upon the Belgian people and on his own health and spirits, Mr. Whitlock gives a depressing account. To enslave a conquered population and force them to labor was contrary to international law, and as we look back now we have no reason to be proud of the inactivity of our government, which made no effective protest. Indeed, one closes Mr. Whitlock's volumes with a painful sense that if our government had published currently to the American people Mr. Whitlock's reports of what was going on in Belgium, and especially Mr. Gerard's reports of the insults offered so very freely and frequently to his person and the country he represented, it would have been possible to lead the United States into line with our glorious Allies in the summer of 1915, shortening the war by two years.

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THE HEROES OF 1914 IN RETROSPECT

1914, by Field-Marshal Viscount French, \$6.00, Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1919.

Field-Marshal Viscount French's "1914" serves notice on us that the war is not over. Over it is on the battlefield and in the Peace Conference, but this work by one of the Allied leaders is a foretaste of the new and vigorous life to which the war is bound to come between the covers of books. It also elicits some melan-

choly questions: Must we forget many things that we thought were facts? Must we revise pet opinions, substitute for them beliefs not nearly so welcome? Must we tumble heroes from pedestals and hoist to their places men who do not appeal to us half so much?

Not that French's book necessarily proves anything. Men whom he accuses have yet to be heard from. It simply raises uncomfortable doubts, makes us apprehensive of the effect on our cherished war beliefs of other books sure to follow in the wake of that of the victor of Ypres. In Germany, Ludendorff, von Tirpitz, and von Jagow have already scrambled into print, with their versions of the whys and wherefores of war; in the Allied countries many soldiers and statesmen are sure to do likewise—some, possibly, as a result of acute displeasure following perusal of the remarks of Viscount French. Therefore, some of our beliefs about the war must hold their place only on probation, so to speak, until the awful voice of history has spoken in unmistakable accents.

If French is to be believed, there must be a veritable *auto da fé* of war idols. Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, whose fame has been trumpeted to the skies for his stand at Le Cateau during the days of the British retreat in 1914, must be tumbled from his pedestal, and two of the greatest names of all, Joffre and Kitchener, must become a bit tarnished. For French is nothing if not frank in criticism; he lays about him with amazing vigor and directness. His version of the part played by Kitchener and Smith-Dorrien in the fateful days of 1914 is sensational in its accusations; and the insinuations against Joffre, though more veiled, are an uncompromising throwing-down of the gauntlet. And, passing from 1914 to 1915, he also touches grimly on the star scandal of his whole career, that of the munition supply, and, in the closing pages of his book, deals a slap to Mr. Asquith. All in all, French's is a book that is, to use theatrical parlance, full of "action"; not often must the reader turn many pages without finding the author throwing a brick at somebody.

Frankness could scarcely go further than in the remarks about Kitchener's attitude in 1914. In a nutshell, French accuses the famous British Secretary of State for War of flagrantly interfering with him while he was commander-in-chief of the British forces

in France, in a way calculated to impair French's authority with his own men and injure his position in the eyes of the French. He tells of a scene between Kitchener and himself which has all the earmarks of a first-class row. It occurred in Paris and was due, says French, to his refusal to make a stand long before the line of the Marne was reached, despite the urgent desire of Joffre and Kitchener that he should do so. This refusal, according to French, brought Kitchener post-haste to Paris. Aside from its bearing on the question of Kitchener's interference with the British commander in the field, the implied criticism of Joffre at once strikes the reader. Joffre, according to the generally accepted belief, avoided battle until the Marne was reached and his forces were in condition to turn about and deal the Germans a blow as unexpected as it was staggering. But Viscount French would have us believe that Joffre wanted the British to give battle to the invaders in the vicinity of Compiègne, where his weary troops would certainly have been cut to pieces by the on-rushing enemy. Kitchener is dead; he cannot answer this statement. Will Joffre? Or will he ignore it, relying on his published orders of the day to make clear his actions preceding the battle of the Marne?

Kitchener hastened to Paris. He, French, the British Ambassador to France (Sir Francis Bertie), and some others got together and started a conversation which soon became so hot that Kitchener, according to French, "abruptly closed the discussion and requested me to accompany him for a private interview to another room." French's version of what followed is worth quoting in full:

When we were alone he commenced by entering a strong objection to the tone I assumed. Upon this I told him all that was in my mind. I said that the command of the British forces in France had been entrusted to me by His Majesty's Government; that I alone was responsible to them for whatever happened, and that on French soil my authority as regards the British army must be supreme until I was legally superseded by the same authority which had put that responsibility upon me. I further remarked that Lord Kitchener's presence in France in the character of a soldier (Kitchener was wearing the uniform of a Field-Marshal) could have no other effect than to weaken and prejudice my position in the eyes of the French and my own countrymen alike.

I reminded him of our service in the field together some thirteen years before, and told him that I valued highly his advice and assistance, which I would gladly accept as such, but that I would not tolerate any interference with my executive command and authority so long as His Majesty's Government chose to retain me in my present position. I think he began to realize my difficulties, and we finally came to an amicable understanding. . . . Fortunately, the incident terminated in a manner which led to no regrettable publicity. Lord Kitchener realized his mistake and left Paris that night.

Kitchener's departure did not end the trouble between him and French. In the operations preceding the first battle of Ypres they seem to have worked at cross-purposes. "Lord Kitchener did not make things easy for me," comments the British commander in France, alluding to this period. Later on, he seems to realize that he has painted the trouble between himself and the Secretary of State for War in dark colors; so he devotes some space to a meeting between them in England when all went too sweetly for words. But it does not convince.

Another man most vigorously assailed is Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, who commanded the British Second Corps on the retreat from Mons. Smith-Dorrien, it will be remembered, made a stand at Le Cateau on August 26th, 1914, for which he has been extolled to the skies. His claim to rank as a leader of daring and resource seemed beyond jeopardy in view of the fact that French himself, in a dispatch dated in September, 1914, gave unstinted praise to his subordinate for his action at Le Cateau. In his book, however, written more than four years later, French reverses himself. He severely censures Smith-Dorrien for standing at Le Cateau. He accuses the commander of the Second Corps of having done it against orders, against the judgment of as competent a general as Allenby (later to win renown as the conqueror of Jerusalem), who, as commander of the British cavalry, strongly advised Smith-Dorrien to fall back. Smith-Dorrien's stand, far from saving the entire British army, as it has been popularly supposed to have done, nearly caused the destruction of that army, if we are to believe French. Its unfavorable effects were felt for days afterwards, he says. And he explains away the seemingly insuperable obstacle of his dispatch of September, 1914, by the remark that it was necessarily written hur-

riedly, before there had been time to study reports thoroughly. "It was indeed impossible, until much later on," he adds, "to appreciate in all its details the actual situation on the morning of August 26th."

Another leader of whom French falls afoul in his book is General Lanrezac, commander of the French troops operating on the right of the British army. (Lanrezac, like Smith-Dorrien and French, eventually lost his command.) In spite of the fact that Joffre had represented Lanrezac as the best commander in the French army, the English general found him "the most complete example, amongst the many this war has afforded, of the Staff College 'pedant' whose 'superior education' had given him little idea of how to conduct war."

Nor does French confine his slaps to those of his own side. The German general von Kluck, whose advance on Paris and subsequent wheel eastward has obtained considerable praise from military critics, does not deserve their eulogies, according to the blunt Briton. He writes:

With their usual arrogance and pomposity, the Germans, ignoring the fact that it was their own negligence which had led them into a most dangerous situation, claim that General von Kluck showed unusual skill in extricating the First German Army from the toils. After considering the subject very carefully, and with a thorough knowledge of the situation and the ground, I have formed the opinion that von Kluck manifested considerable hesitation and want of energy. . . . The fact probably is that von Kluck and his staff never really liked the rôle which was forced upon them by the Great General Staff, and that they undertook their part in the battle [of the Marne] with wavering minds and with their heads half turned round.

So much for the British commander's dislikes. He is quite as outspoken when the spirit moves him to praise. He has the highest possible opinion of Foch, with whom he was thrown in close contact during the operations following the Marne, in the race to the sea, and in the terrific fighting around Ypres. He also lavishes unqualified encomiums on Haig, Allenby, Byng, and other generals, subordinates of his in 1914, for whom fortune had in reserve splendid laurels in subsequent campaigns of the war. And there is also praise for one little known, at least on this side of the Atlantic—General FitzClarence, who saved the day on

the crucial thirty-first of October at Ypres and was killed a few days later.

It seems impossible now, with Germany crushed, to realize what the situation was on the last of October and the first of November, 1914, when the Kaiser hurled the flower of his army at the British lines around Ypres. Viscount French was under no illusions as to what was at stake. It was, to him, nothing less than the very existence of the British Empire. There is a grimness in his precise statement: "I think, perhaps, we were in the greatest danger between 9 a.m. and 11 a.m. on Sunday, November 1st." Of all those he praises, the cream of commendation is for Allenby, who, he says, "staved off the greatest threat of disaster with which the British were faced in 1914."

It seems a pity that French should have mixed with his glowing eulogies, with his eloquent tributes to the magnificent fighting of his own men and those of Foch and other French generals, the bitter accusations that characterize portions of his book. But to expect otherwise is, after all, to expect too much. French is emphatically a man with a grievance. Many months before the Allies carried the war to a triumphant conclusion, he was relieved of his command, relegated to a minor post in England, doomed to watch Haig and Allenby and others who had fought under him reap the glory of final victory. The grim, sulking old war dog was bound to bite. And it must be said in his favor that, right or wrong, fair or unfair, he does not whine. He does not veil or explain. He does not embroil in a sea of words. He strikes from the shoulder, as one would expect an old soldier to strike. Whatever may be thought of the matter of his accusations, their manner is strong.

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OUR NATIONAL CONSCIENCE

Education by Violence, by Henry Seidel Canby, \$1.50, The Macmillan Co., New York, 1919.

To the people of the middle classes who had begun to doubt whether university professors were deep thinkers or keen observers, this book will offer great enlightenment. It is the most serious book of the year, and the most important in dealing with

those things of the American mind on which the future of our country must depend. Professor Canby emphasizes, and with reason, our "unsophistication"; he does not, however, sufficiently accentuate that "unsophistication" of the American learned classes which seems to make them depend so entirely on the written word. He is a living exception, apparently, to that habit which amazed on their return all persons who had been near the war, of referring the most vital questions to books, and using their statements as irrefutable evidence.

Before the armistice, if one spoke to one of the learned on any phase of activities in France, he was almost sure to be told, "But Doctor *Quelque-Chose*, in his monograph, gives statistics which entirely prove the other thing"; or, if you touched on a phase of German efficiency, you were struck in the face with, "*Schermerhörn*, of *Göttingen*, flatly contradicts *that*." You looked about helplessly to find somebody who did not depend absolutely on what somebody else had written. Now, Professor Canby shows that he can think, see, and forget himself and his library, in the midst of all this Babel of the written word. He has his limitations, and these he is not afraid of; he is too much in earnest, with the earnestness of a strong and delicate mind, not to expose them; he is egoistical, but never egotistical. If this volume consisted only of "*Spes Unica*" it would be worth reading and re-reading until every sentence had become part of the American mind; and yet "*Spes Unica*" frankly shows, not only the great breadth and depth of Professor Canby's mind and heart, but a lack of comprehension in which the large majority of all Americans share—of a spiritual meaning well understood by a minority. This remarkable essay begins: "I have never seen the little village of *Seicheprey* by daylight. By sunlight, and before April of 1918, it may have been one of those communities of rose-and-gray houses that cling like lichens to the slopes of the hills of *Lorraine*; but as we stole towards it, single file, in the gray of before dawn, it was only a pile of obscure and tumbled ruin over which soared the flares of the German line. I should not have known I was entering a village had not my eye caught the dim form of a shattered human figure hung aloft by the roadside. It was a broken Christ with drooping head, on a broken cross. Above the crown of thorns, just visible to straining eyes,

'*Spes Unica*' was carved in the stone—*Spes Unica*, Christ, the only hope."

He goes on, in a beautiful paragraph, to describe the function of the Benediction in the Cathedral of Chartres; he evidently confounds it with the Mass, which is never said in the evening; but the effect of his expressed thought is none the less touching. The worshippers go out of the cathedral, in hope, in sorrow, in fear, yet not unconsoled. He continues: "But the hope of Chartres can never be to us what it was to the Middle Ages. It is not shattered, like the broken image of Christ, for Christianity does not shatter even in apparent ruin, but the great cathedral with all it typifies, in which a nation, singing its '*Miserere*' or '*Te Deum*,' freed souls from sorrow and found all its doubts and yearnings answered, belongs to the thirteenth and not to the twentieth century. What was reality has become a symbol, powerful for those kneeling women on the evening of the great offensive, comforting for many, but answering not half of the problems driven upon us by the complexities of modern life."

And in writing this Professor Canby brings us face to face with that tremendous question to which the Christian dogmas of the Middle Ages still give to many millions of people an answer. But this answer is not enough for those other millions which Professor Canby represents at their best. And yet, after all, the only hope for the world is in the application of the teachings and examples of Christ to the modern world. That the cathedrals of France, and the little village churches, offered hope and strength to Marshal Foch and men like him, was because, not of their splendid traceries and softened lights, or even their glorious memories, but because of the real presence of a faith which spiritual men of this author's type respect without in the least comprehending. The beliefs and the hopes of Joan of Arc are the same in the hearts that offer themselves in the shadows of Notre Dame and of Chartres as they were when Joan of Arc saved France. Henry Adams had more than a glimpse of this.

Professor Canby's book, of which "*Spes Unica*" is the key, is a manual for the examination of our national conscience; and, in that sense, a stepping-stone to the essentials of the process of

reconstruction which we are all talking about. He accentuates our moral earnestness; he rejoices in that spiritual quality which we have never lost in the turmoil of commercial competition. He admits that we are not unboastful, but he knows that we have always been too delicate, too scrupulous, and too modest to boast of those real qualities which the other nations of the world are reluctant, even now, to admit that we, in the highest degree, possess. This war has taught us to use no more that weapon which is the usual defense of half-admitted inferiority—the sneer. We have begun to discover the mind of Europe, and no longer to assert our superiority in certain things in order to conceal our consciousness of inferiority in others. We admit and we admire those regiments of London cockneys, almost toothless old men and raw boys some of them, who gave an astonishing example of courage against all discouragements, of perfect obedience to discipline, and an unconquerable belief in their race and their nation. They wanted neither our sympathy nor our praise; they simply “carried on,” and our boys soon learned that energy and youth could acquire much from the example of men whom they were only too ready to look upon as inferiors. From the little French *poilu* we learned that prudence was not inconsistent with bravery, that physical strength did not make the soldier, and that perfect team-work, the submersion of the individual, in all except the keeping alive of the individual fervor of the heart, make of your Parisian *gamins* at crucial moments beings who seem almost glorified. But we have only begun to learn what Professor Canby points out, more clearly than any other man has pointed out, the great difference between the views of Europe and our own in that most vital of all factors in the late war and the wars to come—the obsession of nationality. Facing this condition of mind and conscience, we are indeed, to quote Professor Canby, “Innocents Abroad,” and innocents at home. “Is it naïve,” he asks, “to seek with slow and hopeful perseverance an alternative to the wreck of states? Is it mere idealism to plan that nations should hang together instead of separately? If so, thank God that America seems to be young and innocent enough to lead in the attempt!”

A most seminal essay is that called “Blood and Water.” Professor Canby begins: “I have heard that ‘blood is thicker than

water' and that the British are our 'cousins' until I am sick of these platitudes." He wants to find better reasons for the foundation of a compact among English-speaking peoples for solving harder problems than winning the war. He sees the fallacy of the phrase "Anglo-Saxonism," though, curiously enough, he seems to confound "British" with "English." He overlooks the fact that while the Highland Scot, the Welshman, the Cornishman is British, he is not English. The position of the Irishman is already fixed in the official title of the United Kingdom—Great Britain and Ireland. "Anglo-Saxon" is the mere catchword of the thoughtless. Philologically, it is open to criticism; racially, it is tautological; and in application, it often seems as foolish as the solemn assurance made in an American chancellery by an obtuse Yorkshireman that the German Saxons refused to fire on English troops because "blood is thicker than water"! The descendant of any foreigner, bred or born in this country, and decently educated, owes most of his culture to the influences of English literature and to the working of English legal and social ideas; but the loose-tongued speakers do not seem to realize that even English law and English literature are composite. The author of "Education by Violence" sees this very clearly.

Of the obstacles in the way of a better understanding with Great Britain, Professor Canby enumerates certain prejudices against England. One of these is the Irish distrust of everything English that exists, not only among the second and third generations of Americans of Irish descent, but of New Zealanders, and Australians, and Canadians of Irish descent. This is a very important point, and Professor Canby says very truly that America has the power, if she has the will, to explain Ireland to England, and England to Ireland; and "they sorely need it. Hope, then, balances fear in this direction." Let us trust that Professor Canby, who is so well qualified for the task, may explain England to America, and help to obliterate those futile and insular condescensions and provincial criticisms, such as we found expressed in a recent number of the "Saturday Review." We must have a better understanding with Great Britain, but the small-minded provincials, who ceaselessly sting and irritate American self-respect, should be extirpated with the other "cooties." Any reader of "Blood and Water" will see that

the author does not intend to Anglicize America; this he calls "national suicide."

Among other obstacles to a complete *entente*, he mentions the resistance of the Jews, Germans, Italians, Slavs, and Scandinavians, passive perhaps, but deep-seated; he does not leave out the prejudices of the old Americans, in Kentucky for instance, in parts of New York and Pennsylvania, in almost every State in the Union, except Virginia, against the aggressions, now amiably attributed to that old German King George the Third, who thought he was most English when he was following the traditions of Toryism. It is the fashion now to blame the tyrannies of '76 on this snuffy old drone from the German hive and to represent Burke as the voice of the united British people protesting against a Hanoverian Kaiser. This is as amusing as the contention that Louis the Sixteenth and his ministers dipped into the funds of the French priests for the love of the blue eyes of the Goddess of Liberty. We owe much to France; Lafayette and Rochambeau and Beaumarchais helped to save us from British aggression; they loved freedom for its own sake, and they loved America for the sake of freedom; but let us not assume that the government of France was actuated by any other motive than that of crippling Great Britain. I advise any reader who does not want to think or to examine his own conscience in the light of his duty to his own country, and to other countries, not to read this book; it is too stimulating.

"The Irish Mind" ought to be put among those classical essays of which Lowell's "Democracy" is one, but not "canned" for future use, as is the fate of classics at the hand of modern conservators of literature. It is vital, it is modern; it expresses what ought to be the American point of view. Here is an exquisite example of the author's insight; he is dealing with the abnormality of certain phases of Irish thought. "In Ulster," he says, "it is constitutional and will probably yield only to operation, or atrophy of the obstructing parts. . . . But the malady in Southern Ireland is more dangerous and more sharply affected by the difficulties of the present. In some respects this Ireland is, I think, the unhappiest country in all this unhappy world. Others—Serbia, Rumania, Belgium—are infinitely more miserable, but they have not unhappy souls. The chief reason is that

all her emotions of patriotism, hate, love, desire for action, are suppressed. I do not mean suppressed in the sense of being put down by force, like seditious meetings, rebellious organizations, or scurrilous newspapers. I mean suppressed by circumstance and the conflict of the emotions themselves."

In "War's Ending" the author asks us to look frankly at the darkest side of the psychology of reconstruction. "There would," he says, "have been a moral shift for better or worse without the war." The churches, he thinks, changed their points of view about war. This is an assertion of his that needs elaboration; he makes an honest plea for the honest pacifist and places him in the line of direct duty, now that the war has passed; but that the Catholic church everywhere in the world, or the Anglican establishment, or the Presbyterian creed, or the Lutherans, or Calvinists, of any shade of belief, have failed to see the necessity, or failed to emphasize the value, of Christ's sanction of righteous wars, I have seen no evidence. In America new forces have been unloosed; the question to-day is how they shall be disciplined. How shall they be controlled seriously, wisely, and with an entire disregard of those temporary enthusiasms, so evanescent, so soul-destroying, which are the bane of English-speaking civilizations? "Nothing will be just the same," Professor Canby rightly concludes. "Fine minds have been finely touched by the war, and base minds basely." And listen to this—"France has lost the flower of the next generation; one in five perhaps of the university men of England is dead; not many in proportion, but too many of the best boys of America have been left on the Western Front. And, therefore, upon those of us, whether young or old, who feel the world is worth remaking and are left for the task, a tremendous responsibility descends. The dead have died for no lust of conquest or personal reward, but to save, as they hoped, their country. It is for the living to see to it that the world is really saved."

One of the qualities of an ideal wife, or an ideal friend, is the power of interpreting one to one's self. The friend or the wife is, in a mundane sense, a divine mediator. "Education by Violence" is, in this sense, an ideal book.

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A BUILDER OF THE SOLID SOUTH

The Life of John Caldwell Calhoun, by William M. Meigs, \$10.00, 2 vols., Neale Publishing Co., New York, 1917.

Macaulay's contention that one had to go to Hume for half the character of James the First, and to "The Fortunes of Nigel" for the rest, applies to most attempts at historical portraiture and particularly to most American attempts. This great nation took its ply, so to speak, in a scientific era and has not yet added to its science that more constructive sense of life which informs the artist. To analyze and to classify, not yet to embody, to make real, is the typical American purpose in historical writing. Hence, our comparative colorlessness, our dread of reality between covers, our fondness for calling it "journalistic." Mr. Meigs is typical of his day and generation. He has accumulated a precious mass of details. Some future historical portrait painter may play the prophet with these dry bones and from them erect again the actual creature which was once their tenant. But bones are bones, even when carefully articulated into a skeleton. And that is what we have here—an imposing skeleton, not a man.

Furthermore, Mr. Meigs frequently illustrates unawares the tendency to look upon biography as of the nature of a discussion among historical specialists. Over and over, he cites some issue familiar to students and files his own view. Other students are glad of this. To have the views of so careful and extensive a worker is a piece of good fortune. But for the general reader biography is not a matter of filed opinions. The general reader wants a more pragmatic handling—in a word, a portrait, not a dissertation. This book for all its excellence fails to make its details cohere; it does not achieve a portrait. And yet it is so careful, so full, so friendly without degenerating into mere advocacy—even if, at times, perilously near to advocacy—that it puts the earlier dissertations to the blush, makes the savagery of von Holst appear vulgar, the sketchiness of Mr. Hunt appear trivial.

And yet, sympathetic as he is, Mr. Meigs has a limitation of which unfortunately he has no monopoly. He is deficient in the literary faculty for dealing with indeterminate quantities in the make-up of a character. Like so many other historians, he is a devotee of the well-defined. For example, he presents a serious weighing of pros and cons as to why Calhoun returned to public

life after his ostensible retirement following his exit from the State Department. Was it to save the Union by uniting the South and West? Was it to prevent war with Mexico? Mr. Meigs inclines to the view that foreign affairs, dread of war, formed the controlling motive. By implication, he assumes that some definite political purpose, susceptible of exact formulation, ruled his conduct. Here is one of the deplorable results of merely scientific history. Your mere scientist never seems to understand that statesmen, all the men of action, belong in a category with the artists not with the philosophers. And why do the artists work? Thackeray, with one novel off his hands, takes his children to Switzerland, intending a long holiday, but first thing he knows—that immortal afternoon in a wood near Berne—"The Newcomes" unrolls itself before him and the creative enthusiasm begins again. So was it with Calhoun. He could no more refrain from politics than Thackeray could refrain from writing. That is why a dash of the artist is needed in his biographer, in the biographers of all these artists of human relationship, the statesmen.

This inability to transcend the obvious, to make real the vague, the indeterminate, the elusive, shows in Mr. Meigs's handling of that far more momentous change—Calhoun's "somersault," so called, between 1824 and 1832. Everyone is familiar with the conventional story, has heard how Calhoun entered the period a nationalist, but under stress of circumstance changed front and emerged a State Rights man. Even Mr. Meigs, convinced that Calhoun was justified, accepts the old statement of the facts, has nothing to add except—"Who wouldn't have done the same in his place?" Alas, for the purely literal mind picking its way through the labyrinth of human impulse! That mind has laid down on the map of American history a number of false trails.

Among its great errors is the assumption that all Americans between 1776 and 1832 held definitely either to the idea that Americans formed one nation, or, oppositely, to the idea of conscious state sovereignty. In seeking to determine what actually took place, we have reasoned too much like lawyers, too little like psychologists. We have ignored the subconscious. Therefore in our study of that time we have, in a way, got the cart before the horse. Through our legalistic interpretations of 1776 and 1787,

through our later philosophical reactions to those events, what was old in 1787 we have called new; what was new, we have slipped into calling old. It is true that no American nation leaped to life in 1776 or even in 1787; but it is equally true that what nationality needed for its emotional foundation was in 1787 the old thing, the familiar thing; it is false that Americans, anywhere, had a sense of state sovereignty that reached back through their memories and clothed itself with the authority of the ancient. What they did have as the subconscious element in their political feeling was the sense of their recent membership in the British Empire. The generation of 1787, the generation immediately before Calhoun's, had in their youth found themselves well expressed by John Hancock's famous words, "I have a right to the liberties and privileges of the English Constitution and I as an Englishman will enjoy them." It was this allegiance to a power higher than the colony, the State, that was the old thing in 1776, that was set back in favor of a local allegiance, new born. What sprang to life was the idea of state sovereignty. This, not nationalism, was the genuinely new thing in the minds of the next generation, Calhoun's generation. When our history has received adequate psychological attention, we shall learn to adjust all this in a true perspective; we shall see that the vast idea of a loyalty superior to state loyalty, grounded on centuries of experience in the realm and the empire, was not whisked out of existence by a few strokes of the pen at Independence Hall, not even by a few years of civil war; that, on the contrary, it sank deep into the subconsciousness of Americans, there, whatever men might say, to work potently in determining their actions; thence, at last, to re-emerge, confessed, having suffered a change

Into something rich and strange.

Yet there is no denying that for a time in many, perhaps in most, minds it was wholly overshadowed by the brand new, the somewhat intoxicating idea, of the revolted colony, separated from the Crown, clothed in the purple of a sovereign. Here is a diffused general condition, largely subconscious, that should, but does not in any of the biographies, form the determining background of Calhoun's first period. It was a time of intellectual confusion when the conscious and the subconscious—as in all periods of profound transition—were in subtlest reaction and

opposition, one to another; when both men and communities were stumbling through a maze of inconsistency towards some sort of harmonization of their conflicting elements.

Calhoun, the man of the second generation, was part and parcel of his era. Thus conceived, in the days when he advocated a policy which savored of his inherited imperialism, but, at the same time held ardently to the new doctrine of the sovereign State, Calhoun becomes, not a political acrobat, but a typical American of his day and generation, made significant by the possession of genius. In his mind is illustrated the ebb and flow going on, more or less, in all sensitive Americans, during the mental struggle to adjust their imperishable past with their autonomous present. The drama in Calhoun, during these years, is the gradual winning of the day by the new force, state loyalty, over the old, the sense of empire. No one will ever present correctly his real life during this period without having gone to school to, say, such a dramatist as Ibsen; without having learned in a hard apprenticeship how to weld into one movement a visible immediate action and an invisible but perfectly real antecedent action of which the visible one is a consequence.

After Calhoun had placed himself, not through "somersault" but through the more natural process of a mental precipitation, in the chemical sense, there still remained to him twenty years and more of a rich and varied career, beginning with Nullification and ending with the Compromise of 1850. The reader who wants the details of these years will be amply repaid by Mr. Meigs. He must be strangely constituted not to find them interesting. And yet, he is likely to end with a sort of dissatisfaction. He will feel dimly that he has touched shoulders with great intentions, walked alongside historic presences, but—unless he knows a good deal of the subject to begin with—that, somehow, it is all "vague in vapor, hard to mark." In plain prose, the facts have not been so marshalled as to reveal to the uninformed their secret meaning. In a way, from his own point of view, this is all to Mr. Meigs's credit. He is resolute not to dogmatize. But art, in a fine, high way, is unavoidably dogmatic. And biography is an art. Imagine Leonardo submitting half a dozen Mona Lisas with various colored eyes and bidding us take our choice! But something like that is what your dissertation biographer does. Naturally the

average reader turns from Hume to "The Fortunes of Nigel," from Mr. Meigs to —unfortunately, to nobody.

In the latter part of his book Mr. Meigs may be charged with positive inadequacy not only as a portrait painter but as an historian. Although, to his credit, he brings out Calhoun's unflagging love of the Union, as he conceived it, he does not make plain his relation in later years to state sovereignty and to sectionalism. And yet, quite as deep and elusive a question as the origin of nationality in America is the question—"When, how, did the sections become self-conscious?" The blemish in the work of many students of the period between 1830 and 1860 is their failure to perceive within the South a duel between loyalty to the State—the typical Southern feeling in 1830—and a still younger loyalty, that of the section. No part of our history is more obscure; none more in need of clarification. A great neglected figure, Robert Barnwell Rhett, certainly embodied the persisting idea, in the South, that the State was everything. Was Calhoun really with him? Calhoun defeated Rhett's attempt at a separatist movement, the Bluffton Episode, in 1844. Why? Because he thought it inopportune? Or because he had gone over to the new idea, the idea of the South as a unit, which the "Bluffton Boys" refused to accept? In this connection one must proceed with caution. Here, dogmatism of any sort, good or bad, is still impossible. To the reviewer, however, it seems plain that in the new sectional idea Calhoun saw, as he thought, a possible balance of power that might be compelled both to preserve Southern institutions and to keep the old-style confederate Union still in existence. If this be so, his concluding phase has an interest far greater than has generally been accorded it. Believing such to be the case, one may deplore Mr. Meigs's silence on the subject, and even question the recent dictum of a noted scholar to the effect that no Southern *bloc* was ever formed. By way of evidence to the contrary, showing that in South Carolina itself, the sense of section, for a time at least, outweighed the sense of the State, there are the arguments used by enemies of Rhett just after Calhoun's death, when Rhett attempted to rouse the purely state feeling as a means of driving South Carolina single-handed into a repudiation of the Compromise of 1850. Rhett was defeated by men who desired repudiation, even secession, as ardently as he, but who refused to

act independently of the other Southern States. "To secede now," said Langdon Cheves, "is to secede from the South as well as from the North."

It is within probability that, in place of the silences of Mr. Meigs, may yet be substituted a convincing argument that Calhoun was the chief architect of the solidarity of the Old South.

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THE ASPERITIES OF BOOK-COLLECTING

The Amenities of Book-Collecting and Kindred Affections, by A. Edward Newton, \$3.50, Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston, 1918.

The passion for book-collecting is, to the layman, a sufficiently bewildering business. One fancies that there are intelligent folk who find it difficult to appreciate its "amenities," or, indeed, to prefer it to the less expensive amusement of stamp-collecting. What is all this talk of colophons and collation and tall copies and bastard titles and the original boards? Is a book-collector a librarian gone mad? Why is an edition with all its original misprints more valuable than the author's revision of it? Take a trivial example. Do you own a copy of "The Song of Hiawatha," Boston, 1855? Turn to page 96. Does the seventh line read "*Dove* as if he were a beaver," or "*Dived* as if he were a beaver"? If it reads *dove*, you are the possessor of a genuine "first"; if it reads *dived*, give your book to the poor. It is good for nothing but to read.

The collector's ideal volume is a first edition with all its primitive errors—the more misprints the better—"uncut" (that is, with the pages not cut down in rebinding), "unopened" (that is, with the pages not cut open), and "in the original wrappers" (that is, with the seal of the publisher's wrapping unbroken). You must leave it in this state, like a body in its winding-sheet. When is a book not a book? When it is "collected." A rich young collector once showed me a copy of FitzGerald's "Rubáiyát" in this state—shrouded in its original cerements. Holding the thing like a chrysalis in my hand—I could do no more—I asked in my stupidity, "Do you prefer the first edition of the poem to the better known version of the fourth edition?" "Well, to tell you the truth," was the reply, "I have never read the damned thing."

I narrate this anecdote merely by way of contrast, for Mr. Newton is disgraced by no such ignorance. He belongs to that small but growing body of collectors who know the inside of their books. That is the explanation of the very remarkable success of his pleasant volume.

Let us have done with cynicism. It is easy to be scornful of book-collectors, but it is impossible to neglect them. If they could all write as happily as does Mr. Newton, the whole class would soon be rid of the stigma that is so easily fixed upon them by the envious outsider. Their collections, in certain fields, rival or surpass those of the Bodleian and the British Museum. If you are a scholar, interested in the text of Byron, you must sue to Mr. Morgan for permission to study his manuscripts. If you are an editor of Lamb's essays, you must journey to Daylesford, Pennsylvania, seek admission to Mr. Newton's hospitable library, and examine the manuscript of "Dream Children." This, as the owner explains, has been scratched and interlined in places. You will find that the original title has been carefully deleted by Lamb, and at first you will despair of reading it. Then by dint of measuring and holding to the light, you will be able to decipher the original words, "My Children." Could anything make clearer a certain delicacy and restraint in our gentlest and best-loved essayist? While you are in the library, glance at the manuscript of "Far from the Madding Crowd," and note what a careful study of its numerous revisions might do towards interpreting the subtle and sombre art of Thomas Hardy. These great collections must one day be the rendezvous of scholars, for in them lies the solution of many a problem and the enrichment of many a chapter in the great history of English literature.

How far a collector may go in his appreciative use of his own library is shown by Mr. Newton. His shelves do not groan with unread books. His essay entitled, "What Might Have Been," is a true piece of investigation which sets forth, now for the first time in its fulness, Lamb's courtship of Fanny Kelley. His chapters on Boswell, Mrs. Thrale, Trollope, and Wilde are written with a gaiety which is as infectious as it is novel. The success of this new essayist in a field strewn with the *disjecta membra* of earlier adventurers his peers is a significant proof of the value of simplicity and enthusiasm in writing. Here is his account of the

execution of the unfortunate Dr. Dodd, the "macaroni parson," who was hanged at Tyburn for having forged the signature of the fifth Earl Chesterfield: "There was a heavy downpour of rain, so there was no time for the farewell address which Dr. Johnson had so carefully prepared. A sudden gust of wind blew off the poor man's hat, taking his wig with it; it was retrieved, and someone clapped it on his head backwards. The crowd was delighted. This was a hanging worth waiting for."

Of the mischief which Mr. Newton has done with his book I have unfortunately neither time nor energy to write. His earlier chapters on "Book-Collecting at Home," "Book-Collecting Abroad," and "Association Books" are written with such gusto that he communicates his fever to the veins of his reader. He has set us all to excavating the bottom shelves of our book-cases and to exploring musty attics in search of old books. He has driven the price of rare books high above their highest altitude. Book-sellers must be in a seventh heaven of bliss. The price of the first edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson" (which was once within the modest reach of a poor scholar) has doubled in the six months during which the "Amenities" has been before the public. It is some bitter comfort, to be sure, to realize that he must himself be suffering from his own success. He must be deluged with letters from neophytes in book-collecting, inquiring into the value of Croker's "Boswell" or the second American edition of Shakespeare. He must be tormented by requests for his autograph from collectors who aspire to make his own volume over into an "association" book. Here is some measure of revenge for his miserable readers. But there are darker sins. Has he not taken in vain the name of his every academic friend? Has he not filled us with jealousy? Has he not filled us with the rage of avarice? He, like a good book-collector, is not only envious himself, but is the cause that envy is in other men. He has initiated his readers not into the amenities but into the asperities of book-collecting.

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IRVING'S NEW YORK

Letters of Washington Irving to Henry Brevoort; Letters of Henry Brevoort to Washington Irving, edited with an introduction by George S. Hellman, \$7.00, 2 vols., G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1918.

The correspondence between Washington Irving and Henry Brevoort, now first made available to the mass of general readers, was issued in a very limited edition three or four years ago. Students of Irving who were so fortunate as to see these earlier volumes were struck by their mechanical excellence and by the atrocities of the editing. In the latter respect the present edition, apparently printed mostly from the same plates, is a slight but only a slight improvement. Both volumes are still without index, and—except for a dozen or two brief explanations of the obvious in the Brevoort volume—without notes. Passages are omitted without explanation—some of them passages of considerable length that are given in Pierre M. Irving's "Life and Letters of Washington Irving," though the Introduction states that this source has been depended upon in cases where the manuscript is lost. There are obvious mis-readings, not even those pointed out by reviewers of the earlier edition being changed.

Most of the letters of Irving to Brevoort were known to Pierre M. Irving, who used them so freely, and on the whole so judiciously, that the present collection reveals no strikingly important information not contained in the "Life and Letters"; and since references to persons and occurrences are often rendered cryptic by nicknames and allusions that the editor makes no attempt to explain, it is sometimes disappointing in its yield of minor gossip. Its value lies, perhaps, not so much in its contribution to our direct knowledge of Irving as in its reflection of the society in which he lived.

The intimate life of no group of New York writers has become so well known as has that of the Massachusetts literary set of the mid-century. The members of the latter had many Boswells—indeed, each played the Boswell to the rest; so that there are ample records and reminiscences of the Saturday Club and of the Cambridge and Concord coteries. The early New Yorkers, in particular, had fewer gossip chroniclers, and they were not altogether fortunate in their biographers. Cooper's own wish

precluded an authorized biography. Bryant's life was written by his son-in-law, Irving's by his nephew—both men of a younger generation, and constrained by age and relationship to a somewhat formal treatment. There is especial value, then, in this frank revelation of what was probably Irving's closest lifelong friendship.

New Yorkers recall so often the rapid growth of their city that the outsider is not likely to dwell, as does the editor, on the rural life of the Brevoort homestead at Broadway and Eleventh Street in the early nineteenth century. Much more important is the reminder that New York, despite its reputation as a commercial city, had its share of interest in literature. While a group of professional men were maintaining the Anthology Club in Boston, young importing cutlers like the Irving brothers were uniting to write *Salmagundis*, and to plan *Knickerbocker Histories*, and young investors and traders like Henry Brevoort were going abroad to enter into pleasant relations with Walter Scott and Jeffrey. Washington Irving was but one of a group, though he proved to be by far the greatest. Doubtless the New Yorkers of the first fifteen years of the century differed in spirit from the New Englanders. They were a more irrepressible, less earnest set. They would have described themselves as "convivial." They were concerned with society and with the stage—the only art except its sister, music, that could then be adequately imported to a new country. If their devotion to literature arose partly from the feeling that it was a proper thing for a young gentleman to show, it was not the less real.

There is, however, relatively little about literature in the letters written by Irving before he went abroad in 1815. There are some references to American painters, more to Cooke, Cooper, and their contemporaries on the stage, and far more to the beaux and belles—especially the belles—of New York society; and we catch glimpses of the life of a young man about town—a life that, we fancy, was more provincial and less gay than the participants liked to believe. On July 8, 1812, Irving writes to Brevoort, who was in Europe: "A few days after Gen. Peter George Dallas of Phila & myself dined on board the *President* with the officers in the ward room. We had a most convivial time, but sat so late that we could not go on shore that night—

and the next day we were kept on board by a perfect storm of wind & rain until evening. I believe the ward room won't forget the rouse we gave it for some time to come. The frigate is in excellent order. The officers are a set of very fine gallant young fellows, and I have no doubt if a proper opportunity presents will acquit themselves handsomely. But I look upon their fate as desperate in a war with England." In return Brevoort sends back descriptions and anecdotes of Scott, of Jeffrey, of Professor Playfair of Edinburgh, of Miss Edgeworth and Thomas Campbell, and other celebrities whom he met, and apparently continued to meet with undiminished cordiality during the war.

With the return of Brevoort to America and the sojourn of Irving abroad from 1815 to 1832 the position of the friends was reversed. At first Irving was harassed by the troubles of the cutlery firm in the interest of which he had gone to England. "I have never passed so anxious a time in my life—my rest has been broken & my health & spirits almost prostrated." Yet he still looked on the world with the eye of a humorist and a satirist, as in his comments on war-time fashions of a century ago: "By the way, I cannot help observing that this fashion of short skirts must have been invented by the French ladies as a complete trick upon John Bull's 'women-folk.' It was introduced just at the time the English flocked in such crowds to Paris. The French women you know are remarkable for pretty feet and ankles and can display them in perfect serenity. The English are remarkable for the contrary. Seeing the proneness of the English women to follow French fashions, they therefore led them into this disastrous one; and sent them home with their petticoats up to their knees exhibiting such a variety of sturdy little legs, as would have afforded Hogarth an ample choice to match one of his assemblages of queer heads." At length he writes, January 28, 1818: "We are now in train to pass through the Bankrupt Act. It is a humiliating alternative but my mind is made up to anything that will extricate me from this loathesome entanglement in which I have so long been involved."

After his change from man of business to man of letters he has more to say of the literary personages whom he meets—of Campbell, for whom he wishes Brevoort to arrange an American lecture tour, of Scott, and of Moore, with whom he became intimate in

Paris. There is something, though not so much as might be wished, on his own writings. The first reference to the "Sketch Book" is in a letter of March 3, 1819. Brevoort attended to the publication of this and of several of the other works in America, and stood in the relation not only of agent and friendly adviser, but at times of unlimited creditor. Among the more intimate personal passages is one in the letter of March 15, 1816, in which Irving writes of marriage: "It is what we must all come to at last. I see you are hankering after it, and I confess I have done so for a long time past. We are however past that period when a man marries suddenly & inconsiderately—we may be longer making a choice and consulting the convenience & concurrence of every circumstance, but we shall both come to it sooner or later." This is an interesting annotation to the old romantic story of life-long devotion to the memory of Miss Hoffman, and to the anecdotes told by later gossips regarding his affairs of the heart while he was in England.

Although for most readers interest in the correspondence arises from Irving, the letters he received from his friend give many of the significant facts, and they are well worth preserving. They are less numerous than those of Irving, and the volume is eked out by a few letters from Brevoort to other persons, and from others to him—including one from James Fenimore Cooper, and the well-known letter of Walter Scott regarding the "Knickerbocker History."

WILLIAM B. CAIRNS.

University of Wisconsin.

HUMANIZING THE PURITAN

The Heart of the Puritan, by Elizabeth Deering Hanscom, \$1.50, Macmillan Co., New York, 1917.

One of the things any people most urgently needs and most insistently strives for is an understanding of its own past. We cannot leave it alone. Through history, through fiction, essay, poetry, the attempt at interpretation goes on. It never ceases, and it is never completed, because an interpretation that more or less satisfies one age fails to satisfy the next. The soul of our past forever invites and forever baffles us.

Our Puritan past has given to us an especially urgent challenge,

and one that has never been wholly met. Our pride in it and our revolt from it have alike stood in our way, as they must always stand in the way of all real knowledge based on identification through sympathy. For this reason a book like "The Heart of the Puritan" carries us a long way, whether we start from pride or from revolt, or from some middle ground. The book is neither history nor fiction nor poetry, but the matrix of all these, being, as its name implies, the very heart of the Puritan so far as it found articulate expression in his own written word—in letters, in diaries, and notes.

This material, usually accessible only to the historian, the compiler has made accessible to us all. With a rare reserve she has retired behind it, and impressed her own personality upon it only in her selecting and grouping, and in the brief but delicious captions preceding many of the extracts. Under her unostentatious but skilful leadership the reader finds his clear-cut generalizations about the Puritan fading away, and his analytic conceptions of the type, often so full of error, yielding to a vivid sense of the individual. The typical—and therefore unreal and impossible—Puritan divine, gives place to individual—most individual—Puritan men, agonizing over their love affairs, brooding over the needs of their children, humanly anxious about the dangers of travel and of disease. The typical Puritan wife and mother gives place to individual women meeting specific emergencies. Here, for example, is a bit from a diary telling how one woman felt on her hazardous travels from Boston to New York:

"Having cross'd Providence Ferry, we come to a river wth they Generally Ride thro'. But I dare not venture; so the Post got a Ladd and a Cannoo to carry me to tother side, and hee rid thro' and Led my Hors. The Cannoo was very small and shallow, so that when we were in she seem'd redy to take in water, which greatly terrified mee, and caus'd me to be very circumspect, sitting with my hands fast on each side, my eyes stedy, not daring so much as to lodg my tongue a hair's breadth more on one side of my mouth than tother, nor so much as to think on Lott's wife, for a wry thought would have over sett our wherey."

And not only are there real men and women in this book, there are real children too. It does one good to know that "Joseph threw a knop of Brass and hit his sister Betty on the forehead so as

to make it bleed and swell," and even that "he sought to shadow and hide himself from me behind the head of the cradle: which gave me the sorrowfull remembrance of Adam's carriage."

As we read and re-read these intimate records, we really touch the hands of those who wrote them, we feel their presence, the beat of their life. And we begin to realize that these Puritan men and women, girls and boys, set apart as they may have seemed to be by the unique conditions of their life, are set apart from us in no other way, and therefore in no real way. The compiler of this arresting volume has earned the gratitude of all of us who, because we are deeply interested in our present and our future, are also deeply interested in our past.

ELISABETH WOODBRIDGE MORRIS.

New Haven.

ESSAYS IN THE VERNACULAR

Walking-Stick Papers, by Robert Cortes Holliday, \$1.50, George H. Doran Co., New York, 1918.

Here is a man who cries "My hat! My stick!" and bids us wander out with him. And his invitation is worth acceptance. He gives us a choice either of country or city street. His eye is alert both for the hills and the crowded ways. He has also an ear and a nose, a genial spirit and a pleasant humor. He has, moreover, an agreeable acquaintance with the essayists who have preceded him across the countryside.

On the whole, perhaps, his guidance is best on Manhattan Island. For an exact choice I would name the water front and bid him be my cicerone through its confusion of drays and packing-cases. His nose could be trusted to smell out the tarriest places—odors freshest from India—whiffs from the South Seas. He would lead me under the piers of the Brooklyn Bridge, where battered fishing craft put in—where, from warehouse and slip, come ancient fish-like smells. His guidance, too, would direct me to old grog-shops where villains' noses show through the dirty windows—Long John Silver or the beggar Pew—"Yo ho, and a bottle of rum!"

But this is not all of the "Walking-Stick Papers." There is a paper "On Going a Journey," which is a pleasant offering laid on an old shrine. We go to an Art Exhibition together—rather

dully. We explore upper Broadway. We hunt lodgings. We are book clerks for a morning. Presently, the scene having now shifted to London, we meet certain celebrities—Chesterton, Hugh Walpole, and others—and observe their manners and eccentricities.

It is an easy book to praise. It moves with speed. It has variety. It is freshly and enthusiastically written. It is entertaining. It has the pleasant quality of youth. And yet, despite these things, the book does not merit praise entirely. Through conscious effort and with care it seems, Mr. Holliday refrains from writing as well as he can. He follows a common American pose in favor of cheap and shoddy expression for fear that he may be thought bookish. He fears that he may write too well and above our heads. One might think that a city editor in loud checked suit were sitting over him, bidding him write down to an audience reared on the colored supplement. Mr. Holliday's style, at the worst, is journalistic. He practises a slovenly vernacular. Too often he uses slang—not the new slang of unexplored metaphor—but the weary phrases that cough with an old consumption. But in general Mr. Holliday has unusual freshness of expression and vivacity.

CHARLES S. BROOKS.

New York City.

THE VICTORIAN BACKGROUND

A Writer's Recollections, by Mrs. Humphry Ward, \$6.00, 2 vols., Harper & Brothers, New York, 1918.

It is easy to make fun of the Victorians. They took themselves with incredible seriousness. Their grave anxiety about religion, which is quite able to take care of itself; their sense of duty towards the destiny of the masses, and their deafness towards the rising hints that these very masses might have their say in the matter; their provincialism, their practice of the *cliché*, their inveterate tendency to play the moral fool even when they engaged in persiflage, are all fair game to a more nervously organized period. Inspired by literature across the Channel, through which electric currents ran more freely than in England, a younger generation amuses itself with derisive gestures at its forebears.

Yet what a fine set of people these Victorians were! On a larger scale, one suspects, than their descendants, if of heavier build. Gladstone, Newman, Lord Acton, Morley, the Arnolds of three generations, Stanley, Jowett, Green, Martineau, Freeman, Pater, Huxley, and the rest—these assuredly were men who lived on the high levels if not in the large spaces. The first impression of a middle-aged person who loves his England, in reading Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Recollections," is that she brings us into very good company. The people with whom we consort in these pages fought fair and tried to see straight; they lived in the grand manner, above sordidness, certainly above frivolity, keen on the great issues which presented themselves to that period in the sphere of both thought and action. True, it is a decidedly limited society in which we move; everybody appears to be related by marriage to everybody else. No one mortal is expected to know an unlimited number of people; but Mrs. Ward conveys the conviction that no one in England outside these small interlacing circles was worth knowing, or had anything special to do with conducting civilization. The people evidently are inclined to the same assumption. They are the fine aristocrats of the intellectual and political life of their country (artists are conspicuously absent); and they feel entirely responsible for the welfare and quality of the nation. But it is not an assumption which annoys; for if any segregated group with the stamp of caste upon it is to manage national affairs, this is a distinguished and disinterested one, dead in earnest about worthwhile things, and refreshingly free from lower egotisms.

Mrs. Ward, one hastens to add, does not admit her reader to the inner intimacy of her characters. Probably she cannot. It is a little exasperating to have such interesting men and women repeatedly mentioned, but never revealed. That, however, is the limit of the author's art, not of her good will. What is revealed, more or less unconsciously, is background and atmosphere. She describes houses better than she does people, and what delightful houses she has lived in! An American mind is enriched by mere imaginary visits to them. She renders well the quality of life, the tastes, interests, manners, of the various groups of which she has been a part. They are groups one loves to live with. We can never hear too much about that family at

Fox How which, early in the century, lived in the serene aura of Wordsworth; and the fact that one of the children of the house, perhaps over-reverent towards it, tells the story, is grateful to all except the carping. It fascinates some of us to learn that Mrs. Ward's father was the original of Clough's Philip in the "Bothie":

Hewson, the Chartist, the poet, the eloquent speaker . . .

Hewson, a radical hot, hating lords and scorning ladies,

Silent mostly, but often reviling in fire and fury

Feudal tenures, mercantile lords, competition, and bishops.

The daughter sketches with full sympathy her father's early dash for freedom to New Zealand—that panacea for social unrest of Carlyle, Kingsley, and many another puzzled Old-World worthy; his religious vacillations, his final rest in the Roman Church. She dwells on the other vivid, high-minded members of her family, chief among them her beloved "Uncle Matt." Soon the scene changes to Oxford, where Mrs. Ward spent her girlhood and early married life, and we live with her agreeably in the company of Mark Pattison and his wife, of Pater, of Jowett—liking to hear about the dinners and discussions, and how "nobody under the rank of the Head of a College, except a very few privileged professors, possessed as much as a thousand a year. The average income of the new race of married tutors was not much more than half that sum." Later on come the London contacts, the widening experience of France and Italy, the books, naturally events of first magnitude to their author. One cannot blame her attitude, for letters from the most distinguished men of the time make it evident that her contemporaries agreed with her.

Mrs. Ward's loyalty to her tradition is easy to ridicule, but the tradition was a fine one and warm discipleship never yet did any harm. She worships at many shrines; first at that of everybody connected with an Arnold, then at that of sundry Victorian giants, notably Jowett and Gladstone. She has the excellent English habit of admiration towards those with whom she disagrees. When it comes to the present age, her comradely geniality deserts her; she is very mean about Mr. Wells. But who could expect the author of "Robert Elsmere" to enjoy the author of "The New Machiavelli"?

If she cannot evoke her people before us, she can let them speak for themselves. Letters of great interest are quoted throughout the two volumes. Here is Gladstone, at eighty-five, half blind, full of a new edition of Bishop Butler, and dreaming of a definitive work on the relation of the Olympian and the Hebrew religions. Here is Pater, confirming in a subtle passage the impression given by Marius, of a wistful return of the heart to the ancient faith which the intellect had rejected. Here is Mrs. Ward's brother-in-law, Huxley, at his best, humorously confessing to a "fond" of mysticism. But he at least shall be quoted:

"As a rule, 'philosophies of religion' in my experience turn out to be only 'religions of philosophers'—quite another business as you will admit.

"And, if you please, Ma'am, I wish to add that I think I am *not* without sympathy for Christian feeling—or rather what you mean by it. Beneath the cooled logical upper strata of my microcosm, there is a fused mass of prophetism and mysticism, and the Lord knows what might happen to me in case a moral earthquake cracked the superincumbent deposit, and permitted an eruption of the demonic element below."

Our own Henry James—may we not still say our own, since the two nations claiming him are welded into unity as never before?—appears at tremendous advantage, full of rare human qualities, and generous beyond expectation to an art at the antipodes from that which he himself practised.

Here, one repeats, is the best of good society. Yet it is surprising how the occasional advent of a Frenchman among these high-bred Englishmen refreshes the air. For it is a society almost as devoid of sparkle as a novel by Mrs. Ward herself; the small, enclosed English world of the last century, at which Matthew Arnold poked his scathing, delectable fun. The Channel was wider than to-day. A trip to Paris was a strange event, and Italy was the ultimate romance; long may she remain so, however international ties shall strengthen! Mrs. Ward relishes her France and adores her Italy. It was of course from Germany that the weapons of "Robert Elsmere" were drawn, and to that older Germany her rueful loyalty still finely turns. But although she and her compeers all have the wide European connections of

persons of culture, the final effect of the book is surprisingly provincial; some of the strongest winds which were blowing free over the Continent hardly penetrate this quiet English air. There is no trace of what may be called international psychology in the book, unless, curiously enough, where Roman Catholics pass across the scene.

It would have seemed strange, however, to Mrs. Ward's contemporaries to describe the air of England as quiet; and indeed a great struggle was going on, of which she felt herself a part. A humane liberalism in religion and letters was opposed on the one hand by the older religious orthodoxies, on the other by the newer dogmatisms of science. Mrs. Ward follows in the footsteps of the uncle, who, when all due tribute is paid elsewhere, remains the ruling influence of her life. In the faithfulness with which she pursues trails blazed by the humanists, in her honest devotion to historical studies, she is all for "literature" against "dogma." The fight is urbane but sharp at Oxford, between Jowett and Green, and the heirs of Newman: "Balliol, Christ Church, Lincoln—the liberal and utilitarian camp, the Church camp, the researching and pure scholarship camp with Science and the Museum hovering in the background—they were the signs and symbols of mighty hosts, of great forces still visibly incarnate and in marching array." It widens in London, then focuses itself for a time on the mild heterodoxies of "Robert Elsmere"; it is still the centre of her thought.

She has had a wonderful time in the fray, and she has written the record of a happy life. To belong to the best English tradition, to be intimately related to the battle for theological freedom, to the philanthropies of the social movement, to the politics of a changing order—has not this been splendid luck? one hears her say. Well, most of us would have thought so. Mrs. Ward has had one of the best gifts life can offer: the conviction that she bore her share in a great movement of emancipation. Perhaps she did; at all events, she has been blessed with the joyous sense of adventure. Her adventure ended in Unitarianism and a settlement; a safe and sane conclusion when viewed from the twentieth century. But at her time and from her starting point it had all the exhilaration of a dangerous quest, and she has made the most of it.

Mrs. Ward has not written a brilliant book, but she has written a pleasant one. She leaves us well content to go on into the wider experiences which, we trust, await mature democracy. For a segregated life, the life of a caste, can never be a life of freedom. The great Victorians did live in the high places, but the arduousness of the climbing path often disguised from them the increasing breadth of the landscape. Theirs was the prelude. Ours will be the play. Fiercer winds blow on us than they ever felt. But a new landscape of more unrestricted fellowship invites us, and the heavens are authentically near.

VIDA D. SCUDDER.

Wellesley College.

THE LATIN-AMERICAN SCENE

Understanding South America, by Clayton Sedgwick Cooper, \$2.00, George H. Doran Co. *In the Wilds of South America*, by Leo E. Miller, \$4.50, Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1918.

South America has been very much before the public during the past few years. Opportunity for trade expansion created by the war, German intrigue and propaganda, new emphasis upon the doctrine of Pan-Americanism, all have given occasion for books and articles of a technical or popular sort. Of the two volumes under review, one, "Understanding South America," is obviously intended to meet the publishers' demand for something "up to the minute." The other is a pedestrian account by an able American naturalist of what he has seen and done in six years of constant travel and exploration in the interior of the southern continent.

Clayton Sedgwick Cooper's book is useful in that it provides a description of the cities, the people, the religion, customs, and mental habits, of those Latin-American republics of which we still know too little, and about which we must learn to know more. The criticism to be levelled against it is that it might have been so much better done. The English is loose, verbose, often ungrammatical, and occasionally unintelligible. Some of the chapters present the disjointed appearance of a collection of notes hastily strung together. Either the author's Spanish is weak or the proof-reading has been slovenly; else we would not find such misspellings as *Las Paz*, *Ayamara*, *sorochee*, *conquistadore*. It is

probably true that over a half million dollars were expended on an Exposition at Panama "to small comparative purpose," but the English is obscure. That "variegated ponchos" should "consist with the peculiar brown of the Indian faces" is as "impregnable" to the reviewer as the orientalism of South America to the foreigner. Moreover, even in the purest democracy one does not "intermarry with a serving woman."

Following the conventional account of the Incas consecrated by the pen of William Hickling Prescott, Mr. Cooper greatly exaggerates the former felicity and culture of the Peruvian Indians. In spite of the mistakes and cruelties of the white men, one hesitates to admit that "these ancient people had here a civilization in many respects more advanced and civilized than that of the Spanish adventurers who conquered them." It is some years, moreover, since scientists have traced the early, aboriginal settlement of America from eastern Asia by way of the Behring Strait. Nor is there historical evidence to prove such a migration. Indeed, the "orientalism" of Spanish America, whether of the aborigines or of their Spanish masters, seems throughout the book to rest uneasily on the writer's mind. Whatever may have been the situation a generation or two ago, the reviewer's experience at a *thé dansant* attended by Lima's most representative citizens at the fashionable Zoölogical Garden Restaurant in 1918, would scarcely lead to the conclusion that "in Peru the women. . . [live] nearly as oriental a life as is lived by the harem women of India." And in other Peruvian cities the women of the educated classes are not appreciably more "oriental" than in Lima. The writer frequently makes the common mistake of attempting a blanket characterization of all the various peoples of the southern continent. One cannot imagine an Argentine or Chilean subscribing to the dictum that "the mental endowments of the Latin Americans are also more on the line with oriental than with occidental characteristics"; or that "like the East, this part of the world is too much inclined to be suspicious of advance, and to be satisfied with the ways of their fathers, simply because these were their fathers' ways, and for no other ostensible reason." The reviewer cannot assent to the opinion that "one of the first things noticed in Peru is a lack of patriotism"; or that the Argentine women "have very

little interest in religion, and the majority of them will tell you that they never go to Church," which is extremely doubtful, to say the least. It seems also to be questionable taste to devote an entire chapter to the eulogy of a particular Anglo-American firm engaged in export trade to South America. Mr. Cooper says that "the present-day traveller rarely visits a section in Latin America without hearing how some of our journalists have whisked through these cities and written back to the 'States' some generalizations which have been drawn from a too limited observation." The reviewer cannot help feeling that one more has been added to the list of such generalizations.

It is perhaps to be expected that a popular, ephemeral work should contain some misstatements of fact. In this volume they appear so frequently as to call for specific mention. "The founding of German colonies in South America" was not a part of "the German scheme of penetration." These colonies were established long before the days of William the Second and Pan-Germanism. That "every one of the thousands of Germans in South Brazil is a trained soldier" cannot be substantiated, even though the words are quoted from a "prominent public official." Bolivia was not "the first of the South American states to teach the fine art of liberty by example," nor can Brazil be said to "represent the oldest civilization in South America." The loot of the Inca temples in Cuzco was very considerably less than \$100,000,000 in gold, perhaps \$500,000 at most. That the ancient Peruvians were required by their rulers to carry the stones for their dwellings from Cuzco to Quito is on the face of it preposterous, at least to one who will examine the distance and the topography of the country. To speak of Santiago, Chile, as a town "almost hermetically sealed against the outside world by her unique, geographical boundaries" may be merely fantastic, but it might irritate a Chilean. On page 115 the nitrate fields of Chile are said to bring the republic a revenue of ninety million dollars yearly; on page 196 the annual output is valued at twenty-six million pesos, although the government receives therefrom a revenue of between thirty-five and forty million dollars. The figures given of Argentina's population to-day are not even approximately accurate. The statement that the students of the Argentine are usually found in the leadership in

riots, revolutions, and civil wars is inaccurate on more than one count.

In spite of this accumulation of peccadillos, Mr. Cooper's book will doubtless perform a service. It will be read by many who, having no occasion to know anything of South America, may glean much of value and interest from its pages. In general the writer holds a happy mean between praise and criticism. He has also much suggestive advice for the American exporter, advice and suggestion with which our trade journals have been filled for several years, and which certainly need repetition. But a careful and accurate presentation of its subject the volume is not.

Leo E. Miller, of the American Museum of Natural History, in a well-printed volume describes his travels covering over 150,000 miles, throughout the republics of Colombia, Venezuela, Brazil, Peru, Bolivia, and Argentina. The author is a collector of birds and animals, and this book is his journal recast for the public eye. Of importance for the naturalist and geographer, it should also be welcome to the general reader. The narrative is rather matter-of-fact, with little of the absorbing literary appeal which one has learned to expect, for example, from the pen of William Beebe. But it is filled with fascinating details of natural history and with first-class stories of adventure, whether among tropical jungles of the Amazon and Orinoco, or the snow-crowned heights of the Colombian and Bolivian Andes.

One sometimes wishes that the author had displayed less restraint and reticence in his comment on the peoples he visits. When he does dwell upon the manners and habits of the Indians he is often betrayed into very good writing. His description of the Quechuas and their abodes far up in the Bolivian highlands, virtually unchanged by the white man's civilization, displays a directness and vividness not common to books of this character. Unfortunately, or rather quite inexcusably, this volume, so useful as a work of reference, has not the vestige of an index. There are many interesting illustrations.

C. H. HARING.

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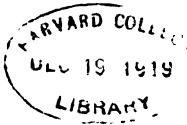
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THE YALE REVIEW

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LAW AND ORDER

By FELIX FRANKFURTER

JUST a bare year ago a glowing picture of our industrial relations was drawn by the authoritative Presidential hand:

"Our people . . . know their own business, are quick and resourceful at every readjustment, definite in purpose and self-reliant in action. . . . I have heard much counsel as to the plans that should be formed, and personally conducted to a happy consummation, but from no quarter have I seen any general scheme of 'reconstruction' emerge which I thought it likely we could force our spirited business men and self-reliant laborers to accept with due pliancy and obedience.

"While the war lasted we set up many agencies by which to direct the industries of the country in the services it was necessary for them to render. . . . But the moment we knew the armistice to have been signed we took the harness off. . . . It is surprising how fast the process of return to a peace footing has moved in the three weeks since the fighting stopped. It promises to outrun any inquiry that may be instituted and any aid that may be offered. It will not be easy to direct it any better than it will direct itself. The American business man is of quick initiative."

The contrast to-day between romantic forecast and stern reality is in everyone's mind and, one cannot but hope,

part of every man's anxiety. Pandora's box is open—it is needless to stir feelings by even the most surgeon-like summary of the prevailing unrest. Were the proverbial messenger from Mars to visit this country he would find—where there is the least reason for it—a veritable devil's dance, with “law and order” emblazoned on the banners. “Our spirited business men and self-reliant laborers” have indeed been allowed to “go their own way” and, unless we heed, the drift of their “going” is taking us all perilously near the direction of Niagara.

The causes of the present discontent have not been born overnight; they have not been fomented, though doubtless intensified, by alien propaganda. “Agitators” may have found deep-seated grievances; they did not invent them. No deeper disloyalty has ever threatened that body of passionate faith which we call America than the effort to stigmatize the orderly clarification and correction of these grievances as “un-American.” “Patriotism” has always been sought to be invoked for interests less than the common good. But it would be blighting not only the generous traditions of this country, but also the hopes of the world in this country, to allow the seams of discontent to go deeper because of the perversion of patriotism by those who are blind, and not sensitive to its quality.

The causes of the industrial unrest are perfectly well known. Apparently they are not so familiar that Macaulay's “every schoolboy” knows—but surely they are familiar to every student of industrial relations. They have been investigated and reported upon by committees and commissions galore. Time has only served to confirm the diagnosis, to give sharper outlines to the problem. Of the multitudinous difficulties two emerge as dominant; from them all the rest flow: the lack of scientific organization in industry, and the feelings due to the contrast between men's participation in political affairs and their exclusion from the direction of their economic life.

In view of the great achievements of this country in industry, it must seem temerarious to insist that about those aspects of industry which most intimately concern the workers, and thereby most intimately affect the morale of the country, ignorance and chaos prevail. Wonders have been achieved in mechanical processes, in making nature subservient to our needs and even our prodigalities. One might almost think the country's energies have been too preoccupied with these material conquests; for pitifully little has been thought or wrought so that we may have the necessary knowledge for a critique of industry, the necessary knowledge as a basis of judgment and action.

The recent coal strike reveals shortcomings that not even the largest headlines of "law and order" can conceal. The strike was called off but its causes persist. This is not the time for a scrutinizing study. Whatever negotiation may accomplish, whatever ameliorations will be sought for the distempers which have been aroused by the shallow recklessness of invoking the injunction under plea of the war power, the fundamental lesson of the strike will be lost unless out of it comes the common consciousness of the sin of ignorance and the failure to fashion instruments of knowledge for action. Inevitably, everyone had an opinion about the strike. But who had justification for such opinion founded on knowledge of the coal industry, and, especially, knowledge of the conditions of life that confront those 400,000 workers?

The indictment of our civilization is that some of the facts vitally affecting the coal problem are not to be had. To a large extent any decision as to hours and wages is a game of blindman's buff—blindman's buff tempered by force and necessity. Here is, indeed, not only one of our greatest industries, but (as it is insisted upon as though it were the solution instead of the statement of the problem) "a basic industry"—the very flame of life. Yet have we sought to know it, to master it, in a sensible and forethoughtful way

to avoid being trapped by our dependence upon it? Or is it accurate to speak of "chaos" when the truth compels the following characterization of the anthracite industry (and it is no less true of the bituminous)?

"One general aspect of the anthracite situation was made clear which we deem very pertinent for consideration. It appears that there is lacking the basis for scientific knowledge in regard to some of the underlying facts of the industry upon which issues as to wages and output must finally be decided. Therefore, steps should at once be taken whereby systematic and authoritative information will be had in regard to such fundamental questions as comparative earnings, labor turnover, continuity of employment, and sufficiency of output. We must create conditions which will assure greater continuity of employment, greater regularity of work, greater quantity of output, at the same time that we fully observe all those safeguards which should protect the workers in this hazardous industry. In a word, the conditions of the industry must be stabilized. Therefore, the attitude of mind of those in the industry in regard to those conditions must be organized. As a necessary prerequisite we must have that basis of knowledge upon which alone we can act wisely and with justice."

Thus, we do not possess the necessary scientific equipment to know. But we have some straws. We do know that the miners have less than two hundred working days. Therefore, any discussion of earnings requires that we spread the multiple of wages for not more than two hundred days over the necessitous three hundred and sixty-five days. We also know that the uncertainty and discontinuity of their opportunities for work must make and do make for demoralization. Wholly apart, therefore, from the mere question of subsistence for the men, this irregularity of employment presents issues of the greatest import to the moral fibre of the nation. We also know that such things need not be. They are not visitations of God—at least, no more

so than plagues and epidemics. For in 1918, under the pressure of war, there was an enormously increased production of coal and a consequent increased continuity of employment. The admirable reports on coal production of the United States Geological Survey tell the tale. With the armistice, coal production was unimaginatively curtailed and even a limited public control of the industry blindly abandoned; discontinuity of employment, distress, and demoralization have followed in its wake. This ignorance, this chaos, is illustrative of like conditions in industry after industry. There is, for instance, as little scientific data for the great textile industry upon which the welfare of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts supposedly rests as, according to the confession of the national leaders in the printing trades and the clothing industry, there is in those industries.

Industrial unrest is bound to continue just so long as the present state of mind and feeling of workers is generated by growing disparity between their participation in politics and their exclusion from industrial direction. Modern industry more and more stifles the deep creative impulses of the workers at the same time that it emphasizes how illusory is their political power and how unrelated to economic control. They listen to Mr. Bryan's apostrophe, "Behold! a Republic in which every man is a sovereign, yet no one cares to wear a crown," only to reflect that as to the essential circumstances of their lives they are but the instruments of needlessly blind chance under the direction of the heads of industry. It is an old story, but at this time we all of us need "education in the obvious more than investigation of the obscure." The last authoritative inquiry into industrial relations made in this country, with wide opportunities for observation and under the most favoring impulses of war, was thus reported to the President:

"Broadly speaking, American industry lacks a healthy basis of relationship between management and men. At

bottom this is due to the insistence of employers upon individual dealings with their men. Direct dealings with employees' organizations is still the minority rule in the United States. In the majority of instances there is no joint dealing, and in too many instances employers are in active opposition to labor organizations. This failure to equalize the parties in adjustments of inevitable industrial contests is the central cause of our difficulties. There is a commendable spirit throughout the country to correct specific evils. The leaders in industry must go further, they must help to correct the state of mind on the part of labor; they must aim for the release of normal feelings by enabling labor to take its place as a co-operator in the industrial enterprise. In a word, a conscious attempt must be made to generate a new spirit in industry."

Here is the watershed of all the streams of discontent—all the streams that have rush and sweep and power and that will not be denied. And the vague gropings of workers for a dignified participation in industry, for an adequate utilization of their creative faculties, have, of course, been intensified by the war. Generous ideas and glowing watchwords are highest-power explosives. Statesmen cannot regiment a nation behind the appeal to "democracy, liberty, and justice" without compelling men and women to seek significance for these glorious concepts in their daily lives. The impulses aroused by a war waged to bring a new heaven and a new earth cannot be coerced to be content to have the unlovelinesses and the misery and the repression of the old earth left wholly unchanged.

This familiar analysis suggests its own familiar remedies.

Public opinion must exert its dormant dominance by a frank recognition that the unrest is not "un-American," is not destructive, should not be hunted like a wild beast or a pickpocket. Nor yet must it be looked upon as "belly philosophy." Of course, there are demands for more wages and less hours, but these are really minor issues. Not

until there is a generous acceptance of the spiritual depths behind the present unrest will there be or should there be peace among us. Not until then can these depths attain secure and sensible direction. Must it be left to England first to solve the problem of industrial liberty as it was hers to give to the modern world political liberty? Signs are not wanting that she will be the pioneer, driven, perhaps, by the spur of necessity. Surely, however, no one has stated the issue with more penetrating simplicity than the leading Conservative statesman, Lord Robert Cecil. He quotes the following passage from a speech by Mr. Smillie:

“The mine-owners have always told us, and you tell us now, if you hand the mines back to them for free competition amongst each other, that we have no right to a voice in the working conditions of the mines—no voice on the commercial side at all. They say, ‘We invested our money in those mines and they are ours; you are merely our hands.’ Now I say, ‘We invest our lives in those mines, which is of greater importance than the capital of the employer, and to that extent have a right to say as to what the conditions shall be, not merely the working conditions, but we are entitled to have some information on the commercial side of the thing also.’”

Lord Cecil comments upon this as follows:

“I believe that these sentences contain the essence of the industrial problem. It is not merely, or even chiefly, a question of wages or hours of labor. These things are important, but they are not at the root of the present discontent. If it were so, you would find the gravest unrest in the worst paid occupations, which is notoriously not the case. I believe that a large part of the more extreme section of the labor world consists of men who a few years ago were the backbone of working-class conservatism—men who have done well in their trades and have the respect of their fellow workmen. . . . What these men complain of is not so much that the conditions of their work are bad as that

they have no say in what these conditions should be.

"A man's labor is a part of himself, and not a mere commodity to be bought and sold in the market. He has a right to be consulted as to its disposal, and cannot give to another uncontrolled power over it without injury to his self-respect.

"It will no doubt be said that if the employees are to have a share in the management of industry it will mean a loss in efficiency, and since the real cure for industrial difficulties is increase of output, such a change would be a retrograde measure. The same argument has often been applied in the political world, indeed it is the mainstay of the defense of Kaiserism. Granted an absolute monarch of intelligence and probity, it is at any rate plausible to contend that his state will be administered more efficiently than it would be by any democracy. Nevertheless the world has decided against autocracy, and for good reasons. In the first place, history shows that really good despots are rare, and I suspect that the same is equally true of captains of industry; and, in the second place, the argument leaves out of sight *the passion of mankind for liberty*. Over and over again, we have seen men prefer a bad government for which they are responsible, and in which they have a share to a good government imposed upon them from above. And I believe the same is as true in industry as it is in politics. Moreover, industrial efficiency itself depends upon the good will of the workers. Without their hearty co-operation the most skilled captain of industry is powerless."

Not until we act on a generous acceptance of the fact that what is at stake is a redistribution of power from the autocratic direction of employers to the responsible participation of all who are involved in industry will we get out of the woods of feud and fury. Responsibility for delay in this peaceful adjustment must be made personal. The community must make itself felt. When President Hadley years ago urged social ostracism for social blindness he was merely invoking the pressure of opinion of those upon whom

rests *noblesse oblige*. Other great employers must speak out and join Mr. H. P. Endicott when he says: "I cannot believe that the so-called employers' group [of the President's Industrial Conference] were fair representatives of all American employers. I cannot believe that these were the employers throughout this country who recognized during the war very strongly the fact that the employees were partners, and that without these partners we could not possibly carry on war or that without these partners can we possibly carry on peace. There were no signs anywhere that pointed to such thoughts coming from the employers' group." Industrial leaders must dissociate themselves from the leadership of Chairman F. P. Fish of the National Industrial Conference Board who, however able and admirable in other fields, is totally incapable of making the imaginative adjustments that modern industry demands. Those strong and powerful in the community, those most privileged by the opportunities and the immunities of life, must speak out so that they can be heard and not secretly criticise Judge Gary. As soon as Judge Gary hears from his own kind not pathetic praise but the truth of *his* revolutionary propaganda, and not until then, will Judge Gary cease to play autocrat and find justification because the Steel Trust is playing Lady Bountiful.

We thus see that we must carry over into the field of industry the problems of politics. Government in industry, like unto political government, must be worked out where power and responsibility are shared by all those who are participants in industry as well as the dependent "public." The task is nothing less than devising constant processes by which to achieve an orderly and fruitful way of life.

"Collective bargaining" is the starting point of the solution and not the solution itself. This principle must, of course, receive ungrudging acceptance. It is nothing but belated recognition of economic facts—that the era of romantic individualism is no more. These are not ³days of

Hans Sachs, the village cobbler and artist, man and meister-singer. We are confronted with mass production and mass producers; the individual, in his industrial relations, but a cog in the great collectivity. The collectivity must be represented and must be allowed to choose its representatives. And it is through the collectivity, through enlisting its will and its wisdom, that the necessary increase in production alone will come. Needless energy is wasted, precious time is lost, precious feelings are diverted and disturbed by the necessity of fighting for the acceptance of the principle of collective bargaining instead of working out the means and methods of its application. *There* is the rub—on these “details,” on organizing industry with collective bargaining as a principle firmly embedded in its structure, invention and intelligence should be centred in this country, as they are in England and Australia and now on the Continent. These questions are still wholly unsolved; we are still in the field of early experimentation. We should study with alert sympathy every trail that is opened up in this country and abroad, realizing the variations of circumstances; conscious, however, that while human nature does change, it does not change much with geography. And so we should get what help we can from the workings of the Whitley Councils in England, similar councils in this country in the clothing and printing industries, the very hopeful results already achieved by the government through its new methods in the Rock Island Arsenal, where men produce primarily because they want to. Every successful experiment must be explored with the scientist’s faith that a promising exception can be made the rule.

In a word, we must see these industrial difficulties as a challenge to social engineering, to be grappled with as the medical and the physical sciences meet their problems. Epidemics were once deemed to be visitations of God, but now Dr. Simon Flexner summons his profession consciously to master epidemics. The Rockefeller Institute by a steady

and systematic process first seeks to state the problems of disease and then persists until it finds answers. A transcontinental telephone was not the product of a sudden flash of genius nor the gift of happy accident. On the contrary, it was a task definitely set to mathematicians and physicists. Human will and intelligence and persisting faith achieved the miracle. So it must be in industry. The present obstacles to production—the lack of right human relations, the evocation of the creative impulses in workers—are problems to be solved; for upon their solution depends the quality of our civilization. Unemployment is as blighting upon life as an epidemic—and like an epidemic its causes and its sources must first be known and then overcome. Of course, these are most perplexing questions. One is familiar enough with the difficulties of car shortage and storage facilities resulting in idle mines, and, far worse, idle miners. But thus far no systematic effort has been made to apply invention to their solution. And these difficulties can be met, for similar difficulties have been met. Discontinuity of employment in the coal industry can be overcome, for it has been overcome in other industries. What the genius of W. H. McElwain did for the “seasonal” shoe industry can be achieved in other industries.

The spirit and the inventive ferment of the scientist must be brought to bear in industry. We need the authoritative ascertainment of facts both by the government and by industry itself. Light must be shed on all phases of industry, business must be translated into terms of life and judged by the quality of civilization it fosters or frustrates. A civilization eager for its own security must insist on a critique of all aspects of industrial life to the same extent that the luminous reports of the United States Children's Bureau, under Miss Lathrop's guidance, have enabled us to see the correlation between infant mortality rates and the earnings of fathers. We should know the conditions in the coal industry in this country, the lives led by the miners and

their families, the earnings of men and operators, unemployment and its reasons, inefficiency in output and its reasons, as the Sankey Commission's reports now enable Englishmen to judge the coal industry of Great Britain. We need this knowledge so that the industrial field may more and more be narrowed from contest to conference. But this means disinterested knowledge, science. Dependable experiments must be made, such as those on fatigue of workers which the British Ministry of Munitions gave us, and not pseudo-science seeking to confirm a partisan bias, like the reports of the National Industrial Conference Board.

We need, above all, a change of temper, not merely of "capital and labor" towards one another but of both, and particularly of "the public," towards the nature of the problem. On both sides in this country there is distrust of the scientist, the professional student of industry; on the part of labor it is not so much distrust as fear, born of sad experience. This fear is slowly yielding. Yet, undoubtedly, the President must have been mindful of the prejudices both of employers and employees when among the representatives of "the public" at his recent Industrial Conference he included not a single specialist on industrial relations, not one person (unless it be the great ex-President of Harvard) whose scientific preoccupation in life is with these very problems. Nor has the President's second conference been built upon understanding of the failure of the first. We need a new public temper, a fructifying atmosphere of good will and humility. Only thus shall we attain to an understanding of the task and its responsibility—the ardent and patient devotion of science to a common social purpose and a common faith. Only thus shall we still the unrest, through processes of law, and not by incantations of "law and order."

NEW IDEALS IN EDUCATION

By LORD HALDANE

A GREAT English thinker has lately told us what in his view is of high importance for the mental expansion of the present generation. It is that those who are studying should study in more than one school of thought. Conflict of standpoints is not in the end an embarrassment. For it is by the incorporation of the negative, the giving of its proper value, but no more than its proper value, to the counter-abstraction which points to the solution of deadlocks from a wider outlook, that progress in knowledge takes place. (It is true that in order to accomplish anything, as Goethe long ago told us, we must limit ourselves.) But then we must be careful not to misconstrue Goethe. What he meant was that we ought to concentrate, and his own life history was a demonstration to the world of the growth that can result when a man of capacity is careful never to shut himself up with one idea only. It is not by that kind of self-discipline that men can attain to their fullest stature. However great of their kind exclusive ideals may be, they are, just because they are exclusive, in so far inadequate and untrue. That is why the controversy between the votaries of science and those of humanism is dying down in education, as much as in even wider fields where that controversy has raged in the past. People are coming to suspect that as subjects of instruction science and literature are aspects, and aspects only, of a larger spiritual entirety which needs to be presented from many viewpoints. The whole man must have a whole mind.

With our working people the position is not really different. They have a passion for liberty of opinion, and nothing is so foolish in dealing with them as to try to prescribe

at the beginning what they will find true and good and what not. All that is really profitable is so to stimulate and train their minds that they become able to find out these things for themselves. The best teaching of truth is that which seeks to define, not truth itself as something already cut and dried, but the nature of the effort required to search it out. That is the only kind of teaching which a free people really cares about. They desire to have the same liberty for their own judgment in politics and economics as to-day is recognized to be the birthright of those who study mathematics, pure and applied science, literature, and religion. No doubt, men of science and scholars are often narrow. But when (it sometimes requires an interval) this narrowness is discovered to have been indulged in, it is rebuked. On the other hand, what the working classes are suspicious of, and not without some justification, is less readiness to be tolerant of the views of a syndicalist miner than of a believer, say, in an exclusively mechanical system as the ultimate explanation of the universe. In this region there is a good deal of that narrowness which is fatal to freedom of spirit, and in the end to the attainment of truth.

It is through the sifting effect of unrestricted discussion that we become conscious of limitations which have been unsuspected and that new and wider ideals tend to emerge. Every one of us who tries to take these things seriously is constantly discovering that the truth is not static but dynamic. This is certainly so in education. A few days ago I came across a speech of my own on that subject delivered in Parliament less than three years ago. At that time the ideas expressed seemed adequate and sufficiently comprehensive. But on looking at them again in the fresh light which we have even by to-day, they have fallen out of date. The great war has made things move rapidly and has given rise to requirements that are taking definite shape for the first time.

The foundations of a national system of education in

Great Britain are being steadily laid, for the nation has at last begun to be alive to the importance of such a system for its own future. But it is not only on the future that interest is concentrated. Twenty years hence the coming generation will probably be in full possession of a completed structure. But to-day those adults who have by their circumstances in the past been excluded from the chance of benefits that are now in contemplation, are seeking something for themselves as well as for their children. What effect is this demand having on the immediate problems of to-day?

It is true that nothing can fill the place in the preparation for life that instruction during youth provides. But, after all, this schooling of youth is but a means to an end. Its aim is not so much to provide items of knowledge, to be treasured up and specifically applied in later years, as to initiate a process of emancipation from the bonds of the ignorant incapacity which prevents development, and so to render possible an advance through later life towards real freedom of the spirit. The things learned are, in other words, not ends in themselves, but the milestones which mark progress towards liberation. What ought always to be aimed at is the development of capacity to take larger views, and so to attain to a wide outlook. Now, school learning helps towards this, in so far as it prepares for entry into the region where the larger outlook can be attained. But school learning taken by itself, although under exceptional teachers it may be made to suggest more, is of necessity fraught with defects. This is because in a great mass of schools in which a good average result has to be aimed at, the principle followed has to be appropriate to a period of life in which discipline of mind and body needs to be enforced and not left to be spontaneously sought. What is taught at such a stage is taught as truth that may not be questioned. It is what is put forward as final truth, and not this search after truth, which is almost of necessity in-

culcated in the school. The teaching is therefore apt to seem external, and to lack the living interest which later and fuller experience of life first makes possible.

But there is in reality no such thing as closed and rigid truth, and that is what the student generally realizes fully for the first time only at the later stage, and best of all at the university. There his relation to his teacher is not merely that of a pupil. Student and professor are fellow searchers after reality with a more comprehensive significance, a learning as to which finality is disclaimed, and in which life and freedom are only to be gained if daily they have to be conquered anew.

Now, if this be the better opinion about the nature of the scholar, and about things spiritual as well as things intellectual, it is an opinion which ought to be shared to some extent by the teacher even in the elementary schools, notwithstanding that circumstances and the immaturity of mental and physical habit in those whom he guides, render it impossible of complete application. For such early education, if it is to be of the best kind, must be looked on as essentially a preparation for the larger outlook which is later on to be developed in the pupil, in the higher school, and in the university, it may be, but if not, in the academy of life. The preliminary training even of the elementary teacher in a university atmosphere thus becomes of great importance. For his power will be extended by the measure to which he himself realizes the range and object of the duty which is confided to him in the national interest.

We live in a time in which the average level of knowledge is much higher than it used to be. In reading memoirs of the periods of the eighteenth century, and even of the early nineteenth century, I have been impressed by the obviously low general level of knowledge. But there was a certain compensation. Above the low level of the plain there rose individual peaks and pinnacles of striking character. The individual was in those days often more impressive than the

community. No doubt the teachers, taken in the mass, were illiterate. But here and there among them were scattered about men of impressive personality, whose guiding influence on those who looked to them was very great. In the English public school life of a rather later period Arnold of Rugby was such a man. But it is not the great English public schools that I have in my mind. It is the schools which used to exist in the country parishes of England and Scotland, where, if teachers of first-rate quality were few, their local influence was great and far-reaching. For it was, generally, through their capacity to develop innate talent in those who were entrusted to them, that the peaks and pinnacles of that period came into being.

It is this quality of personality in the teacher that, of necessity, our modern system cannot sufficiently look to. In olden days, when the selection of teachers rested with a few persons who might be highly intelligent, this was easier. The instruction, too, in those times was not infrequently of an order which is to us who read about it startling. The impressiveness of its character is strikingly illustrated in the records of some of the great religious establishments of the highest order on the Continent, where, because the atmosphere was one of religious earnestness, the individuality of the pupil was carefully studied. I am very far from suggesting that we either can or should return to-day to the ideal of the old-fashioned school where religious development was the dominant purpose. I only turn to it to illustrate certain advantages of a system under which the individual pupil, rather than the general level of the pupils taken in the mass, was the chief object of attention. I will refer as an illustration to a great French school in the best days of the Jesuits, when they were pioneers in what has been called the period of the Counter-Reformation. The illustration which I have chosen is from the history of education in France, and it bears on the development of a great world mind.

In 1604, when he was only eight years old, his father sent René Descartes to the school of the Jesuits at La Flèche. The rector was one Père Charlet, and Henry the Fourth had helped in the establishment under him of this very progressive school, which gave an education of the type aimed at by the Jesuits who were bringing new life into the Roman Church in the days of the Counter-Reformation. It was a time of renewed spiritual life in that Church, and the object was to give a spirit to its teaching which should redeem it from the charge of externalism, and yet keep intact its principle of authority, which Luther had on its worst side attacked with much success.

But it was not merely for the education of future priests that the college of La Flèche was intended. Henry the Fourth had stimulated its activities for the sake of lay students also, and notably for the improvement of the young nobility of France. Descartes was himself entered as a sort of gentleman commoner. The youthful thinker of eight years old was placed in an "atmosphere" from the very beginning. The Rector, Père Charlet, evidently a man of insight, among other things he did for Descartes, gave him special permission to remain in bed in the morning, partly because he was delicate, but partly, as Baillet, another biographer who wrote in 1691, not long after Descartes's death, tells us, for a different reason. The good Rector's other reason was: "*parce qu'il remarquoit en luy un esprit porté naturellement à la méditation. Descartes qui à son réveil trouvoit toutes les forces de son esprit recueillies, et tous ses sens raffis par le repos de la nuit, profitoit de ces favorables conjonctures pour méditer. Cette pratique luy tourna tellement en habitude qu'il s'en fit une manière d'étudier pour toute sa vie, et l'on peut dire que c'est aux matinées de son lit, que nous sommes redevables de ce que son esprit a produit de plus important dans la Philosophie, et dans les Mathématiques.*"

It has been observed recently by a mathematician of high

eminence that when the steam engine has been consigned to the scrap-heap, and the invention of Watt in inventing it has passed into what is superseded, the discovery made by the student at La Flèche while lying in his bed (at an age doubtless a good deal subsequent to that at which he entered the college) will remain among the great foundations of mathematical science, as well as the source of the practical knowledge embodied in the formulae of the engineer and the constructor. For it was one morning while in bed that there flashed on the mind of that great though youthful genius the principle by which geometry and algebra could be combined in the new and revolutionary branch of mathematical science, co-ordinate geometry, which has become the very foundation of practical engineering science, as well as of much else.

It is, of course, possible to match the example of La Flèche with examples taken from England, and I have only chosen it because it illustrates the anxiety which was in those days often shown for the development of individual talent. We had a good deal of care taken of such development in a few of the best of the old parish schools in England and Scotland. But these schools were but few, and the care taken depended on the teacher being of exceptional character. It is customary to complain of the dead level which Mr. Lowe's famous method of payment for results tended to produce, and its substitution of quantity for quality. But was this method avoidable by the reformers of Mr. Lowe's time? Probably not. The average level of instruction was quite insufficient then, and it had to be raised forcibly.

We have now got a far better system. It is the school *as a whole* that is looked to, that is, its atmosphere, and not the mere mechanical product of the response of the pupils to a process of forcing for an external test. Individuality is beginning to count again. But no general provision on a necessarily colossal scale can take adequate account of the importance of developing individuality. It can only pre-

pare for a later stage in which the requisite process may be begun in the secondary school and completed in the university. Now the secondary school and still more the university, which opens to the student only when he is about eighteen, are closed to the great majority of boys and girls. It is because of this failure to make generally available the education which gives real freedom to the spirit that the demand for adult education has arisen, and that such organizations as the Workers' Educational Association are progressing with considerable strides.

Even if we were to develop our existing educational system in England much more than we have yet done, we should not be able to provide all that is necessary. It is interesting to turn to another country where such a development has taken place, and to observe there how the difficulty of reaching a sufficient number with the influence that is directed to personality, remains inherent. What is plain is that the great majority of young persons of both sexes cannot succeed in reaching the university or even in getting education short of it up to the eighteenth year. Something more of a different kind has therefore to be provided if their mental development is to be carried on. Can the influence of the university spirit be made to penetrate the school system?

In Scotland we have been trying recently to bring this about, and the work has been so interesting and so little is known of it by the public, that I will venture on a brief account of one or two of its main features.

A couple of years ago the four universities of Scotland had agreed among themselves to alter the curricula for their degrees, and in consequence they wanted to substitute conditions for entry which did not fit into the course of instruction at the end of which a Leaving Certificate was granted in the secondary school. The Leaving Certificate had previously been accepted as equivalent to the passing of matriculation examinations. The examinations for this certificate in the schools were necessarily based on the

curricula in these schools, and the Scottish Education Department did not wish to upset these curricula. The result was a deadlock. The universities proposed to alter the standard of matriculation in such a fashion that the Leaving Certificate would cease to be available as its equivalent, unless it was altered. They submitted to the Sovereign in Council a draft ordinance to this effect, for approval by Order in Council. The Scottish Education Department objected, and the draft was referred for advice to the Scottish Universities Committee of the Privy Council. I happened to be President of this committee, and my colleagues were the ex-Secretary for Scotland, Lord Balfour, the present Secretary for Scotland, Mr. Munro, and the Lord Advocate.

We saw at a glance that a great opportunity was offering itself. We intimated to the promoters and objectors alike that we were of opinion that the solution of the deadlock lay in rising above it. The days of external examinations were passing away, and the time had come for the substitution of a certificate of a good record of training in an approved secondary school, say for three years, in place of the existing Leaving Certificate, based on the examination in London of the papers written by the pupils in the secondary schools in Scotland in response to questions set by external examiners. The contending parties fell in with our views, subject to this, that they thought it would be very difficult to obtain general agreement on so novel a plan, and they requested the Committee of the Privy Council to take the initiative as the best chance of success. By desire of my colleagues I proceeded to Scotland and held a series of conferences. The result was a happy agreement. A new body was set up by the universities to work out the details of the system of school records thus to be adopted in place of the old paper test. The requisite Order in Council was agreed and passed, and in February last the new principle came into operation.

The result is shortly this. Just as continuity between elementary and secondary education had been secured at

an earlier stage, by breaking down the old line of sharp demarcation, so this later step established continuity between the training in the secondary schools and that given by the universities. The full effect of the new principle will require time for its development. But it is probable that it will lead, not only to the improvement of the secondary schools, but to the attraction of more of their pupils to the universities, for which they have been prepared. It should soon be possible in Scotland to direct the work of the secondary school, and even that of the early days in the university, to laying that broad general foundation of learning which is requisite before the best forms of specialization in knowledge can become operative with full advantage.

We are making real progress in Scotland towards a national and démocratic system of education. Much, of course, remains to be worked out. Our task is but begun. Still the new spirit is showing itself in the enlightenment of public opinion. There is no part of the United Kingdom where theology has been discussed so keenly and so heatedly as in Presbyterian Scotland. But her democracy rates educational progress still more highly than theological controversy. The disposition is to give liberty of conscience with a free hand to those who will use it for raising the educational level. It was therefore not astonishing to those Scotsmen who really knew something of their countrymen when last year Parliament was invited, with the tacit but real assent of nine-tenths of the public in Scotland, to pass a statute which would have been regarded a few years since as impossible. Under the Scottish Education Act of 1918 the state is taking over the whole of the grant-aided schools, denominational or otherwise, in Scotland, and is managing them through new Local Educational Authorities, popularly elected. These schools are now being maintained out of rates as well as taxes. They are all on the same footing. We have taken the Romans and Episcopalians to our bosom as freely as the old board schools.

All that is asked is that these teachers shall be as thoroughly trained and efficient as the teachers in the undenominational schools. Nuns now receive in Scotland salaries which are magnificent in comparison with all that their Church used to be able to pay them. Very likely they lay the money thus received from public sources on the altar of Rome. Why not? They have earned it, for they are excellent teachers of secular subjects, and this is a free country, where they may spend what they have earned as their consciences direct. At all events, we have done our best to establish what is really a national system on a large scale. We have not been deterred by the thought that in the Roman Catholic and Episcopalian schools denominational religion will be taught. If it is part of the creed of those who send their children to these schools that education and religion cannot be separated, that is their affair. Our affair is to see that their children are not less thoroughly instructed than their fellow boys and girls. And, as I have pointed out, the national system into which they are being introduced is one where the freedom of spirit of which the university is the home may be expected to make itself felt. Under the new arrangements under which the elementary school and the university represent only different stages belonging to one whole, the enlightening power of the higher learning ought soon to make its penetrative influence felt. In education, as elsewhere, truth is not static but dynamic.

But all this notwithstanding, we have not solved in Scotland the problem of adult education. The old universities of Oxford and Cambridge are doing more than we are doing in the North. In these old universities there is a traditional spirit which exercises a distinctive effect in moulding the personality of the teacher. There are there in greater numbers than elsewhere men, still quite young, who are not only learned but embody the spirit of learning. It is teachers of this type, in whom personality has been developed, who are the representatives of the true university

influence. It is leaders such as these who can bring home to the student the sense that truth ought never to be short of the whole truth, and that he and his professor alike do their work best if they seek to be filled with the spirit of the true scholar, who realizes that unwearying effort in the search after truth does more to win for him freedom and knowledge in the highest sense than can the mere preservation in memory of any amount of abstract propositions.

Those who want to see what this spirit means for the state will find its significance admirably explained in a remarkable volume of essays by Mr. A. E. Zimmern called "Nationality and Government." There the picture is set forth of the fashion in which a new type of teacher is influencing the adult miners and mechanics among whom he is working in North Staffordshire, at the Potteries, in Kent, in South Wales, and in many other parts of England. The movement is in its infancy, but, as I have said, the Workers' Educational Association is extending the field of the doctrine of which its founder, Mr. Albert Mansbridge, was the pioneer and the prophet. The method differs from that of the old University Extension Movement. What is aimed at is personal influence of the teacher on the student, resembling that of the tutor in Oxford or Cambridge. The principle is that the influence of the teacher's personality ought to be a medium in which intellectual growth is stimulated in each individual student. No doubt, this is not so easy as where there has been preliminary education in the secondary school, the function of which has been to prepare for more specialized knowledge. But experience has shown that much can be done towards enabling workmen to assimilate what the university alone has to offer, and that the system is one under which an immense stimulus can be given to the mental and moral development of the working classes.

In the spreading of this movement, and in the organization of this kind of adult education, with its comradeships and the visits to the vacation schools at the universities them-

selves, I think that there lies room for expecting much and with reason. When the reflective spirit has penetrated the working people of England sufficiently they will be more influential and better organized. But they will also become more deeply conscious of the reality of that state of which they are citizens, of the greater importance of the things of the spirit than of those of the body, and of the necessity of developing unity of effort for the general good in co-operation with other classes. I think the influence of this nascent form of education is likely to become a progressively tranquillizing factor, as well as a stimulus to the desire for a higher family and social life among the manual workers. They are already beginning to realize extensively that it is not by bread alone that man can live.

I therefore submit that adult training of this kind is, from the point of view of the community as a whole, one of the most important of the new ideals in education. But the manual workers are not the only class that is in urgent need of the wider outlook which adult training can give. The influence of all universities, and not merely of Oxford and Cambridge, ought to be directed to the task of raising the general outlook upon life among the men and women whose lot is cast in industrial occupations. But these by no means form the only class of adults whom universities generally can mould, to the lasting advantage of the state. If, as seems not unlikely, we are called on more and more to apply the principle of public control to certain industries which are arterial in the sense that the life-blood of the general public depends on them, we shall require a new type of state servant to administer that control. The ordinary civil servant as we know him to-day is of a splendid type. But he is not of the type adapted by its training to such work. No one who has been a Minister and has had to depend on his staff will fail to appreciate how much he must always owe to the present sort of civil servant in England. Give him your policy and he will work out the means of accomplishing its

end with a devotion, a knowledge, and an experience that are beyond praise. But he has been trained neither to take the initiative nor to assume personal responsibility. He is accustomed to have the purpose confided to him for accomplishment defined in minutes to which he is taught to adhere rigidly at every step.

Now if working men are to be managed, and new developments depending on unforeseen circumstances are to be encountered and dealt with apart from constant reference back to a superior, with consequent indecision and delay, a different type of mind is everywhere required. What must be done, if there is to be success along such new lines in administration, is to abstain from trying to foresee every contingency and to give detailed directions for it. All that is practicable is to indicate clearly the end which it is desired to attain, and then to leave it to properly qualified state servants to bear the responsibility of adapting their action to the requirements which will constantly and unexpectedly arise. The true analogy is to be sought, not in the method of procedure of the existing civil servant, but in that of the best administrative officers in the army and the navy. These have had inculcated in them the duty of thinking and initiating, along with a sense of obligation to the state so keen that it supplies a motive equal to that of the manager of the private concern which is organized for pecuniary profit. I speak of what I have seen, and of those with whom it was at one time my privilege to work. Theirs was a spirit which was the outcome of high training and high ideals of public duty.

The training of the best type of young officer in the navy and the army is based on this ideal of duty. But it is directed to something more. He has to command and to secure obedience. But he seeks to secure it by more than his formal authority. If he is of the best type he inspires his men with love and admiration for him. For their interests he puts before his own, and the greatest dangers he reserves for himself. That is how the best discipline on the battle-field is secured.

But I am not suggesting that even this is sufficient in the case of the new type of public servant of whom I am thinking. He needs to be so much, for he will have to manage men and to be trusted by them when, as he must, he is constantly assuming the initiative and giving them the requisite directions. But for his special work, and this may be of very different kinds, he will require special technical training based on the foundation of a good general education. Now, in the case of each of these two phases of his personality what we have to rely on for its production is training, moral and intellectual. It is here that the universities and the great colleges at their best again come in. It is in their atmosphere that these things can grow up. No doubt there are individuals who possess innately the qualities which I have in mind, and who need little for their further development. But such individuals are rare. It is only by an adequate system of liberal education that we can hope to get the number needed, and it is to education of the university type that we must look for their production.

All these things will take time for their accomplishment. But they can be accomplished in less time than one would have had to contemplate as necessary had one been writing before the war. Great Britain has had a great awakening. What is now necessary is that she should remain awake. Indications reach me that the great people whom we have defeated are already settling down to a new endeavor against which we can level no reproach. They are apparently resolved to face their difficulties, and to rely on science and organization and diligence as the instruments with which their industrial and commercial position is to be restored. We shall do well to watch their progress closely, and to be careful not to neglect at home any lessons they may have to teach.

If British energy is thrown into the sustained effort that is requisite to raise the general standard in knowledge and in conduct, I have no fear for the future of Great Britain. My anxiety is lest we may again lapse into indifference.

Before the war we were indeed far too careless about these things. We have now come to see that what is needful to every class in the community, increased production, depends on knowledge and diligence. And I think we have come some way towards seeing also that on education of the comprehensive kind which has been in my thought there depends much else. It is by the discipline of the spirit which comes from the sustained effort to understand and assimilate the teaching of the great masters in literature, science, art, and religion that the reflective habit and the capacity for action which are born of clear insight both come into being.

A national system of education of a high order, available to every class in the state, is the foundation on which the necessary development of the general mind is best built up. We have passed away from the days in which it was enough to have among us a few pre-eminent individuals. In an age when everything has to be produced on a scale that is colossal compared with that of a century since, a far higher average of knowledge has to be attained. And for our effort towards progress in this direction it seems as though we, like other countries, were in the beginning of this twentieth century paying the price. The peaks and pinnacles are apparently fewer, though the average is higher. What we need is the restoration of the old individuality. And if we are to have this concurrently with the general rise to a level which though higher is still only that of which the average man is capable, we can only secure it if our educational system has, as one among its dominating purposes, that of inspiring the individual, be he exceptionally gifted or be he not, by the high quality of the teaching with which it is sought to bring him into living contact.

THE SPRIG OF LIME

By ROBERT NICHOLS

He lay and those who watched him were amazed
To see unheralded beneath the lids
Twin tears, new gathered at the price of pain,
Start and at once run crookedly athwart
Cheeks channelled long by pain, never by tears.
So desolate too the sigh next uttered
They had wept also, but his great lips moved,
And bending down one heard "*A sprig of lime;
Bring me a sprig of lime.*" Whereat she stole
With dumb signs forth to pluck the thing he craved.

So lay he till a lime-twigg had been snapped
From some still branch that swept the outer grass
Far from the silver pillar of the bole,
Which mounting past the house's crusted roof
Split into massy limbs, crossed boughs, a maze
Of close-compacted inter-contorted staffs
Bowered in foliage where-through the sun
Shot sudden showers of light or crystal spars
Or wavered in a green and glassy flood.
And all the while in faint and fainter tones
He shaped the curious and last request
For "*lime, a sprig of lime.*" Her trembling hand
Closed his loose fingers on the awkward stem
Covered above with gentle heart-shaped leaves
And under dangling, pale as honey wax,
Square clusters of sweet-scented starry flowers.

She laid his bent arm back upon his breast,
Whose feeble eyes returned enfeebled thanks,
Then watched above white knuckles clenched in prayer.

He never moved. Only at last his eyes
Opened, then brightened in such avid gaze
She feared the coma mastered him again. . . .
But no; strange sobs rose chuckling in his throat;
A stranger ecstasy suffused the flesh
Of that just mask so sun-dried, gouged, and old,
Which few—too few!—had loved, too many feared.
“Father!” she cried: “Father!”

He did not hear.

She knelt and kneeling drank the scent of limes,
Blown round the slow blind by a vesperal gust,
Till the room swam. So the lime fragrance blew
Into her life as once it had in his
Though how and when and with what ageless charge
Of sorrow and deep joy how could she know?

Sweet lime that often at the height of noon
Diffusing dizzy fragrance from your boughs,
Tasselled with blossoms more innumerable
Than the black bees the uproar of whose toil
Filled your green vaults, winning such metheglin
As clouds their sappy cells distil, as once
Ye used, your sunniest emanations
Toward the window where a woman kneels—
She who within that room in childish hours
Lay through the lasting murmur of blanched noon
Behind the sultry blind, now full now flat,
Drinking anew of every odorous breath,
Supremely happy in her ignorance
Of Time that hastens hourly and of Death
Who need not haste. Scatter your fumes, O lime,
Loose from each hispid star of citron bloom
Tangled beneath the labyrinthine boughs
Cloud on such stinging cloud of exhalation
As reeks of youth, fierce life, and summer's prime,

Though scarcely now shall he in that dusk room
Savor your sweetness, since the very sprig,
Profuse of blossoms and of essences,
He smells not, who in a paltering hand
Clasps it laid close his peaked and gleaming face
Propped in the pillow. Breathe, silent, lofty lime,
Your curfew secrets out in fervid scent
To the attendant shadows! Tinge the air
Of the midsummer night (that now begins,
At an owl's oaring flight from dusk to dusk
And downward caper of the giddy bat
Hawking against the lustre of bare skies,)
With something of th' unfathomable bliss
He, who lies dying there, once knew of old
In the serene trance of a summer night
When with th' abundance of his young bride's hair
Loosed on his breast he lay and dared not sleep,
Listening for the scarce motion of your boughs,
Which sighed with bliss as she with blissful sleep,
And drinking desperately each honied wave
Of perfume wafted past the ghostly blind
Knew first th' implacable and bitter sense
Of Time that hastes and Death who need not haste.
Shed your last sweetness, limes!

But now no more.

She, fruit of that night's love, she heeds you not
Who bent, compassionate, to the dim floor
Takes up the sprig of lime and presses it
In pain against the stumbling of her heart,
Knowing, untold, he cannot need it now.

GEORGE ELIOT IN RETROSPECT

By WILBUR CROSS

OF George Eliot it is being said in these centenary days that she is no longer much read in the United States, however it may be in Great Britain; that her novels, as proved by the records of librarians, are in little demand; in short, that she has failed to interest readers who now turn to Galsworthy and Wells and the rest.

Statements like these must be accepted with "mild reservations." Certainly there is one novel of George Eliot's that nearly every educated man and woman of the present generation has read and studied. For a full quarter-century "Silas Marner" has been in the schools, and few boys and girls going to college have been able to escape it. This novel has been presented by schoolmasters from every conceivable point of view. I myself have edited it, explaining all its obscure allusions. Its ethics have been expounded, its characters have been analyzed, and its structure, showing a beginning, a middle, and an end, has been displayed in diagrams to prove that it follows those laws for an epic narrative laid down by Aristotle two thousand years ago.

It would be interesting to know what has been the effect of this so-called "intensive study" of "Silas Marner." Has it taken George Eliot out of the company of those writers whom one reads for delight, and made of her "a classic" difficult to understand? Is it because of unpleasant hours spent upon the details of one great novel by boys and girls that few or none of them care in their maturity to proceed further in the works of a novelist who cannot be read with the same ease as Bennett and De Morgan? These questions are worth putting, though they be left unanswered. There are, of course, deeper reasons for George Eliot's failure to

hold her own with the public at large, and on some of them I hope to touch before concluding my comment.—The observation I make here is that George Eliot has become, in the opening of this twentieth century, more and more the author of a single novel; just as Dickens is becoming the author of a single novel, and of one that is the least characteristic of his genius, for it is “*A Tale of Two Cities*,” now read in the schools to the exclusion of his masterpieces of humor. Persons who know all about Silas Marner have never heard of Mrs. Poyser or Dr. Lydgate.

An eclipse of George Eliot is amazing to those who remember what she was to young and old in her own time. For them she created a large number of characters who seemed to live and move like real human beings. Readers were almost as familiar with these imaginary people as with members of their own family, and they knew them much more completely, for George Eliot always explained in detail why her characters behaved as they did. And this psychology or philosophy of conduct which gave direction to her art had an interest in and for itself. Was George Eliot a Christian? Was she a Greek pagan? Was she a positivist? Was she an agnostic? These questions were gravely discussed by philosophers and theologians to various conclusions. As a matter of fact, she was all four in one, for her ethical programme was compounded of the most extensive reading in the moralists of all times—ancient, mediaeval, and modern. She would now be called “a rationalist” of a kind belonging to a bygone age. —

There used to be much curiosity about the incidents of her own life. From the first she published under a masculine pseudonym, well knowing that her real name—Mary Ann Evans—would never do for a title-page. Who wrote the “*Scenes of Clerical Life*”? was a question upon everybody’s lips. It was generally thought that the author was some nonconformist gentleman, so sympathetic was the treatment of the irregular clergy. With this ascription a spiritualistic

medium agreed, whose table rapped out his surname. Jane Carlyle ventured the opinion that the author was probably "not just a clergyman, but brother or first cousin to a clergyman," with a wife from whom he got "those beautiful *feminine* touches in his book." Dickens alone divined the secret that the series could have been written only by a woman, unless a man may make himself mentally like a woman—a transformation never yet accomplished "since the world began." Very likely George Eliot would have continued her anonymity and kept the public guessing had not a nonconformist gentleman, somewhat broken in health, actually set up the claim that he was the author of the new stories bearing the mysterious name.

Little by little, of course, certain facts in George Eliot's life came out. It was soon known that she was a Warwickshire girl, born at Nuneaton, not far from the birthplace of Shakespeare, with whom her name was linked. Except for attendance at local schools, she was self-educated, and the work was well done, though she probably could not have passed the examinations for an Oxford degree. Emerson, who spent a day with her before she was thirty, was struck by her intellectual accomplishments, and she in turn thought him "the first *man*" she had ever seen. Subsequently she went up to London as assistant-editor of "The Westminster Review," a new organ of the most radical opinions to be found anywhere in those days. While she was conducting this magazine for a non-existent editor-in-chief, the Rev. Noah Porter, afterwards President of Yale College, by the merest chance took lodgings for some days in the house where this "most learned and cultured" woman in all England also had apartments. Of her he afterwards wrote: "At this time she was thirty-three years old, with plain but interesting features, of a little above medium size, of a very quiet and almost timid bearing, most noticeable for her singularly refined voice, her clear thoughts, her choice yet by no means stilted diction, and above all for her

fervid yet unaffected sensibility. . . . The writer remembers once being greatly moved at seeing her, after having come late to the breakfast table, and being left almost alone, give way to a mood of abstraction during which the tears flowed in streams over her strong yet gentle face." Brief as they are, these words still remain among the most striking we have on George Eliot's appearance and emotions.

It would be hazardous to assign the cause of a woman's tears shed over her breakfast nearly seventy years ago. Was George Eliot, when the Rev. Noah Porter saw her, breaking down under the drudgery of an assistant-editor? Was she homesick for her friends in Warwickshire? Or was she nervous over proposals from George Henry Lewes, whom she had recently met and with whom she had fallen in love? A few months later she eloped to the Continent with this philosopher and man of letters, who was already married; and thereafter they lived together, mostly in England, until the death of Mr. Lewes in 1878. This was one of the great domestic scandals of the Victorian era.

The fact, however, was concealed from no one, though few were aware of the circumstances. Formal moralists denounced George Eliot as the corruptor of the age; non-conformists, who liked what she had written of them, placed her among "backsliders"; and even the most ardent admirers of her novels everywhere could not harmonize her conduct with the stern morality pervading her books. - Why should this woman, it was asked, who had given so glorious an example of renunciation in the character of Maggie Tulliver, be unable to practise in her life what she was teaching in her art? Those who asked this question failed to notice that Maggie did not get far beyond a play with renunciation, for George Eliot knew that the chances are against a woman's (or a man's) putting aside the prospect of happiness. In fact she regarded most instances of renunciation as but a pose, a gesture, a sham. Such *succès de scandale* as accompanied George Eliot's career eventually

wore away, when it transpired that Mr. Lewes had had sufficient grounds for a divorce from his wife, but was unable to obtain one in English law because he had technically condoned her offense. The aesthete could then only call George Eliot's relationship with Mr. Lewes "unlovely"; and college boys smiled when the Rev. Noah Porter described it as but "an error of ethical judgment."

So discussion shifted to the influence of Mr. Lewes upon her art; and we still have this question with us. It was assumed, by the late Henry James as well as by others, that "the contagion of his studies" led her into science and philosophy to the ultimate deterioration of her novels as literature. There are indeed important differences between her early and her later work, but their philosophy is everywhere essentially the same. So, too, her style. Her first story has a quotation from Sophocles in the original Greek, and contains on its first page the phrase, "differentiated by the force of circumstances." The fact is that before falling in with Mr. Lewes she had already passed through the formative period of her spiritual history and had arrived at very definite conclusions. Reared in the Church of England, she broke with her family, refusing to attend the national church, and went over to the ways of the nonconformists, resting for a time from her prodigious reading in "profane literature," and giving her time to Sunday-schools and to the organization of sewing clubs for the benefit of the poor. Then she came in turn under the influence of Unitarianism, religious and philosophic skepticism, and especially the doctrines of Auguste Comte. In her progress, she translated Strauss's "Life of Jesus," Feuerbach's "Essence of Christianity," and Spinoza's "Ethics." When she began writing for "The Westminster Review," she was a thoroughgoing radical. Though there may have been a brief hesitation, she welcomed, I daresay, the union with Mr. Lewes, which enabled her to deny the validity of certain social conventions as embodied in English law. Thereafter she

traversed the paths of agnosticism, where she again rested for a while; and after the death of Mr. Lewes, she married Mr. Cross and showed signs of reverting to the religious mysticism of her youth. She flirted with Catholicism, pored over Thomas à Kempis just as Maggie Tulliver had done, and desired what she failed to obtain—a tomb in Westminster Abbey. But neither the first nor the last stages in the history of a soul immediately concern her novels. Mr. Lewes was not then present as a guide.

†This is not to say that his influence in the middle period was not very real. Because of her quick response to new ideas, George Eliot would never have become fixed for long in any opinion or belief except for support from her friends. With her, distrust always followed the adoption of new ideas, and there was always a tendency to fall back into orthodoxy and convention. It was Mr. Lewes, positivist and then agnostic, who stabilized her thinking during the years of her authorship. This control at an end with his death, she could write no more, she could think no more. It is clear, too, that she was lacking in initiative impulse. Had she never known Mr. Lewes it is not probable that she would have ever become a novelist.♣ Before that time she used to have “a vague dream” that she might sometime or other write a novel, and friends once or twice interpreted a flush on her cheek to mean that she had already begun work; but as the years passed she lost hope, “just as I desponded,” she says, “about everything else in my future life.” Mr. Lewes kept urging her to test her talent, but she yet had to “dream” that she was writing “The Sad Fortunes of Amos Barton” before she actually took pen in hand.

Sometimes Mr. Lewes proffered advice on the details of a novel; and in such instances as have been recorded his advice with one exception was thoroughly bad. The one exception was in “Adam Bede.” He told George Eliot that Adam was too passive and as a cure must be brought into “direct collision” with Arthur Donnithorne. Accord-

ingly, she introduced the fight in the grove, and thus displayed the stuff Adam is made of. On the other hand, Mr. Lewes's insistence that Dinah Morris should ultimately become "the principal figure" in this novel and be married to Adam nearly destroyed the dramatic quality of the work. There was no reason in the main story for this outcome. An Adam Bede could never have fallen in love with a Dinah Morris; and in general whenever women like Dinah Morris marry at all, there is a mistake somewhere; they are the spinsters of the world. Similarly Mr. Lewes led the novelist astray when he suggested that she make the prison scene where Hetty confesses her crime to Dinah the climax of the story. George Eliot did all that anyone could with the scene; but she could not make it the climax of her drama, for Hetty can only confess to a crime which every reader of the novel knows she has committed, and Dinah can conduct herself in the pathetic situation in no unexpected manner. The scene has nothing to do either with plot or with character. It accomplishes nothing: it merely gives the author an opportunity to do some good writing. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*. In succeeding years, George Eliot seems to have relied less on Mr. Lewes. When he told her that she ought to write an agnostic novel, she refused and appealed to a friend for protection. She would not spoil her art in that way even for Mr. Lewes. She was at her best when she was most herself. ♫

Her opinions—religious, social, and philosophic—which lie behind her novels were expressed with perfect freedom in her contributions to "The Westminster Review." It was there that she repudiated the "misty and confused" religious ideas of the nonconformists and proclaimed herself a rationalist, reducing all phenomena in the natural and spiritual worlds to established law, and thus rejecting every vestige of the miraculous as impossible. In particular she fell with great glee upon the poet Edward Young who, after failing with the gentlemen of his time, took, she says,

the Almighty for his patron and wrote "Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality." A man, Young declared in his verse, who does not believe in immortality, that is, who does not consider the chances of reward or punishment in another world, cannot, with this motive gone, be virtuous; he is an egoist, caring for himself alone, and is no better than a knave. Against Young she set her own ethical views in a sharp rejoinder:

It is quite possible that *you* would be a knave, and love yourself alone, if it were not for your belief in immortality; but you are not to force upon me what would result from your own utter want of moral emotion. I am just and honest, not because I expect to live in another world, but because having felt the pain of injustice and dishonesty towards myself, I have a fellow-feeling with other men, who would suffer the same pain if I were unjust or dishonest towards them. Why should I give my neighbor short weight in this world, because there is not another world in which I should have nothing to weigh out to him? I am honest, because I don't like to inflict evil on others in this life, not because I'm afraid of evil to myself in another. The fact is, I do *not* love myself alone, whatever logical necessity there may be for that in your mind. . . . It is a pang to me to witness the sufferings of a fellow-being, and I feel his suffering the more acutely because he is *mortal*—because his life is so short, and I would have it, if possible, filled with happiness and not misery. Through my union and fellowship with the men and women I *have* seen, I feel a like, though a fainter, sympathy with those I have *not* seen; and I am able so to live in imagination with the generations to come, that their good is not alien to me and is a stimulus to me to labor for ends which may not benefit myself, but will benefit them. It is possible that you may prefer to live the brute, to sell your country, or to slay your father, if you were not afraid of some disagreeable consequences from the criminal laws of another world; but even if I could conceive no motive but my own worldly interest, or the gratification of my animal desire, I have not observed that beastliness, treachery, and parricide are the direct way to happiness and comfort on earth. And I should say that, if you feel no motive to common morality, but your fear of a criminal bar in

heaven, you are decidedly a man for the police on earth to keep their eye upon, since it is a matter of world-old experience that fear of distant consequences is a very insufficient barrier against the rush of immediate desire.

Here is the sum and substance of the novelist's philosophy. From first to last she aimed to depict men and women of various classes, their joys and sorrows, as faithfully as she was able. This purpose she declared in "Amos Barton," repeated and enlarged upon it in "Adam Bede," and never afterward swerved from it in intention. Her characters are often governed by religious and mystic motives; but when she comes to study the consequences of what they do, there is, quite unlike what we have in Richardson, no intrusion of the criminal code of a future world. Her attention is concentrated upon the action of moral laws analogous to those in the physical world; and such rewards and punishments as there may be are made perfectly visible to the reader.

- Most of her novels are studies in retribution, akin to Greek tragedy and in general to Greek modes of thought, whereby, as expressed poetically, when a wrong is done, the Eumenides, daughters of earth and darkness, awake and revenge it. It was likewise the Hebrew formula, that they who sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind. This law, observed alike by pagan and Jew, George Eliot modernized and elaborated in detail in the light of the science of her day. Her method was to lay before the reader the antecedents of a character like Dr. Lydgate, to confront him suddenly with the necessity of an immediate act having a distinctive moral quality, and then to trace in all its windings and turnings the influence of that act not only upon him who committed it but upon others who are caught in the meshes. "We can conceive," she remarks, paraphrasing Aeschylus, "no retribution that does not spread beyond its mark in pulsations of unmerited pain." Nothing is ever left by George Eliot at loose ends; when she finishes, the fabric is whole and complete.

Her psychology is mainly sound. A Tito Melema who betrays a trust once is likely to do it again if the chance occurs. Mary Garth who refuses to become a party to a fraud is likely to refuse such a proposal another time. An act, however unpremeditated, may become the first in a series of similar acts. It may, as the Greeks said, bring into life the better or the worse elements in a person's character, and thus have far-reaching consequences. The psychologist, as he is to-day, explains all this in accordance with "nerve laws," and calls it "habit formation." The only difference between him and the moralists of all times is that he reduces to precision and puts into scientific language what they have said in symbolic phrases. Furies and whirlwinds are their words; his are impulses, synapses, and nerve-currents running in one direction only. With tremendous power George Eliot depicted those habit-formations which culminate in disaster; and sometimes with persuasive eloquence those that have happy, if not great, issues.

A psychology, however sound, may become quite untrue when translated into art, for in the process may creep in a false assumption. Behind George Eliot's studies in moral decay (her studies in the restoration of character are less impressive) lies the Byronic conviction that even the best of us have at times "criminal impulses" which, owing to various counter motives, we keep from becoming criminal acts. Tito is at heart a villain. Crime comes into "Middlemarch" over that will of old Featherstone. Caterina in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story" would have put a dagger into Captain Wybrow had she not found him already dead beneath a tree in the park. And Gwendolen Harleth, when she sees a chance to rid herself of a husband who is struggling in the sea, refrains from throwing him a rope, keeping it tight in her hands, and so lets him drown. The universal validity of George Eliot's "criminal impulses" is doubtful; and subtle as her analysis may be in all instances, it must now awaken most interest in those who love psychology rather better than fiction.

Again, a rigid psychological formula, sound in itself, becomes quite inadequate in an art that aims to depict life as it is. A habit is not formed by a single act but by a succession of acts of a like or similar kind. It is not clear why Dr. Lydgate should get on the wrong track by casting a ballot for the wrong candidate for the chaplaincy of an infirmary. Other men cast ballots for the same candidate on that occasion, and they did not get on the wrong track. Why was that act the beginning of Dr. Lydgate's downward career? Arthur Donnithorne kissed Hetty in the grove. Others had doubtless kissed her there and elsewhere. Why in this instance did the act lead to dishonor and murder? The truth is George Eliot rather overdid the act and its consequences. So did other writers of her time. An Indian chief and his squaw in the wilds of North America, Carlyle somewhere remarks, cannot quarrel without its effect being felt in Paris and London. Why not? Because the quarrel delays the hunt, and so creates a shortage in furs and raises the price of them in Europe, and ladies who cannot afford to buy them catch cold and die of influenza.

Carlyle, of course, intended his illustration as a piece of grim humor; whereas George Eliot was always most serious in the manipulation of ethical theories. Fine is her comment on a famous historical incident when she says: "The Rubicon was a very insignificant stream to look at; its significance lay entirely in certain invisible conditions." The story is all told in Plutarch. Late in the day before Caesar crossed the river dividing Gaul from Italy, he watched the gladiators exercising before him, and at dusk went in to supper with his officers, but soon stole away, asking his immediate friends to follow him down to the Rubicon. As he stood by the stream, he began to vacillate in his design of invading Italy, and asked his friends how he could justify an act that would bring unnumbered calamities upon mankind, and what, in their opinion, posterity would say of the deed. After long debating, he finally exclaimed, in a sort of passion,

"The die is cast," and at once took the river. In the same manner George Eliot led Dr. Lydgate up to a definite choice. The reader sees him on the way to the infirmary, reflecting how he must vote a half hour later. Impatient like Caesar of troublesome calculations, the young man cast his ballot against a friend whose interests had apparently come into conflict with his own. Neither incident was quite what Plutarch or George Eliot would make of it. In each of them lurks a psychological fallacy. Caesar, as is clear from an earlier passage in Plutarch, had sometime before this made preparations to lead his army into Italy; and Dr. Lydgate, as the novel shows, knew that, if he voted at all, he must vote in the way that he did. Both of them only felt that natural recoil before an important action already determined upon. The scenes by the Rubicon and in the infirmary of a midland town of England were but dramatic symbols. The real significance of what happened there lay not so much as George Eliot would have it in definite acts; it rather lay in previous purposes and decisions.

As everyone knows also, innumerable acts dissipate and vanish into thin air so far as consequences go. Despite George Eliot's beautiful phrasing, their influence, never of much account, cannot be traced beyond the day. Crises, "sacramental moments," as George Eliot came to call them, do occur in the lives of most people. This everyone admits. George Eliot's meeting with Mr. Lewes was a turning point in her career. Her union with him was an act unsanctioned by the society in which she lived; she had to accept it as such, and make the best of it. So it is always. Life is but an adjustment to varying conditions. Mistakes are made in "the sacramental moments," but we recover after a fashion, and go on to the end. Old ways leave their marks, but new ways come in to modify the ultimate result. Conduct does not move along a single line; there is an intricacy of lines. The eventual career for some very decent men is rather chequered, but it is often the best they can do with

the difficult problem of life. Such is the modern view.

A novelist who bases his art on clean-cut ethical formulas is bound to wane in popularity. For special reasons, he may make a strong appeal to his own generation and yet be neglected by the generation succeeding. George Eliot was the eloquent lay preacher of her age. Literary sermons like hers are now out of date. Readers do not care to be told what will happen if they do this or if they do that.* Similarly Thomas Hardy is certain to suffer in fame. The kind of philosophic determinism embodied in his novels is disappearing. If Hardy and George Eliot long survive, it will be in despite of their moral formulas; it will be because readers will be willing to overlook moral formulas on account of the permanently interesting phases of life presented by a master hand in their novels. Herein lies the final test of literary immortality. There is no question about novels like "Tom Jones" and "Vanity Fair," which are not framed on any precise ethical theory. They are life itself in its diffused morality.

— The case of George Eliot is not quite simple. Her novels, though all cut from the same ethical pattern, differ in the matter of this direct presentation of life. Her analytic powers were almost as remarkable in her first novels as in her last. But there is, I think, in our literary history no instance where an author's perceptive faculty so quickly weakened and disappeared. In "Scenes of Clerical Life" and "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss" and "Silas Marner," the characters are all alive, moving in the vivid background of the English midlands, which she had known from childhood. Nearly always in these novels she keeps a nice balance between reflection and perception. This balance she lost in "Romola," in which her moral formula obtruded as if the novel were written merely to illustrate her psychological theories. The novel nowhere has the real atmosphere of the Renaissance; for that one must go to Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth." After "Romola"

George Eliot tried hard to regain her former perceptive powers; but they were irretrievably lost. And "Middlemarch" was the result. In "Daniel Deronda" she strayed into aspects of contemporary life of which she had no direct and personal knowledge, and read through a large library of Jewish literature. And yet, so late as 1890, a very capable critic wrote of "Daniel Deronda" as "the sum and glory of George Eliot's art," and as such "one of the great masterpieces of our literature." This novel appears to be sinking into complete oblivion. When she wrote it George Eliot was an ardent Zionist; and we are in the midst of another Zionist movement; but few among those with eyes turned towards Jerusalem quote her eloquent words now, or even refer to Mordecai's rapt vision of "a new Judaea, poised between East and West"—the seat of a great empire matching Britain.

Even George Eliot's early novels are somehow out of tune with the present. Even they are too reflective. Readers tire of the minute story of Maggie Tulliver's thoughts and emotions. If the entire life of a girl into womanhood is to be presented, they prefer the manner of Miss Sinclair, who in her "Mary Olivier" does not stop to moralize but goes on rapidly in a quick succession of disconnected scenes which they may immediately forget, if they wish, one after another. What they want is a direct, vivid perception of life in as many new phases as possible. They care nothing for a so-called plot worked up to a logical conclusion. The late Henry James wrote for them many novels with no conclusions at all. And much may be said for his method. No story, so far as I remember, really turns upon its conclusion, except "The Lady or the Tiger?". We all easily forget how a novel ends. It is what goes before that counts. And in what goes before, if I may repeat, there should be raised, according to present standards, no question of right or wrong conduct. To raise such a question anywhere would be a discourtesy to the reader. The novel must now

be unmoral. The novelist's part is to depict life in its fulness. The reader wishes to draw his own moral inferences. "A novel," says Ibáñez, "is to give the sensation of life and affairs." Here, except for details of technique, the Spanish novelist stops. So, in practice if not in definition, here stop the Russians, who above all others have transformed the novel into something quite different from what it was when George Eliot left it. A novelist may, if he likes, still show up social abuses and preach social righteousness in the manner of Wells and Galsworthy. But he must leave the individual alone. There is now no place in the novel for personal righteousness.

Is the change permanent? Of course not. There is an evolution in literature as well as in life. There can be no complete return to George Eliot. But the time will come when the pendulum will swing back towards a more closely organized art of fiction having dramatic vitality, and then novelists will discover George Eliot and learn of her. It may be, too, that less will be said about "the inconsequence of most things," and that personal responsibility, in distinction from class responsibility, will be given another chance. In the meantime a fit audience, though few, will maintain the George Eliot tradition, preferring on the whole her novels to any that have yet succeeded them. As it is now, this audience will be made up of a company of readers whose minds are flexible enough to enjoy novels not written in the newest style, who are quite unlike, to quote one of her own phrases, those toppers who can drink but "one liquor."

HENRY ADAMS: A NIECE'S MEMORIES

By MABEL LA FARGE

“**S**OME old Elizabethan play or poem contains the lines:

. . . Who reads me, when I am ashes,
Is my son in wishes. . . .

“The relationship, between reader and writer, of son and father, may have existed in Queen Elizabeth’s time, but is much too close to be true for ours. The utmost that any writer could hope of his readers now is that they should consent to regard themselves as nephews, and even then he would expect only a more or less civil refusal from most of them. Indeed, if he had reached a certain age, he would have observed that nephews, as a social class, no longer read at all, and that there is only one familiar instance recorded of a nephew who read his uncle. The exception tends rather to support the rule, since it needed a Macaulay to produce, and two volumes to record it. Finally, the metre does not permit it. One may not say: ‘Who reads me when I am ashes is my nephew in wishes.’

“The same objections do not apply to the word ‘niece.’ The change restores the verse, and, to a very great degree, the fact. Nieces have been known to read in early youth, and in some cases may have read their uncles. The relationship, too, is convenient and easy, capable of being anything or nothing, at the will of either party, like a Mohamadan or Polynesian or American marriage. No valid objection can be offered to this change in the verse. Niece let it be.”

With these words Henry Adams gives definite expression, in his preface to “Mont Saint Michel and Chartres,” to that

relationship which had long existed between himself and the younger generation—whether nieces, or “nieces in wish,” or even young men. To them all he was the *generic Uncle*, the best friend—to whom they not only could confide their innermost secrets, their perplexities, hopes, and aspirations,—but also at whose feet they could sit endlessly, listening to the most thrilling talk they had ever heard, or were likely to hear again. Such a combination of heart and mind, veiled as it was to the world, but poured forth to the young—and to the very young the more tenderly—could hardly be apparent to the average reader of the “Education,” for Henry Adams loved to hide himself, and invented every possible means for doing so.

He was sensitive to the point of pain, and shy of revealing himself to strangers. A lady who knew him slightly, complained after calling on him that Mr. Adams hardly said a word to her during her call, but turned his back and devoted himself to a small child who happened to be there. This was most characteristic. He did not mean to be rude, but he probably felt a panic of reserve, and no opening, no common language with the stranger; and so he hid his shyness in the child, who was to him “the eternal child of Wordsworth, over whom its immortality broods like the day,” and who—

Deaf and silent, reads the eternal deep
Haunted forever by the eternal mind.

These lines, or others from the same poem, are quoted frequently in his writings, and in his words the “nieces” remember them, as if they were a running accompaniment to his thoughts. One can recall the tenderness in his voice as he would repeat “thou little child—on whom those truths do rest which we are toiling all our lives to find.” But what stranger could guess at the humility and self-abasement with which he would turn from his great thoughts and ponderous volumes, to become an admiring and awe-inspired playmate

of the tiniest child that walked into his study. In the corner of that study, under the book-shelves, was a cupboard, with two doors and two compartments; and every child knew that there was to be found a complete doll's house, with each detail of furnishing chosen by the Uncle himself. The Uncle had a genius for buying children's toys, and would spend hours at the "Nain Bleu" or the Magasins du Louvre, choosing a combination of toys with the care and feeling for the child's point of view, as if he were arranging a choice bunch of flowers.

The general reader of the "Education" may admire or criticise what the book contains. The "nieces" are especially interested in what has been omitted. But here they pause at the sacred portals of silence, and the ground becomes delicate to tread. Twenty years are passed over—years that were the most joyful, as well as the most sorrowful of the Uncle's life. The *glorious* years were still to come, at the end. The nieces' earliest recollections begin with the joyful ones.

In the Beverly woods, a footpath, strewn with fragrant pine-needles, and bordered with ferns and lichenized rocks, led to the Uncle's and Aunt's summer house. It was like having a private entrance into fairyland, of which the Uncle and Aunt kept the keys and arranged the scenery. They had no children of their own, but they loved all young small things including dogs, and the dogs played an important part in their daily lives. Three little long-haired terriers were always to be seen tumbling about their feet or trotting after them on their walks. The Uncle's absorption in the dogs was akin to his passion for children, and he would lose himself watching their antics, or laughing over their humorous or pathetic traits.

At that time he was writing his "History"; hours of concentration were passed in his den, and sheets on sheets of beautifully written pages lay beside him. One could not

forget that handwriting. Each letter seemed to be carved rather than written, and the effect of the whole page was that of an interlacing Byzantine design, but perfectly clear to read. The nieces remember him as he sat at his desk, in cool white summer clothes—his fine head and thoughtful forehead dominated a small frame; his movements were deliberate;—only the scratch of his pen would break the silence of the room, until the delicious moment came when he would stop, and turn to them with an irresistibly droll remark.

Often in the afternoons, the nieces would watch—almost enviously—the two figures on horseback vanishing into the flickering sunlight of the woods. An impression of oneness of life and mind, of perfect companionship, left an ideal never to be effaced.

But soon the joyful days were to pass away. The Uncle lost the companion of his life, and part of him was buried forever in silence, or in what the world called "irony." The Beverly woods never saw him again, until in the serenity of his eightieth year he returned unexpectedly, to pass the last summer of his life there, once more surrounded by the nieces and nephews.

Meantime he plunged into a life of restlessness and travel, of searchings, questionings, and of intense loneliness. The Uncle and Aunt had built the new house in Washington together, but he was alone to move into it. He could hardly bear to stay there. Japan and the East beckoned him, and whispered their secrets of abstraction and of calm to his suffering soul. It was his first glimpse of peace, since his "life had been cut in halves"—"infinite and eternal peace—the peace of limitless consciousness unified with limitless will," the peace of Nirvana. The Uncle seized the new abstraction, and returned with it, resolved to have the idea embodied in a Western form of expression, that the Western world might understand and be consoled by it as he had been. He gave the idea to St. Gaudens, and ordered the monument to be begun that was to go over his wife's grave.

Then he started for the South Sea Islands, with John La Farge as a companion. Overtaxed and overstrained by sorrow, as well as by his efforts to surmount it, to Henry Adams the year in the South Seas was a reparation of mind and body. Sleep, which had nearly deserted him, returned once more, as "he wandered away and away, with Nature the dear old nurse"—across the Pacific Ocean, from island to island, Hawaii, Samoa, Tahiti, Fiji, Australia, Ceylon—and finally back by the Red Sea, to Europe and civilization once again.

The gentle monotony of the days, in a perfectly even climate, the splendor of the nights under the Southern Hemisphere, the sympathetic childlike quality of the natives, and the sound of the "eternal surf" breaking on the coral reefs, as day after day he sat and watched it through "the eternal cocoa-nut trees"—all these new sights and sounds cast their spell upon him, and awakened dormant instincts that for generations had lain atrophied in the purely intellectual atmosphere of his former surroundings.

The Uncle started out on his travels with a paint-box, and amused himself by trying to catch the lights and colors, under the instruction of his companion, who "would see sixteen different shades of red in a sky" that looked to the Uncle "just pure cobalt." A new world of perceptions opened out to him; and with his companion as a constant guide, the education of the senses began, that led him finally to his appreciation of twelfth-century glass, and the crossing of the chasm that divides the Anglo-Saxon mentality from the Latin. But in the South Seas the education was of the *primary grade*, beginning with pure color, and the rhythm of movement in the native dances. When his Samoans imitated all sorts of daily acts or pretended to be birds or beasts as they danced, this was more novel to the deeply intellectual Uncle than any mental abstraction; but having the power to become a little child with children, he could appreciate and delight in these primitive traits. Another

bond he had in common with them was that they were "tremendous aristocrats." "Family is everything," he wrote home, "and a great chief is a feudal lord who owns his village." These chiefs in the military shows, given in honor of the strangers, seemed to him "like Homer's heroes." And the girls in their garlands and "tapa" cloths, sliding down a waterfall at a picnic given them by a royal princess, reminded him of "Greek naiads."

In Tahiti again they were guests of honor, and were adopted into the principal clan by the old chiefess, "grandmother Hinarii," and given native names. In a letter he describes the chiefess, "who is a pure native," he writes, "and speaks no foreign language. She is sixty-eight years old and refuses to sit at table with us, but sits on the floor in the old native way, and is a very great person indeed. In the evenings we lay down on the mats about her, and she told us of the old Tahiti people, who were much more interesting than now. She told us, too, long native legends about wonderful princesses and princes, who did astonishing things in astonishing ways, like Polynesian Arabian nights." The Uncle wrote down these legends, and printed them in a private publication called "Tahiti," thus preserving the last of the old Tahitian traditions handed down by word of mouth.

In Fiji they were guests of Sir John Thurston, the English Governor, and found themselves suddenly in an English country house, having to dress for dinner. Sir John took them, however, on an expedition through the interior of the island among the ex-cannibal natives, and they "saw Fiji as few white men have ever seen it," but though the war-dances were fine and the society very masculine, they made no intimate friends and had no special sentiment for the place as they had for Samoa and Tahiti. So they went on their way to Sydney and Ceylon, leaving the children of nature behind them.

Once again as he approached the East, the Uncle's thoughts became more abstract, and returned to their start-

ing-point of Nirvana, as he sat under Buddha's Bo-tree in "the ruined and deserted city of Anuradjapura in the jungle of Ceylon." It was here, or shortly after, that he composed the lines called "Buddha and Brahma," already published in these pages. Ahead of him he had the world to face, and some kind of a solution to find for facing it, with his buried sorrow. One can almost see the application to his own problems in certain lines of the poem:

But we, who cannot fly the world, must seek
To live two separate lives; one, in the world
Which we must ever seem to treat as real;
The other in ourselves, behind a veil
Not to be raised without disturbing both.

The puzzled readers of the "Education" may find in these lines much enlightenment, and a clue to Henry Adams's life in Washington, to which he was about to return. The two separate lives, "one in the world" and the other "behind a veil," describe the Uncle's own life from here on. The "Education" gives an account of his life "in the world," with glimpses perhaps only to those who knew him, of his *inner shrine*. The "life behind a veil" reveals itself in the monument in Rock Creek Cemetery, and also in the volume "Mont Saint Michel and Chartres."

The idea of the monument has already been suggested. Translated into Western thought, Henry Adams called it "The Peace of God." Sometimes he would call it "Kwan-non," the compassionate Virgin of the East, merciful guardian of the human race. After the glory of the "Virgin of Chartres" had been revealed to him, however, the Divine Mother of the West blended in his mind, in the monument, with the Virgin of the East.

Once again in Washington, the sorrow and loneliness of the Uncle's inner life persisted, in spite of the increasing richness of his outer life and circle of friends. In some chapter of the "Chartres" book, he has described human suffering, and with such intense feeling that one can only imagine

it was his own experience: "People who suffer beyond the formulas of expression—who are crushed into silence, and beyond pain—want no display of emotion—no bleeding heart—no weeping at the foot of the Cross—no hysterics—no phrases! They want to see God, and to know that he is watching over his own." The Uncle often seemed "crushed into silence" at this period of his life, even in the midst of the gay throng that passed through his doors. Sometimes hours, or a whole day, might pass before he would seem to feel that he could speak, or join at all in the conversation of those around him. One felt a tense, seething inner life, an unsatisfied groping for something that even the monument with all it signified did not seem to have completely supplied, though one knew his thoughts were centred there. One can recall glimpses of him on horseback—a lonely figure now—winding down some path in the lovely glades of Rock Creek—his face buried in thought and in unutterable sadness.

His was no selfish sorrow, however, nor was it to stand in the way of sympathy for others. It was transformed, on the contrary, into an exquisite human compassion for the many who crossed his path. His range of sympathy was wide. People of the world, or their opposites, sought him out; great ladies flocked to his breakfast-table or to dine, and met there stately Englishmen, or an occasional foreigner from the embassies, or some artist or scientist, or perhaps a Western beauty of crude parentage, but decked with shimmering jewels. The Uncle would appreciate the whole gamut of his friends, and would touch a human chord in each. Lovers confided in him, brides left him their wedding bouquets, young people confessed to him their escapades, and sought his counsel, for they knew that his forgiveness and understanding of human frailty was unbounded.

No one who loved him really feared him, though his manner might at times be alarming to a stranger. His alternation of great gentleness with sudden brusqueness was

temperamental and involuntary, and was part of his fascination. It made life exciting and varied in his presence. The brusqueness was nearly always to conceal a ray of tenderness that had escaped him. Once Mr. Hay had the inspiration to have these conflicting traits embodied by St. Gaudens in plastic form. He ordered a little medallion to be made representing the head of Henry Adams in profile, with the body of a porcupine and the wings of an angel, and bearing the inscription "Henricus Adams Porcupinus Angelus." Though intended as a mere joke, this little incident may serve to assure those who have felt only the quills of the porcupine in his writings that the wings of the angel were also there, as surely as the leaden casket hid the prize. The Uncle delighted in leaden caskets.

Equal to his sympathy of the heart, was his intellectual sympathy in the efforts or undertakings of his friends. Whatever the problem presented, whether artistic, or literary, or scientific, he would throw himself into it as if he had no other preoccupation; and his enthusiasm and encouragement would often carry the friends far beyond the possibilities of their own unaided talents. His influence was an unworldly one, he appealed to them to forget the eye of the public in their pursuit of truth, and to let success in a worldly sense become a matter of relative indifference. A quotation from a letter to a young person on painting may serve to illustrate this influence:

"Don't be disturbed if you occasionally feel a disgust for paint and drawing. You would feel the same for the limitations of sculpture, or architecture, or poetry, or prose, if you tried as hard to express anything in them. There is nothing new to say—at least not in our formulas. Everything has been said many—many—many times. The pleasure is in saying it over to ourselves in a whisper, so that nobody will hear, and so that neither vanity, nor money can get in as much as a lisp. I admit that this unfits one for one's time and life, but one must make some sort of running arrange-

ment on every railroad and even in every school; and if you are to stop five minutes for refreshments at the Art Station, you must have those five minutes clear, as much as though you were a Botticelli—I should say the same of Religion, or Poetry, or any other imaginative and emotional expression.”

The Uncle was emotional himself. He was passionately fond of poetry, and would communicate to his listeners his own thrill over certain lines of Swinburne, Matthew Arnold, or Tennyson, evoking memories of his youth and of England at the same time. The colors of a sunset, the texture of a leaf, would seem sometimes to stir in him “thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.” One of the nieces remembers being drawn aside by him out of a gay crowd, to share his lonely watching of a crimson sunset. The changing colors seemed to affect him as only the glass of Chartres was later to do. His old restless longing for something still undiscovered stirred in him, and as he watched the transient glow he repeated:

. . . for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars until I die.

He knew that he must be off again on his travels, in search of his “*Princesse Lointaine*,” wherever or whoever she might be.

His goal awaited him in France; but he approached it unawares, on a journey to the Norman cathedrals. Though he had been more or less within sight of them for nearly forty years, still, he wrote, he had not thought himself so “ignorant or so stupid as to have remained blind to such things.” He had been familiar with England and Scotland, and had traversed the East and almost every other part of the globe, including France; but France as an intimate revelation, as a treasure-house of art and thought and finally of the crowning inspiration in which his restless mind found rest—came late into his life, scarcely nine years before he wrote “*Mont Saint Michel and Chartres*.”

One memorable summer for the nieces, the Uncle set up a household with them at St. Germain, and taught them French history "under the venerable cedars of the Pavillon d'Angoulême, and rode about the green forest-alleys of St. Germain and Marly," once more with a companion. But usually his summers were passed in Paris, in study and solitude, except for the ladies who besieged his tower of ivory, and drew him out to direct their taste in buying things or in sightseeing. Sometimes they kept him very busy, and once in a while he would escape and disappear, cancelling all engagements, and going down to Chartres alone. Especially at Toussaint would he seek his Virgin's shrine, to spend the November day in the cathedral, "deadly cold and famished," but exhilarated by the beauty and consolation he found there. If his thoughts wandered back to the monument and his eternal solitary Kwannon outside of Washington, at Chartres the Virgin with her Divine Child lifted him up with a radiant tenderness that he had not known before. His mind might be exercising itself in dynamic theories and mounting on dizzy flights, but his soul had found a refuge in which it could stay forever.

The Virgin was the embodiment of mercy to him. One has only to read over the description of the Western Rose of Chartres to realize how he felt about this aspect of her.

"Looking carefully," he writes, "one discovers at last that this gorgeous combination of all the hues of Paradise contains or hides a Last Judgment, . . . and we are at full liberty to feel that such a Last Judgment as this was never seen before or since by churchman or heretic. . . . That this blaze of heavenly light was intended, either by the Virgin or by her workmen, to convey ideas of terror or pain, is a notion which the Church might possibly preach, but which we sinners knew to be false in the thirteenth century as well as we know it now. Never in all these seven hundred years has one of us looked up at this Rose without feeling it to be Our Lady's promise of Paradise.

"Here as everywhere else throughout the church, one feels the Virgin's presence, with no other thought than her majesty and grace. To the Virgin and to her suppliants, as to us, who though outcasts in other churches can still hope in hers, the Last Judgment was not a symbol of God's justice or man's corruption but of her own infinite mercy. The Trinity judged, through Christ;—Christ loved and pardoned, through her. She wielded the last and highest power on earth and in hell. In the glow and beauty of her nature, the light of her Son's infinite love shone as the sunlight through the glass, turning the Last Judgment itself into the highest proof of her divine and supreme authority. The rudest ruffian of the Middle Ages, when he looked at this Last Judgment, laughed; for what was the Last Judgment to her! An ornament, a plaything, a pleasure! a jeweled decoration which she wore on her breast! Her chief joy was to pardon; her eternal instinct was to love; her deepest passion was pity! On her imperial heart the flames of hell showed only the opaline colors of heaven. Christ the Trinity might judge as much as he pleased, but Christ the Mother would rescue; and her servants could look boldly into the flames."

But not only was the Virgin of Chartres the embodiment of mercy and purity to Henry Adams—as Kwannon was also—but in her he found in its most perfect form, the mysterious underlying principle of the universe that so fascinated him, and that had been denied him in his own human existence, namely, the transmission of life. One can imagine what the Child of the Virgin meant to him, when every human child had filled him with such awe.

Thoroughly established under such a patronage, perhaps it was no wonder that the miraculous happened to him, and the impossible became possible. A severe illness passed completely away, from which the doctors had pronounced there was no hope of recovery. And six of the most serene years of the Uncle's life were still left to him. These were the *glorious* years, for they were like a resurrection, and

almost a step into heaven. Two of the "nieces," now become like daughters, stayed with him constantly and administered to his wants like guardian angels, so that he found himself no more alone. Much of the time was spent outdoors, walking, driving, talking deliciously as of old; his eyes had begun to fail him, and the pursuits of reading and writing gradually had to be abandoned. But the Uncle took this as calmly as he took everything else now. His great delight was in listening to twelfth and thirteenth century songs, sung to him exquisitely by one of the "daughter-nieces." And their study and occupation was to discover these unpublished treasures in ancient manuscripts, with their old notes and modes, and add them to their collection. Songs of the Crusades, love-songs, or spinning-songs composed their evening concerts for an audience of one, but every evening before saying good night, the Uncle would ask for a song to the Virgin. With eyes half-closed and head thrown back, he would listen intently, as if joining in the song or *prayer* himself.

The summer of the war found them in a chateau in France, thus peacefully occupied. The Uncle had constantly predicted the war, for many years, and had left nothing of its horrors and complications unpainted. One can therefore imagine what it meant to his historian's mind when it actually burst upon the world. At first it left him silent, and he refused to talk about it. But once back in America, he watched it and spoke of it with a quiet intensity. He wanted to live to see it through. His eightieth birthday came, followed by the worst moment of the war—the "dark before the dawn." Alas! that he did not live to see the turning of the tide! And yet his death was such a perfect one, without a moment's pain or illness, and surrounded by all that he loved best, that one could not have wished it to be otherwise. After a day spent with friends about him, and the evening in listening to his beloved songs, he went to his room as usual. And in the morning they found him asleep

forever, with a look of thoughtful interest—almost of curiosity—upon his face, as if this new journey was of more import to him than any other he had taken. He lay there, in his own house in Washington, on Thursday and Friday of Holy Week; and on Easter Saturday morning, a lovely mild spring day, at the time of year that he loved most—“when everything is in promise”—they laid him in his own monument, beside his wife, who had waited for him and for whom he had waited all these years.

It has been asked, “What was the real Henry Adams?” The answers to this question will be very different, often quite contradictory, though coming from equally good sources. Those who call themselves agnostics say that he was one also. A dignitary of the Church, intimate with him during the last years, felt convinced that the contrary was true, and looked to him for inspiration and guidance.

Undoubtedly Henry Adams was many-sided, and his sympathy and understanding of every point of view was so great that he seemed to share it entirely. He never liked to show that he saw further or was any wiser than the person he was with, and usually took the attitude of being instructed. Also, his own life was one of progression, and people who had been particularly intimate with him during one phase of his life may not have been familiar with the other phases. Even those who read his writings will each find something quite different in them, according to what they are looking for.

One asks, therefore, whether or not to interpret as an intended last word some verses called “Prayer to the Virgin of Chartres” found after his death in a little wallet of special papers. These verses were apparently written just after the “Chartres” book, and while he was contemplating the “Education,” and were shown by him to only one friend, a “sister in the twelfth century.” One can understand that he did not care to publish them during his lifetime, for he never

wished to lift the veil. In this "Prayer" Henry Adams makes an act of faith in the Son's divinity. He ends by saying in his own words what St. John said twenty centuries before: "In him was life; and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not." Henry Adams felt the failure of the world to receive the light, but he leaves no shadow of a doubt that he himself perceived "That was the true Light."

LYRIC

By JOHN MASEFIELD

Give me a light that I may see her,
Give me a grace that I may be her,
Give me a clue that I may find her,
Whose beauty shews the brain behind her.

Stars and women and running rivers,
And sunny water where a shadow shivers,
And the little brooks that lift the grasses,
And April flowers are where she passes.

And all things good and all things kind
Are glimmerings coming from her mind,
And in the May the blackbird sings
Against her very heartë-springs.

INDUSTRIAL PARTNERSHIP

By JOHN MANNING BOOKER

WITH unshaken hope we recall President Wilson's prophecy of a new industrial era. In this new era, it will be remembered, capital and labor are to work out their future in amity. There is no lack of proposals aimed to hasten this consummation so devoutly to be wished. One of them, we think, stands clear above the rest. That is the proposal to share with labor the control of industry.

The emanation of this proposal from a responsible source strikes us as the flower and fruit of a rapid broadening down in conservative thinking upon industrial relationships. Already President Wilson's prophecy had been anticipated by the warning Mr. William Rockefeller, Junior, sounded to capital—that the old ways, the impersonal ways, would no longer do; the plate-glass door must come down. It was followed by Mr. Vanderlip's account of how the army draft statistics awoke England to a realization of the fact that in underselling her competitors, she had undermined the physique and efficiency of her laboring classes; that her "differential" in the markets of the world had been underpaid labor. (We pause to register our mortification and chagrin that the unheeded prophecies of mere poets, novelists, essayists, and literary grubs of all kinds, flowing uninterruptedly during the past one hundred and nineteen years, have been so strikingly vindicated against the best judgment of England's practical financiers, industrialists, and solid business men generally.)

Capital seems to be making the first advances. True, certain labor leaders of the old conservative school, like Mr. Gompers, are urging that labor, which has recently adopted production as an avocation, should seriously consider taking

it up as a life work between strikes. But labor has not moved far towards an understanding with capital as yet; in fact it seems in a humor to "bull it." So we are necessarily confined here to the first advances of capital.

These advances are rather the premonitory rumblings of events than the events themselves. None other than the chairman of the directors of the United States Steel Corporation has answered a letter from organized labor for the first time. The owner of a silk mill in Paterson, New Jersey, has put in operation what he calls "industrial democracy," based upon constitutional government, which settles every question that arises between employer and employee, even such delicate matters as wages and hours. The labor measures of the League of Nations, their advocates say, make provision against just such a flesh-and-blood "differential" as England has been paying—if the local politicians of our Senate will only allow these measures to pass. But there are two especially far-reaching ideas charging the new atmosphere: the one would share profits with labor; the other, control. It was not so very long ago that profit-sharing was brought to popular attention by Mr. Ford, a "flivver" among statesmen, perhaps, but obviously a successful employer of labor. At the present time this idea can boast sponsors among our national law-makers. It is already a conspicuous feature of two bills offered the Senate—one on August 27, by Senator Lenroot; the other on September 2, by Senator Cummins, Chairman of a subcommittee of the Interstate Commerce Committee that for months has been considering reconstruction railroad legislation. It will doubtless be a feature of the House railroad bill. It was one of the "essentials" of a "sound and progressive railroad policy" urged upon the House Interstate Commerce Committee by Mr. George W. Anderson, formerly Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, on the very day that saw the Lenroot bill appear in the Senate. Now that profit-sharing has been introduced into Congress

it can no longer be regarded as a new idea; for even the most loyal Republican would hardly suspect the present Congress of a new idea. The mere fact that profit-sharing has been advocated by members of that body is sufficient evidence that the idea has gained irresistible headway. Indeed, one can confidently expect it to figure prominently in forthcoming Congressional legislation, providing any legislation at all is ever forthcoming.

The same plan that Mr. Anderson laid before the House Interstate Commerce Committee, urged co-ordinately with labor's participation in the profits of industry, its participation in the control of it. Of the two ideas, it is the second that seems to us the more pregnant with good.

Profit-sharing alone is but a variation of what we regard as the hoary old delusion that the one big labor problem is to fill the workman's stomach. Oil the machine; feed the machinist: has not that been for years the manufacturer's ideal of keeping the plant going and everybody happy? We cannot see either humanity or gumption in that. It looks to us as primitive as trying to break a strike with a policeman's billy. It belongs to the profit-and-loss philosophy of a past century: grab quick and hold fast, and the devil take the hindmost! Isn't it time to scrap what is left of the early Victorian junk? And, along with the remnants, this idea—that when an industry has put enough food into the laborer's stomach to keep him standing to his job, he ought to work away with a right good will, a lusty cheer, and a grateful heart? For the life of us we do not see why a full stomach should content the intelligent workman any longer than it contents any other intelligent man, which is about half an hour. Stretch a "bellyful" to include the where-withal to raise a thirst and a family, to take the latter to the movies six times a week, to "sport" a Sunday suit and a Ford. After you have supplied these wants and wants like these and enough of them to glut every laborer everywhere, we doubt if even then you could bank on a contented laborer.

There are a number of conditions that ought to be met to keep a man contented in his work; but there is one condition, we believe, that must be met. His wages ought to leave him with a sense of having got all that was coming to him; and cynics to the contrary notwithstanding, most normal men know when that has happened. A man's surroundings ought to satisfy a reasonable number of his decent cravings; and most men know when they do. These conditions ought to exist. But one condition must exist. His work must release his creative energies, satisfy his building instinct. The other conditions need not satisfy him; this one must.

On occasions we, ourselves, have been surprised, cajoled, or jammed into a job that from its nature and ours became mechanical. Such a job released no creative energies but those of revolt. With such experiences in mind we cannot wonder that when the laborer finds himself in the same fix, he feels like smashing up the shop. "The analogy is rickety," you say. "The points of difference between the college professor and the laboring man outweigh the points of likeness." In externals, yes: for instance, he works in stone; we work in ivory. But this plutocrat who wears no shirt is a human being underneath. In essentials we can claim we are like him, and especially in finding the same things essential to happiness—freedom, good board and lodging, a congenial mate, and a fair reputation. One essential to happiness—to our happiness—we have left out of this list, namely, work that releases one's creative energies. But since we are like the laboring man in needing to be free, well fed and lodged, congenially mated, and highly respected in order to be happy, we are justified, we believe, in concluding that we are like him, and that he is like us, in needing this other thing to be happy—this release of the creative energies, this satisfaction of the building instinct, the instinct that moved man to make a stone hammer with a view to hammering his enemies, to hammering their bones into

ornaments for his wife, to hammering the old woman herself, if occasion called. It is the same instinct that brought man up out of the paleozoic age into the bitulithic. As he has advanced in civilization this instinct has grown stronger in him. The preservation of life and the propagation of it have become secondary urges; indeed, it is a matter of common observation that this lust to build drives many a man to risk the former and forego the latter.

Now, there was a time, before this era of machinery, when the laborer's work satisfied this creative instinct. Then a single workman made a whole thing—a shoe or a sword. One man made it, expressed himself in it. There was fun then in the act of making. One and the same tradesman purchased his goods, sold them, kept his ledger, failed to collect his bills, determined how much he could overcharge. He made a business. There was fun then in the act of barter. But the work that gave sustenance to the soul as well as to the body decreased in volume with the development of machinery, one-piece manufacture, quantity output, wholesale disposal; and with that decrease began to disappear the happy workmen.

Their places were filled by a new type—the handle-turners. The day's work of these consists of shutting off this valve and turning on that one; of cranking up an adding-machine—human or metal; of completing, in short, the same monotonous mental or physical action at more or less regular intervals. That isn't work; that's drudgery. And drudgery is dehumanizing—brutalizing. The things the handle-turners make are lifeless and devoid of personality, which is the soul of art. If you have a mind to doubt that, place beside the factory product the bench-made shoe, the tailored suit, or anything still made by hand.

But we hope we are not involved in anything so foolish as a tirade against machinery because it is inimical to art. We read in John A. Hobson's "Imperialism" that the beauty departed from Hindu pottery and textiles as soon

as these industries were put on a factory basis. The wonderful rugs and china that were the admiration of the world are not being made—cannot be made. Indian artistry in these fields has atrophied. Deplorable as is the loss of any art, the chief cause of regret we see in this industrial tragedy is not the death of the art but the sterilization of the artist, together with its attendant human unhappiness and consequent labor unrest.

In the sense of paralyzing artistic creation, machinery has entered one industry after another as a destroyer. Its victims have died unhonored but not unsung. Mechanizing the life of the laborer; mechanizing the processes of his labor: the two protests are interwoven in the hand-loom and sweat-shop literature of the past century. Nor is the second theme present by implication only; at times it becomes separate and distinct. Of course, like most literature "with a purpose," nearly all the poems and novels of protest against evils of the industrial system were ephemeral. Few will read, for instance, of the visit of Disraeli's Sybil to the artist-craftsman still clinging to his hand-loom while his family starves. In fact, nearly all this literature is dead, and this is not the place to call up its departed spirits.

Expressions of concern at the unhappiness caused by modern manufacture's stultification of the building instinct are not confined to poets and novelists. In a recent report of the Commission on Adult Education under the chairmanship of the Master of Balliol College, Oxford, occurs the following statement: "Employment which required the intelligence of the skilled is becoming the province of the machine tended by the unskilled or the partially trained. Repetition work tends to prevail. Initiative is little needed. The situation was summed up by a distinguished representative of the Ministry of Munitions who replied to the plea for human interest in work by the statement that '*Human interest is absolutely inimical to the conditions of modern industry.*' . . . The changes which are obliterate-

ating the chances of the worker's personal expression in industry are coincident with insistent demand for the recognition of his or her human claims." This conflict, the representative of the Ministry of Munitions goes on to say, is productive of industrial unrest. Here presumably is an authoritative statement to the effect that industrial unrest is caused by the clash of the industrial system with the worker's need for personal expression of the building instinct in him.

Of course, the industrial system is here to stay. The world couldn't get on without it. And it needs no apologist. What it could stand is modification of its evil effects.

As the Commission phrased the problem, it is "to humanize the working of an industrial system which is based on the perfection of the machine." Obviously, yes. But how? There are two suggestions that we ought to consider before proceeding further. They are those offered by the social uplifter and the manufacturer. "Improve the living conditions of the laborer," says the former; "and stimulate his interest in moulding these conditions." "Give him a better industrial training," says the latter; "the more he knows about his work, the better he will like it."

We can readily believe that such measures would aid in quieting industrial unrest; we cannot conceive how they would allay it. For three-quarters of a century the social uplift worker has been nobly engaged in bettering the conditions of living created by modern industry. With much to be done, he has accomplished much; but his most has failed to bring content. Even where he has secured the active co-operation of the state and the individual manufacturer and, in consequence, succeeded in attaining or approximating his ideals, he has failed, we venture to say, to bring content.

Houses designed with a view to please the workman's eye and reduce the labor of his wife—sewered, drained, centrally heated, electrically lighted, equipped with "all the

modern inconveniences," and with a stunted evergreen in a garden box on each side of the front door; hospitals and community nurses; schools that have theatres, refectories, gymnasiums, pictures on the walls, and even real teachers in the class rooms; libraries—open or closed shelf; parks and playgrounds with trained attendants, one to show the larger children how to use the gymnastic apparatus, another to lead the songs and dances of the middle-sized children, and a third to dust the babies; churches with every conceivable parish house activity and preachers who make using the Ten Commandments seem easy and natural—all this is paradise, but it is not content. And the real man would be just about as contented in such a community as he would be in paradise; which is to say, not much. Unless, contrary to everything we have been led to expect, he should be permitted to tumble it down and build it over again. We could get used to walking on golden pavements in no time; but it would make us extremely nervous and depressed to know they were permanently laid.

The industrial education idea appeals to us as nearer the mark; but it falls short. It benefits too few. It benefits the real craftsman—the designers among laborers. But this element has decreased in proportion to the increase of quantity output. In past times every skilled workman was a designer or an apprentice to a designer; but nowadays the only survivor of the craftsman is literally one in a thousand. Tens of thousands engaged in making clothes for American men; and how many cutters! Industrial education is a splendid thing; but it is for the few, because under modern conditions only the few have a chance to use it.

The betterment of living conditions and the spread of industrial education, therefore, will not, in our opinion, suffice to content the workman and allay the industrial unrest.

At its present stage this discussion may be thus summed up. If the workman is to be happy in his work, his building

instinct must be satisfied. This instinct, which formerly found relief in making a whole thing, has been choked by the processes of modern manufacture involved in quantity output. The machinery of modern industry has made a machine of the workman; it has brutalized him. But the industrial system is here to stay. The problem is how to humanize it. How can we change the workman's job so that while he is at it he will feel like a man building something? Like a man? Like a god. And then to find enough of such jobs. A large order—that. Profit-sharing will not fill it, or betterment of living conditions, or industrial education. We cannot see how any of these things alone will correct the existing evil, because, to our mind, none of them is aimed at the root of it, namely, the industrial system's stultification of the individual workman's building instinct. What, then, remains? Partnership. Profit-sharing plus a voice in the control of the business. Not for the old reason, that partnership gets rid of the strike by taking the striker into the firm. That may be a mitigation; it cannot be a cure. But because partnership might restore the workman's inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness in his work. It might do this by imparting some of the thrill experienced by those who plan a business, run it, build it. And imparting this thrill, it would satisfy the artisan's just and ancient pride in a whole thing built by him.

If there is even a chance of partnership's restoring to the laborer the happiness that can spring only from the satisfaction of his building instinct, is it not the sensible thing to do to make a partner of labor? Machinery has made a machine of the workman; and employers have come to treat him as though he were a machine. But he is not a machine. Can a machine experience pain? Pleasure? Ambition? Can it hate? And can it revolt? It seems to us that there is a human balance here to be restored, and that the human thing to do is to restore it.

For this reason we prefer the Anderson plan above the others before the public, because its provision for labor's sharing in the control of industry opens the opportunity for restoring personal interest, which alone can make labor content.

No doubt, going into partnership with labor would make difficulties for the employers. Two difficulties stare us in the face at once. It would be natural for employers to wax impatient under the restraint of labor's representatives in the management of business; it would be natural for them to grow discouraged under the demands on time and patience necessary to acquaint the rank and file of labor with the larger problems of that business. But might not that restraint send the business forward farther and faster in the end? In such case their time and patience would be well invested. They should save two minutes for every one lost, two dollars for every one spent, two units of friction for every one that went out the exhaust. As for labor's ability to learn: it has displayed aptitude enough in absorbing the wisdom of its walking delegates. There is bound to be teaching in the factories of the captains of industry. Better theirs than another's. Indeed, as the press tells us daily, teaching is there already—the propaganda of the Bolshevik and the anarchist, laying the fuse that may blow the head from the body of business, the body, itself, to bits.

Probably there are many ways of countermining this foreign and fateful teaching. We no more doubt that the patriotism of our industrial leaders will find the right way for America than we doubt their ability to use it. Of the ways that have come to our attention, profit-sharing alone, in our opinion, is not the one, or betterment of living conditions, or industrial education. None of these, it seems to us, drives at the root of the evil—the industrial system's stultification of the individual workman's building instinct. The only way so far suggested that has a chance of satisfying this instinct, in our opinion, is partnership—and not

alone a share in the profits, but a share in the profits plus (and this to us seems the more vital matter), plus a share of the control. A share in the control of production might open up to the human machines of the factories the only labor that is happiness, the labor that knows that it will reap where it has sown and also according to its sowing, that shares in the execution and in the design and the responsibility, that pockets not a wage but a profit or a loss.

It might be—we do not say it would inevitably be—that if the workman could elect to a board of directors, certain of his own class who must represent him, report to him, and be subject to his recall, he would feel more like a builder and less like a handle-turner; that he would then permanently direct into productive channels the impulse to smash things that so often springs from the lack of an interest in life beyond handle-turning.

THE COMMERCIAL BASIS OF PEACE

By WILLIAM S. CULBERTSON

WE should have no illusions in regard to what happened at Paris. Deep currents of nationalism all but engulfed the democratic aspirations which seemed at one time to be the bond that held the enemies of Germany to their stern task. Opposition to the Treaty of Versailles can be intelligently based only on liberal grounds. The sound argument against it is not that it infringes national rights, but that it too jealously guards imaginary national rights; not that it goes too far in the establishment of international government, but that it does not go far enough.

That there are practices in international trade and finance which tend to produce friction and misunderstandings among nations, had been recognized before the war. Among these are discriminations in shipping, unfair methods of competition, the monopolization of essential raw materials, policies of preference and exclusion in colonies and spheres of influence, and the use of foreign investments to further political aims. The problems, it had been repeatedly affirmed, require a solution before a lasting peace can be established. In no single case, however, were they adequately dealt with in the Treaty of Versailles. It is said in apology that they were not neglected, not passed over as unimportant, but merely postponed for future consideration. In this incomplete character of the Treaty is found one of the conclusive arguments for an effective League of Nations, which the United States must eventually enter.

The dominant feature of the Treaty is the punishment of Germany. Germany, under the tutelage of the Allies, is to be erected into a model state. The Allies impose no restraints upon themselves, assume no reciprocal obliga-

tions. There seems to have been almost no check upon the desire to take from the Central Powers everything that any one of the Allies wanted, regardless of the future peace of the world. It is true, there lies in the Covenant of the League of Nations the potentiality of a better world order, but if the League is to exist only as a guardian of Germany, or if it is to be another Holy Alliance to suppress liberal opinion, our civilization is bankrupt. It is of inestimable injury to true international government to gloss over the Treaty of Versailles and to pretend that it conforms with the ideals that sent our army and navy overseas. The real hope for international government in the future lies in an honest admission that the Treaty is seriously defective. The way out, however, is not the rejection of the Treaty, but its adoption as the only means of working out through the League a constructive democratic programme.

The failure of the Peace Conference to grapple with the vital problems of international co-operation is evident in the commercial clauses of the Treaty. Germany undertakes to grant, for a period of five years, and longer if the Council of the League of Nations so decides, unconditional most-favored-nation treatment to the Allied and Associated Powers, but receives no guarantee in return such as is usual in commercial treaties. In the Treaty of Frankfurt, which in 1871 ended the Franco-Prussian War, Germany and France agreed that each should be entitled, in the markets of the other, to all the rights and privileges accorded to favored nations. Germany, although the victor, received no more under this clause than she granted. In the Treaty of Versailles, however, the obligation is, perhaps temporarily, unilateral. Germany agrees to impose no duties, charges, or prohibitions not equally applicable to the goods of all other countries, on goods imported from or exported to the Allied and Associated nations. A temporary provision also prohibits concealed discriminations. It is provided that Germany shall not discriminate against any of the Allied

and Associated states "even by indirect means, such as customs regulations or procedure, methods of verification or analysis, conditions of payment of duties, tariff classification or interpretation, or the operation of monopolies." Finally, a covering clause provides that "every favor, immunity, or privilege in regard to the importation, exportation, or transit of goods granted by Germany to any Allied or Associated state or to any other foreign country whatever shall simultaneously and unconditionally, without request and without compensation, be extended to all the Allied and Associated states." These are very excellent principles, but little is contributed to world peace in leaving, as these clauses do, the Allied powers free to discriminate against Germany or to impose on German trade any restrictions they may choose. Nor does the temporary character of these one-sided provisions contribute to a final settlement.

The Peace Treaty further denies to Germany, for a period of six months, the right to raise her tariff duties above what they were on July 31, 1914. On some schedules the prohibition extends to an additional period of thirty months. This direct interference with German sovereignty is more of a handicap than at first appears. The duties in the German tariff are chiefly specific, that is, they are on weight or other measures of quantity. Because of the rise of prices these duties have come to be relatively low. Other countries in Europe are raising their tariffs to meet their industrial and revenue needs. Germany, prohibited from doing so, is seeking a remedy in requiring the payment of her duties in gold.

The Allies at their Paris Conference in June, 1916, when hopes for an Allied victory were at a low ebb, agreed to devise measures for preventing subjects of the enemy during the transition period after the war "from exercising, in their territories, certain industries or professions which concern national defense or economic independence." In line with this general idea, the French government, in the Peace

Treaty, reserves the right to prohibit in Alsace-Lorraine all new German participation in the management or exploitation of certain public domains and services, in the ownership of mines and quarries, and in metallurgical establishments. Great Britain and Australia, it may be mentioned in this connection, have excluded aliens from participation in certain "key" industries, for example, the non-ferrous metal industries. Germany, on the other hand, undertakes in the Treaty that for a period of not less than five years, which the Council of the League of Nations may increase to ten, she will not subject the nationals of the Allied and Associated states "to any prohibition in regard to the exercise of occupations, professions, trade, and industry, which shall not be equally applicable to all aliens without exception." Under the same terms as to time, Germany agrees not to subject these nationals "to any restriction which was not applicable on July 1, 1914, to the nationals of such powers unless such restriction is likewise imposed on her own nationals."

Without time limit Germany undertakes in the Treaty to adopt all necessary measures to protect the goods of the Allied and Associated powers from "all forms of unfair competition in commercial transactions." No reciprocal guarantee, however, is given. Surely, it was not overlooked that unfair competition of the Allied nations among themselves or against German goods is equally objectionable from the standpoint of international good will.

These provisions and others—relating to indeterminate indemnities, raw materials, shipping, industrial property, ports, waterways, railways, navigation, cables, colonies, the private property of German nationals outside of Germany, and other foreign investments—are one-sided, illiberal, and contribute little, if anything, to a secure commercial basis of peace. Many of them—shall it be said, fortunately?—are temporary. Apparently it was impossible to reach a settlement on the more fundamental problems of

peace, and finally an arrangement was patched up with the understanding that after five years, when more judicious opinion might prevail, the larger problems of the economic relations of nations would be taken up for comprehensive settlement.

Nevertheless, the excessive zeal for national claims stands out conspicuously in the present world situation. One suspects that the Allies found it convenient, under the guise of making Germany pay for the war, to cripple her for an indefinite time as a commercial rival. It seems to have been forgotten that there may be a recoil, for the indemnities exacted from Germany, in so far as they are actually paid and whatever their effect on the internal economics of that country may be, insure her becoming a commercial rival immediately; they can be paid only by the exportation of goods. To say that Germany deserves the burdensome terms imposed upon her is to miss entirely the aim for which the war was fought. Germany may be reduced to the position of a second-class commercial power, but if the only result is to build up the imperialism of the Allies, we get nowhere. Many of the pledges exacted from Germany are commendable—as, for example, to grant unconditional most-favored-nation treatment, not to engage in unfair competition, and not to discriminate against aliens in employment; but it is hypocritical for the Allies to assume that the exaction of these pledges unaccompanied by reciprocal guarantees contributes to world peace. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the millions of people under German rule are going not only to live in the world but also to be a large factor in the development of the economic life of other peoples in Central Europe. The problem of world peace is far more important than the punishment of Germany, well deserved as that is.

The complex problems of Central Europe have been made only more complex by the Balkanization of Austria-Hungary. There racial and religious factors are now encourag-

ing separation, but economic necessity will inevitably lead to some form of co-operation. No permanent settlement of these problems was reached at Paris. Here particularly the League of Nations is a necessity. Temporary arrangements have been permitted with the understanding that after a few years there will be a revision.

No fact illustrates more vividly the dominance of national sentiment at Paris than the negotiation of the Franco-American agreement. It is not only contrary to our traditional foreign policy, but to the principles in defense of which we entered the war and which are embodied in the League of Nations. By no one was our position better stated than by President Wilson at Manchester, England, on December 30, 1918. President Wilson said: "You know that the United States has always felt from the very beginning of her history that she must keep herself separate from any kind of connection with European politics. . . . If the future had nothing for us but a new attempt to keep the world at a right poise by a balance of power, the United States would take no interest, because she will join no combination of power which is not a combination of all of us. She is not interested merely in the peace of Europe, but in the peace of the world."

Sentimental gratitude to Lafayette is not sufficient ground for departing from Washington's policy of no entangling alliances. Such a departure is not justified except by our becoming an effective factor in the establishment of genuine international government. The Franco-American agreement simply furthers the conception of alliances and balance of power which it was our aim, in entering the war, to assist in supplanting.

The Peace Treaty, unless revised by a League of Nations, will fall far short of establishing the lasting peace we had hoped for. Time will surely bring the realization that there are world problems more important than the control of the economic life of our former enemies in Central

Europe. As we look at the war more and more in perspective, we return with increased conviction to the pre-war view that there is a vital relationship between economic conditions and the peace of the world. Behind modern war lie, in almost every case, the larger problems of the expansion of trade and the development of industry. Struggles between peoples for the control of raw materials and markets merge almost imperceptibly into the preparation for wars and into military conflicts. The policy of seeking spheres of influence, colonies, and the control of undeveloped parts of the world is often grounded in the fear that exclusion might result injuriously. As the great war progressed, the economic problems which lay behind it were obscured by personal, political, and military factors. But their importance now is gaining wider recognition in the discussion of a constructive programme of world peace. In fact, the growth of the League of Nations into an effective instrument for furthering world harmony depends in a large degree upon its ability to adjust the commercial differences arising between nations. Unless economic problems are brought within the scope of the League, many of the sources most productive of international friction will remain untouched.

Few things have affected the life of man more than the growth of industry and trade since the beginning of the nineteenth century. Under the impetus of what the economists call the industrial revolution, production has expanded, transportation has improved, markets have become both necessary and accessible, national policy has been directed towards the acquisition of colonies and spheres of influence. The world has been transformed and united by the cable, the radio, the steamship, the railroad, and the aircraft. The delegates to the Peace Conference of 1919 looked upon a world vastly different—more unified but more complex—from that seen by the delegates to the Congress of Vienna. Problems now exist which were hardly

conceivable at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Many of these are such that nations cannot solve them individually, or bargaining two by two. Just as the framers of the Constitution of the United States were forced to recognize that there were economic problems beyond adequate solution by the separate States, and requiring the control of a central government, so to-day single nations cannot adequately meet the diversified problems of the world's economic life.

Perhaps not unnaturally, the social organization of the world has lagged behind its material progress. This progress has immensely strengthened the national state; its international implications and effects are only beginning to be seen. We have tried to do with treaties and other cumbersome machinery of diplomacy that which must be done, if it is to be done adequately, by an international organization. There is here no question of the destruction of national independence. Certain questions, such as the level of tariff duties and the regulation of immigration, must always remain primarily national questions, but in international affairs there are relations unregulated and uncontrolled by anything in the nature of government. With respect to these we should devise adequate machinery and rules for the adjustment of conflicting interests.

This necessity for international control becomes evident when we consider concrete instances where national control has broken down. Unfair methods of competition may be mentioned first. They have long been recognized as highly objectionable in trade within the United States. We have condemned them in the Sherman Anti-Trust Act and in the Federal Trade Commission Act. Yet unfair practices, which in the internal trade of other civilized countries, as well as our own, are declared illegal, are permitted with almost no regulation in international trade. A few attempts have been made to regulate the most flagrant cases. The Brussels Sugar Convention stopped

bounties on the production and exportation of sugar. Other conventions have sought to protect industrial property. Generally speaking, however, price cutting, unfair advertising, open and concealed bounties, discriminations in transportation rates and service, and other similar practices are unregulated and uncontrolled in international trade.

Raw materials present another field where the nation acting alone has failed. The war emphasized their relation to commercial policy. The dependence of a country's industries on an adequate supply of raw materials, vaguely realized before the war, became not only evident to everyone but grew to be the vital concern of governments. Germany's industries languished when cotton, wool, jute, silk, tungsten, nickel, zinc, palm kernels, and other products ceased to reach her from overseas. Nations, first singly and then in co-operation, devised machinery for the control and distribution of raw products; they began to consider whether they had resources enough to supply the needs of their industries, or whether they dominated the supply of any raw material to such an extent that it might be used for bargaining. More significant than ever before became the dominant position of the British Empire in wool, jute, and nickel, and of the United States in cotton, oil, and copper. Anxiety concerning the supply of raw materials is evident in the economic terms imposed by Germany on Russia and Rumania in the defunct peace treaties of Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest; in France's eagerness to secure the coal supply of the Saar Valley; and in Japan's desire to control the resources of China.

In such vital matters as the supply of raw materials some international guarantee of the open door and of equal opportunity for all peoples to secure their share of the resources of the world is absolutely essential to peace. This desire for raw materials lies back of the building of armaments and the ambition of countries to control politically those areas of the earth's surface supplying the needs of

their industries. And it is folly to talk of disarmament and the discontinuance of economic penetration until nations acquire confidence that their essential needs will be met and that discriminations against them will not be permitted.

The highness or lowness of the tariff, which any fully sovereign nation (and some that are not!) fixes at its border, is and should be determined by each nation in accordance with its national needs for industrial development and revenue. But tariff discriminations and preferences—another field wherein we may see the inability of a nation alone to meet the needs of modern commerce—raise an international problem of first importance. To these President Wilson evidently referred when he advocated, as the third of his fourteen points, “the removal, so far as possible, of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance.” The acceptance of this principle implies the adoption of unconditional most-favored-nation treatment as the basis of trade relations among members of the League, if it is to succeed, and the recognition of the “open door” in dependent colonies and spheres of influence.

Under the Covenant the members of the League agree to “make provision to secure and maintain freedom of communications and of transit and equitable treatment [whatever that may mean] for the commerce of all members of the League.” Why was not the word “equal” used? Equality of treatment would seem to have been a minimum concession to liberal opinion. We might at least have expected a frank declaration in favor of the “open door” in colonies and territories administered by mandatories, but such is the case only to a limited degree. Laying down the commendable principle that the well-being and development of backward peoples is a sacred trust of civilization, the Covenant divides such communities into three classes:

those that have reached a stage of development where their existence as independent nations can be provisionally recognized; regions such as Central Africa in which the mandatory must be responsible for administration; and territories such as Southwest Africa which are to be administered as an integral portion of the territory of the mandatory. The "open door" principle is provided only in the case of the second of the three groups of mandatories. This tradition is strong in Central Africa and resulted in the provision that in the case of territories falling within this group the administration is to secure "equal opportunities for the trade and commerce of other members of the League." Nothing, however, is said with reference to discriminations or the practice of the "open door" in colonies of the other two types. Presumably, therefore, the provision for "*equitable* treatment for the commerce of all members of the League" applies, leaving the implication clear that something other than "open door" treatment is intended.

Discriminations and preferences should have been recognized as within the jurisdiction of the League of Nations. The obligation laid on Germany of equal treatment—the provision known as the unconditional most-favored-nation clause—is an obligation which the Allies also should have assumed. From the standpoint of international affairs a discrimination by Germany against one of the Allies is no more serious than a discrimination by one of the Allies against another, or against Germany. Experiences before the war demonstrated the value of a treaty provision which worked automatically to establish equality, and any step now looking towards its abandonment is to be deprecated.

The principle of the "open door" or equal opportunity has been recognized as evidence of a liberal colonial policy. From various motives Great Britain, Germany, and the Netherlands maintained it before the war in their colonial possessions. In Central Africa and Morocco, at times

when the political control of any one nation was insecure, the "open door" was established by general treaties, or conference agreements. On the other hand, France and the United States, to take two conspicuous examples, have maintained discriminatory tariffs in their own favor in their dependent colonies. Such discriminations were one of the irritants resulting in international difficulties. The Algé-
 çiras Agreement of 1906, relating to Morocco and of particular interest to Germany, was intended to prevent, among other things, the extension of the French tariff régime to Morocco. By the Treaty of Versailles, Germany renounces all treaty rights which she had in Morocco and undertakes not to intervene in negotiations relating to Morocco between France and any other power. France evidently hopes or even expects to obtain further renunciations of equal rights and to include Morocco in her preferential system.

Another system of tariff preferences which can hardly be justified from an international standpoint, is that existing within the British Empire. This movement seems to have been accelerated by the war rather than checked. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and British South Africa some years ago granted, without reciprocity, preferential rates to Great Britain and, in certain cases, preferences to each other either unilaterally or in return for reciprocal concessions. Can these self-governing dominions, completely independent in their fiscal policy, continue to discriminate against other members of the League in favor of each other and Great Britain? In the Treaty of Versailles the dominions are recognized as being on an equality with other nations. Defenders of these preferences no doubt would refuse to admit that they are not "equitable" within the provisions of the Covenant; yet, if the self-governing dominions are to receive equal standing with nations in the League, it would seem undesirable for them to discriminate against their fellow members. American preferences in the

markets of Brazil would disappear with a universal acceptance of the President's third point, but would not the preferences within the British Empire also? It is just such discriminations which precipitated the trade war between Canada and Germany in 1903.

In Great Britain before the war the movement for preference made no progress, but in the British budget of 1919 substantial preferences in favor of Empire products were established on tea, cocoa, coffee, sugar, tobacco, wines, and a few other products. These preferences are not of great importance commercially to the United States, but they are significant as a step towards the establishment of a comprehensive preferential system. The extent to which the movement tends to go is indicated by an amendment to the budget adopted July 9, 1919, on the motion of Mr. Austen Chamberlain. It added to the definition of the "British Empire" the words, "or is a territory in respect of which a mandate of the League of Nations is exercised by the government of any part of his Majesty's dominions." This amendment was opposed on the ground that it would sow dissension among the nations; that it would favor a German merchant in Southwest Africa over a French merchant in France or in French colonies; and that it was not in harmony with the principles of the League of Nations. For tariff purposes German Southwest Africa has been assimilated to the Union of South Africa. Free trade is thus established between the Protectorate and the Union, and British preferences in the tariff laws of the Union are made applicable to imports into the Protectorate.

Finally, foreign investments and concessions may be cited as evidence of the need of common action by nations. That they were a cause of international friction and ill will before the war will be disputed by no one. In Mexico, China, Persia, Morocco, and other undeveloped regions capital eagerly sought investment. When local governments failed to furnish adequate protection or when rival

investors of other nationalities began to press for advantage, appeals were made for the support of the foreign office of the home government. Diplomacy became active. Spheres of influence were laid out. Colonial control was strengthened. Even trading companies became a cloak for the active furtherance of political and territorial ambitions of imperialistic nations.

In the solution of these problems the *laissez-faire*, non-interference policy has no place. It is thoroughly undemocratic. It merely puts off the day of reckoning. The resources of undeveloped regions should be developed, and for this purpose the capital of the more advanced societies is required. In no field is international co-operation more necessary and a constructive policy more desirable. The proposal to form an international syndicate composed of the banks of Japan, Great Britain, France, and the United States to make political and economic loans in China is a step in the right direction. The members of the consortium should be required to make over to the syndicate all preferential rights which they now hold in China. Co-operation in other regions is also desirable. Neglect will result inevitably in the clash of national interests and the growth of imperialistic aims.

These problems—the regulation of international trade, the distribution of raw materials, discriminations and preferences, and the supervision of foreign investments—are of a character that require international supervision. Just as in the United States we have devised federal commissions for the regulation of interstate traffic and trade, so there should be commissions under the League of Nations vested with power to apply the rules of a new international commercial code conceived in a liberal spirit and with power to decide cases which come before them. Publicity alone would go far to correct many of the patent evils of international commerce. The successful operation during the war of the Allied Maritime Transport Council and similar bodies

assures us that such international commissions are not the fabric of a dream. Under the stress of war, the Allied and Associated powers *did* co-operate; they worked out in common councils their common economic problems. With the dramatic element gone, the need for co-operation is nevertheless great. Even under the Treaty as it stands to-day we need a tribunal to determine what acts of Germany against the goods of the Allied and Associated nations are unfair, and to apply the rules of "equal opportunities for trade and commerce" and of "equitable treatment." And if the League is to succeed, it must go much further and provide government in the field of international finance and trade where to-day anarchy all but reigns. To turn over the solution of the great economic problem of international trade to a common international tribunal is not to infringe on national sovereignty but to supplement the nation in its task; to provide the means of making the nation truly effective within its sphere and to relieve it of functions which, in the nature of things, it cannot perform.

When consideration is given to the Peace Treaty, the problems which it endeavors to solve, and those which it fails to consider, it would seem that the best thing which can be said for it is that it makes no claim to finality. Other world settlements have been static. They have been entered into in the belief that they would determine the relations of nations for all time. They left practically nothing open for future consideration. They made no provision for the changing life of nations, for the inevitable tendency of treaties to become obsolete. In the Treaty of Versailles, however, not only are many of the provisions frankly tentative, but the machinery for their subsequent reconsideration is provided. The Covenant of the League of Nations to-day stands as a potentially dynamic factor which peoples may use, if they desire, in adjusting international differences before they reach the point of armed conflict, and in laying the foundations of a permanent and

just peace. Its prime importance, rising above all the details of political bickering, is that it recognizes the value of conference in settling the disputes of nations. It offers a key with which the doors left closed by the Treaty may in better days to come be opened. In time, liberal opinion in the different countries will become organized, and when it does, the Covenant of the League of Nations will be seized upon and made the effective instrument for solving the problems of world government. The very defects of the Treaty will then prove an opportunity for strengthening and developing the organization of the League. The League, indeed, must have its powers defined and its machinery enlarged in order to meet the problems which will arise. Unless it has the enthusiastic support of the United States and the other democratic peoples, it will remain merely a pious aspiration. World peace will be attained only by admitting Germany into the League and working out the problems with her in council. This should be done as soon as she begins to show good faith in carrying out the Treaty provisions. Russia, too, must be a member of the League of Nations. With Germany, Russia, and America excluded, the League would be merely an alliance.

The present situation is full of dangers. The chauvinism which showed itself at Paris is continuing to express itself in the policies of the individual governments. The League of Nations, which the Senate has once rejected, is not yet providing any restraining influence. Vested rights are being established and it may be difficult to dislodge them. The hope of the future, however, is that the Peace Treaty provides in the League of Nations the means by which wrongs may be corrected and adjustments made towards a permanent settlement. If we finally reject the Treaty for selfish reasons, this hope is dimmed.

CONSTANTINOPLE UNDER THE GERMANS

1917-1918

By BARNETTE MILLER

ON the afternoon of September 6, 1917, I was drinking coffee with a Greek friend in the café of Tokatlian's Hotel on the Grande Rue de Pera in Constantinople. It was the hour of the day when the café was most crowded with its motley and nondescript clientele, half-Eastern, half-Western; and the tea-and-coffee drinking was proceeding in the usual thick atmosphere of cigarette smoke, much as if there were no war in the outside world, when suddenly we were stunned by a most terrific explosion. A second explosion followed, almost instantly, before the people in the front of the café could more than get to their feet and make frantic efforts between overturned tables and chairs to reach the doors, while the Levantine waiters wildly whipped their napkins at the retreating crowd, and screamed, "Allez chez vous!" While my friend and I were trying our best to make our way out—for we were in the rear, close to a glass partition—there was a third tremendous shock, and I recall the curious sensation of seeing on my shoes and on the floor particles of this glass, the *art-nouveau* pattern of which I had just been tracing with my eyes as we talked over our coffee.

Once in the Grande Rue, we found ourselves in a panic-stricken mob, without idea or purpose, searching the sky with upturned faces for airplanes, and running madly hither and thither as far as the congested condition of the street would permit. When no airplanes appeared to explain the explosions, which continued with equal force at slightly longer intervals, the crowd began to drift—on a general principle well recognized in Constantinople—down the hill

in the direction of the great bridge that spans the Golden Horn between Galata and Stamboul.

"What is it? What does it mean?" everyone was asking his neighbor. I had a vague idea that it must be an Allied army bombarding the city. But when we had been carried along as far as the bridgehead, we saw on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus opposite us vast billows of smoke pouring forth and great flames spurting out with each fresh burst, almost half way across the water to Stamboul. A Turkish peasant standing by the door of the Deutsche Bank finally solved the mystery for us: "It's an explosion at the arsenal of Haidar Pasha." In another moment we could see for ourselves that he was right. The whole point of land on which the Asiatic suburb of Haidar Pasha stands was enveloped in smoke and flame.

Though we did not realize its full meaning at the time, this terrible event proved to be an important link in the chain that led to the victory of the Allies. For in those few hours on that fateful September day in 1917 the last great hazard of the Turks in the game of war literally went up in smoke. What had fed the flames that leapt half way across the Bosphorus was the greater part of the ammunition, the rolling-stock, the motor lorries, the artillery, and all the varied paraphernalia of modern war, which the Turks and Germans had assembled for a colossal drive that was to retake Bagdad—*Darus selam*, "the house of health."

The campaign had been christened in advance with the magic name "Yilderim" (Thunderbolt), by which one of the early Turkish sultans was called, "Yilderim Bayazid"—whom, curiously enough, we Westerners know only in his eclipse as the Bajazet of Marlowe's "Tamburlaine." "The Yilderim campaign—Yilderim—Yilderim"—one heard the phrase on the lips of the *sakilus* (bearded old men) in the cafés, and in the bath-house gossip of the Turkish *hanums*. In an unguarded moment one day, I, too, spoke the word Yilderim in the street, and at once two Turkish women who

had overheard it turned and followed me suspiciously, evidently thinking that the use of the term by a foreigner boded them no good.

All during the summer of 1917 preparations for this great drive which was to save the Turkish Empire had gone on. The assembling of the materials was at its height, the Germans had promised 150,000 men, and the transportation had begun—there were even two trains loaded with troops ready to pull out of the station—when the end came.

For several days afterward we heard the rumor that an English airplane from Mudros had dropped a bomb on the arsenal. The official explanation of the disaster was that some part of a crane had broken as it was hoisting a box of ammunition, and the box fell—for the rest no expert testimony was needed. Overnight the word Yilderim passed out of the street vocabulary of the Turk—the Thunderbolt had struck, but not in Bagdad as he had planned. The Haidar Pasha explosion was irrevocably the beginning of the end of his dreams of Pan-Turanism and a German victory.

Those of us who belonged to the Allied communities in Constantinople had been cut off from direct communication with our friends since the departure of the American Embassy in April, 1917. We often wondered how much knowledge of this stupendous threat and its miscarriage had reached the outside world. No hint that the secret had leaked out ever got back to us. But the fact remains that the explosion at Haidar Pasha was the equivalent of a great victory for the Allies.

A considerable number of subjects of the Allied countries had, for one reason or another, not left Constantinople with their embassies in 1914 and 1917; and their treatment at the hands of the Germans and the pro-German Turks in power varied with their nationality and with circumstances. We were all of us conscious that we were constantly under surveillance. Our papers were always liable to seizure, and we were surrounded by an impenetrable ring of enemies.

But I know of no instances of Allied civilians having been confined in Turkey during the period of the war in internment camps. When they were exiled for any reason into the Interior of Asia Minor, they enjoyed the freedom of the city or town to which they were sent. Yet such is the unpleasant connotation of the word "Interior" in connection with the sentence of exile in Turkey, that a Syrian who had a son in Boston at the time of the entry of America into the war, went to the American Consul in Beirut and asked him if he could not do something to prevent his son being sent into the Interior of America!

Of all these Allied subjects the British were the worst hated, as the Germans doubtless intended that they should be. About eighty-five per cent of the 10,000 Kut-el-Amara prisoners died from disease and hardship, for the most part in the Interior. A score of English women and children and two men exiled from Bagdad on the approach of the English army (the "Bagdadlis," as we called them), were nine months on their journey across desert and mountain. At Mosul they were confined for months in a "black hole" with other refugees to the number of thirty-six. When they finally reached Constantinople after indescribable sufferings, two had perished by the wayside. But in the capital, civilian Englishmen were in general discreetly handled, though several were exiled into the Interior.

Of the Americans left in Constantinople after our entry into the war (of whom I was one), there were not many—only a handful of missionaries, the faculties of the two colleges on the Bosphorus, and a stray business man or two. We were notably the best treated of the anti-German groups, in part because Turkey, in spite of German pressure, never declared war against the United States, and in part because of the influence of Djavid Bey, Minister of Finance during the period after the Armenian massacres, who remained a staunch supporter of American interests to the end of his tenure of power. A great deal of the suffering of the Allied

subjects in Turkey was due to the confiscation of their properties, but American property in the capital was never taken over, and the American schools continued their work uninterrupted through the war, in spite of envious German eyes turned always towards their buildings. The hostility of the Germans was never overtly shown. Instead they used Enver Pasha as their tool. Djavid steadily opposed Enver in the matter and later won over to his side Talaat Pasha, the Grand Vizier, carrying the victory one Sunday for the Americans at what was rumored to have been a very stormy Cabinet meeting. It happened significantly, we thought, that the time the two American colleges were most seriously threatened was on an occasion the week following this decision when Talaat was absent in Germany.

The Armenians and Greeks, who were also to be counted among the pro-Ally groups, in the capital, were not deported in a body into the Interior. But many individual exceptions were made, especially among the Armenians, and we would occasionally see an incident in the streets of Constantinople, even up to the end of the war, that brought before our eyes all the horror of the persecution of native Christians elsewhere. One day as I was riding on the tram through the European suburb of Bechiktash, I was startled by the sight of a great brute of a young Anatolian Turk—dressed in the shapeless, unpressed fez, the open shirt, the baggy blue trousers, and the pointed shoes of the Interior—dragging a handsome Armenian girl (a peasant of perhaps fifteen or sixteen) along the street by the arm. Evidently she had just been torn from her home, for she wore no head covering, and she half walked, half ran, with difficulty on the wooden clogs that Oriental women wear in the house. On the face of her captor was an expression of almost satyr-like glee, as he hauled the girl along, while she looked absolutely paralyzed with terror. As the tram passed on, we continued to hear the man's shouts of fiendish laughter. So dramatic was the incident that the German

and Turkish officers, of whom the car was full, all stood up to see what was happening, yet not a single officer lifted a hand or a voice against the wanton brutality of the act.

The Germans filled not only the trams of Constantinople but the streets as well. Their wide, low, dun-colored cars, emblazoned with the imperial German crest—the type used by the German superior officer—drove ceaselessly and recklessly through the crowded thoroughfares, packed to full capacity. They were always parked near the War Office in great numbers. On Monday mornings these cars were lined up at the quays awaiting their owners, who would return to town loaded with flowers, fruits, vegetables, and other spoils of a week-end at the Prince's Islands. The lack of regulation of the food supply and higher pay for foreign service made life so much pleasanter in Constantinople than in Berlin that Germans openly expressed a preference for a billet in the Turkish capital during the latter part of the war. Here they not only enjoyed greater leeway themselves, but they were able to provide their families with extra supplies. In addition to the large quantities of food which the Germans forced the Turks to let them export from the country, individual officers smuggled out a great deal by post, and they filled to overflowing their compartments in the "Balkan Zug" when they made journeys home.

Their drinking of beer and champagne in the restaurants, their dances and chamber-music, were carried on in Constantinople much as if there were no war, and they enjoyed all kinds of special privileges. For example, only German officers were allowed to keep riding horses when everyone else was forced to give them up. A German admiral who lived next door to Constantinople College was in the habit of having gay evening entertainments in the small walled garden at the rear of his house. In the light of the Chinese lanterns we could see the women in evening dress *à la* Berlin, and the officers in full naval dress uniform. After about two hours of wine-bibbing, the officers used to stand under a

certain tree and bellow forth patriotic verse in such ear-splitting shouts that we often wondered why the police of the village did not come to see what the disturbance was. Had it been anyone else except Germans, they would have done so. There was, of course, no fraternization on their part in social diversions or sports with the Turkish officers, nor even with the Austrians, whose social life was quite apart. The German officers were generally very bumptious and overbearing in their demeanor towards the Turk; in return they were cordially detested, and their assumption of authority was greatly resented. I think the heavy loans made by Germany to Turkey had convinced the Germans that the Turks were wholly in their power—as in fact they were.

The Turks feared the sixty or seventy thousand German troops, said to have been kept in Constantinople for use in case of an anti-German uprising, and especially the battleships "Goeben" and "Breslau," whose guns could easily have terrorized the city. It was a curious fact, that, though the two ships had been rechristened the "Selimie" and the "Medelli," the Turks were never allowed to man or officer them, and the several thousand German sailors did not even bother to change the original names on their caps. Near where the battleships were anchored in Stenia Bay on the upper Bosphorus, in one of the broad valleys that intersect the hills at right angles to the strait, these sailors cultivated a large garden of twenty or thirty acres, from which they supplied themselves with the delicacies of the season. Its trellised gates and extremely neat asphalt paths were eloquent testimony to the idea of permanent occupation in the German mind. The wholesale corruption by the German sailors and soldiers of the Greek and Armenian, especially the Greek, women in the Bosphorus villages, whose husbands had been drafted or deported, and who were compelled to choose between starvation and German money, was one of the most deplorable results of the German occupation.

Before the end of the war the Germans had penetrated the Ministry of Education to a marked degree. A certain Herr Schmidt was made adviser-in-chief to the Turkish Minister, and German Herr Professors were appointed to some of the chief chairs in the University of Stamboul at considerably higher salaries than the Turks received. The Turks saw with indignation their professors of Arabic and other Oriental languages displaced by Germans. However, they managed to get some amusement out of the situation, for they were quite unable to understand the Turkish of their German instructors, who attempted to lecture in the native tongue. The professors had come with heavy impedimenta from Germany as if they were settling in Constantinople for life, bringing their families and household goods and libraries and collections with them. The enforced hasty disposal of their effects at the time of their exodus after the armistice was, I think, one of the bitterest pills these German pedagogues had to swallow, so sure had they been of their stay, and such deep root had they taken.

During the last year of war, comparatively little propaganda seemed to be put out by the Germans in Constantinople. They no longer thought themselves dependent upon persuasion and diplomacy, for were they not in complete possession of all that they considered it worth their while in Turkey to possess? Yet frequently one heard the Turks speculating as to how long the alliance between the two countries could last in the event of a German victory; for, excepting Enver's circle, the Turks had come to fear the Germans more than they feared the Allies. When the Third Army Corps revolted shortly before the armistice and took to brigandage in western Asia Minor, they held up a train between Panderma and Smyrna and robbed two bank couriers of several thousand liras. A German officer on board, who protested against the treatment he received, was soundly thrashed by the Turkish mutineers, and the incident was hugely enjoyed by the Turks in the capital.

Of course, all the war news that we got in Constantinople after April, 1917, was strained through the German and the Turkish censorships. Though the censored accounts were in general misleading, there were, especially towards the end, exceptions. Notably during the Allied offensive in the summer of 1918, the German *communiqués* admitted defeats with a frankness that could be explained only by despair or by the supposition that the news was regarded as too remote to mean much in Turkey. In the official bulletins we could follow the American army as it advanced in the Argonne Forest, and my history students at Constantinople College were allowed to peg out on the "Times" war map the German retreat from Chateau-Thierry to the end. But it was quite different with the news of reverses nearer at hand. Practically all we learned of Allenby's campaign in Syria was through rumor and by inference. The fall of Jerusalem was never directly admitted in the *communiqués*, though weeks afterward the line of the British advance, as given in the newspapers, could be traced a hundred miles or so to the north of the city. What we did hear authentically of this brilliant military achievement came through the refugees—occasionally Germans—who flocked to the capital from the captured towns. Their tales were extremely panicky, and they were all more or less alike. They had known nothing of the proximity of the enemy until, presto! there would be a few straggling British cavalymen, or at most a troop, riding into town. This was the usual formula. In some cases the refugees, in their excitement, reported captures two or three weeks before these actually came off! So, on the whole, we who were beleaguered in Constantinople knew in accurate detail much more about the war on the far-away western front than we did about what was going on at our very doors.

Our chief experience of war at first hand in those long months of isolation between the departure of the American Embassy and the armistice came from the air raids of our

friends the British. It is rather a queer sensation that—being attacked by friends! Before the summer of 1918 the British had made only a few sporadic air attacks, but during July, August, and September of that year, we had visits from them on all moonlight nights. The chief targets of the aviators were the War Office in Stamboul, the arsenals at Haidar Pasha and Haskeuy, and the “Goeben” anchored off Stenia. The Turks had no airplanes to defend themselves with, and they resented the fact that the Germans did not supply them with any. But they mounted powerful batteries in many strategic positions, as in the British Crimean War Cemetery at Haidar Pasha; the guns of the “Goeben” were kept ready for action; and machine-guns were placed on many high buildings in the city and on the far side of the ridge above Constantinople College. Usually the planes came from Mudros up the Dardanelles in squadrons of eight—sometimes there were two or more squadrons. On moonlight nights the first attack would begin about half past ten, when we would hear the dull thud of the first bomb striking somewhere beyond Stamboul just as we were dropping off to sleep, and then, after an interval of quiet, the second fracas would start towards twelve or one.

We who lived at Arnaoutkeuy had front seats for the spectacle, since the aviators, after dropping their bombs, always made their escape over the Thracian hills directly behind us. Although we were at a perfectly safe distance from the targets at which the bombs were aimed, we got the full benefit of the Turkish anti-aircraft barrage, which was concentrated above the crest of the ridge just beyond our buildings as the planes flew off. The shrapnel fell like rain on our roofs, and the fiery fragments burst outside our windows as thick as fireflies in a Southern swamp. After a time we became so accustomed to the night raids that we could lie in our beds quite tranquilly and watch the effect of the barrage through our mosquito nets, and finally we learned to sleep through the return attack.

On the whole, the damage done by the raids was not so great as might have been expected, and there were few fatalities. The morale of the capital was not seriously affected. But the air raids did at times—and doubtless oftener than we knew—interfere with the life of the city. When the new Sultan, Mehmet the Sixth, came to the throne some three months before the armistice, the authorities apparently were unable, for fear of a raid, to announce in advance the time for the ceremony of the Girding of the Sword, which corresponds to the Western coronation. When the delayed ceremony did at length come off—at very short notice—the greens on the triumphal arches through which the procession passed were quite withered.

The air raids were intermittent, but the problem of food we had always with us. Bread was rationed. So were sugar and olive oil—theoretically—for in practice there was seldom any supply of either to divide. With other foods the grocers' and green grocers' shops were well supplied up to the end—except for a short time before the harvest of 1917—and you could get most things if you were rich enough to pay the unbelievable prices asked. The poor lived chiefly on bread and a coarse cereal called *boulgur*. *Boulgur* is made from wheat, first boiled in the grain and then husked, and by reason of this process very indigestible. It took the place of rice (which became too expensive for the ordinary pocketbook) in the popular native dish—pilaf.

The profiteers in food and fuel and other necessities of life were popularly known in Constantinople as the *Ortuz-ikilik*, or the Thirty-twoers, the word being coined (like our "Forty-niners") from the year—1332 in the Mohammedan reckoning, 1915 in ours—when they leapt into sudden wealth. Whenever one saw women clad in particularly rich *mashlaks* or *tcharchafs*, or men ordering grotesque menus at Tokatlian's, one always knew that they were *Ortuz-ikilik*.

Of all the Turkish profiteers, the one best known to the outside world was Enver Pasha—Minister of War and virtual

dictator of Turkey under the Germans. Curiously enough, in the only conversation I ever had with him he brought up the subject of supplies and prices. I met him at the American Embassy, shortly after my return to Constantinople via Copenhagen and Berlin in the fall of 1916. Knowing that I had just passed through the German capital, he asked me what my impressions of it were. I replied that I had had there my first experience of changes and deprivations made by war. To almost every order I had given at the restaurants the waiters had answered, "Es gibt nichts." "And Constantinople?" Enver Pasha asked. "Food seems to be plentiful here," I replied, "if one can pay for it." He gleefully rubbed his hands together and exclaimed: "That is what I have always said! In Constantinople conditions are much better. One can get anything if one can pay for it!" So spoke this far-sighted statesman!

But far-sighted or short-sighted, no one could accuse Enver Pasha of not taking full advantage of his position to confiscate in every direction. His garage at Ortaköy was filled with "commandeered" cars, and, by a process of helping himself, he had become during the war one of the chief landowners in the empire. After his flight it leaked out that he had dealt in sheep, among other things, and that 6,000 from Angora were thriftily tucked away in the enclosure around St. Sophia, awaiting his selling orders at \$1.75 the pound.

This "monster," as I heard Turks call him after his downfall, was, when I met him, still a slight, very youthful-looking soldier with a noticeably shy manner. His smile was winning, and his brown eyes were so gentle as to be positively gazelle-like, if I may use a favorite Eastern figure. Yet, his appearance to the contrary notwithstanding, he was a man of absolutely iron will, who, though not brilliant, knew what he wanted and how to get it; and he was totally devoid of the humanizing emotions. During the war he became, with German backing, practically an autocrat, far more

powerful than the Sultan or even the Grand Vizier, Talaat Pasha.

Talaat Pasha was in appearance the Adrianople gypsy type of Turk—tall, dark, and heavy—in actual fact he was not a Turk but a Pomak, or Mohammedan Bulgarian. Unlike Enver he was easily accessible to foreigners, and when I applied to him in person for permission to leave Turkey, he readily granted my request. "But," he added with a hint at his powerlessness to move Enver, "you may have trouble in getting your military visé, and there I cannot help you."

The old Sultan was, of course, to the end of his life a mere figurehead, a tool of the Committee. But the new Sultan, Vahaeddine Effendi, known as Mehmet the Sixth, has always been an enemy of Enver and the other members of his clique. His greatest friends are the avowed Anglo-philés, Tewfik Pasha and Achmed Riza Bey, President of Parliament until displaced by the Committee. At the time of the Girding of the Sword, we were impressed by Mehmet's Abdul Hamidian, eagle-like eye, which seemed to take in everyone in the great crowd at a glance; and also by his benevolent expression—an impression which certain acts towards his subjects since his accession seem to bear out. The story is told that at the time of the Balkan wars Mehmet the Fifth, well-intentioned but doddering, was informed by his brother Vahaeddine that the state of Turkey was as bad as it could be. "But what can I do?" asked the old Sultan. "Do something! Do anything! Die if you can do nothing else," replied Vahaeddine. "Do anything rather than let your people suffer as they are suffering."

When the news of the Bulgarian débâcle and of the opening of negotiations with the Allies reached us in Constantinople in September, 1918, the Turks knew that they had come to the end of their rope—they had always prophesied that the war would end as it had begun in the East, and here was the end. The Armenians among the population at

this time behaved with admirable restraint. The Turkish population was apathetic. For two or three days, the Germans tried to rally public opinion by guaranteeing that whatever happened they would keep open communication by railway between Turkey and Berlin. Soon it became clear that this was impossible. Next they promised to keep open a route by land and water via Bucharest. In this, too, they failed, and the second boat to try the route was forced to put back. Its return was a signal for panic among the Germans and the pro-German element.

After the resignation of Talaat's Cabinet, the hasty exits from Constantinople began. The first of the Committee to flee was Ismaïl Hakki Bey, the arch profiteer; and, had not the government then in power been a party to his flight, it should have warned officials that other dramatic disappearances might be expected to follow. For a time after his fall, Talaat Pasha had courageously endeavored to perform his functions as a member of Parliament; but Enver withdrew more than ever from public view. Nine days before the Allied fleet entered he gave a dinner at his palace at Ortaköy on the Bosphorus, at which were present Talaat and Djemal, previously Minister of Marine and commander of the Fourth Army Corps in Syria—a man who was in appearance the nearest counterpart that I have encountered of the seventeenth-century Janissary officer. At about half past eleven Enver was last seen under the glare of an arc-light standing on his quay, and speeding his parting guests, who boarded their launch and steamed off. Just as the launch left, the Chief Eunuch of Enver's serai was observed to step up to him, obviously to summon him to his harem. Enver went with the Chief Eunuch, and the soldiers who were supposed to be guarding his palace took the opportunity to go off duty for the night. The palace was then darkened. A half hour later the launch, this time without lights, returned to the quay, took Enver on board, and steamed away to the Black Sea. Thus the Triumvirate

disappeared from the scene of its late supremacy, to reappear, according to present rumor, in Switzerland and as the leaders of the Turks and Tatars of Western Asia with German material and Bolshevik aid against the Allies.

On Tuesday, the thirteenth of November, the hour came for which Allied citizens in Constantinople had waited through long months of war and isolation. On that day, after a path had been swept through the Dardanelles mine-fields, the Allied fleet made its formal entry. At eight o'clock in the morning we received word from Stamboul by telephone that two airplanes and six ships had been sighted coming up the Sea of Marmora. We rushed pell mell to the top of the hill behind the college where we could get a near view of the Bosphorus and a distant view of the sea; we arrived just in time to see the advance guard of the great fleet of sixty or more vessels steam into view. There was a light mist, not enough to obscure but merely to soften the outlines. It gave a touch of unreality—an effect of mirage—to the stately procession of silent ships. There were no salutes, no strings of flags on the masts, no tootings. The great fleet entered most unostentatiously and quietly. It was almost impossible to realize as we stood on the hill watching that we were present at the fall of the Turkish capital. And, of course, at that moment, we hardly sensed the fact that only twice before in the course of its unparalleled sixteen centuries of empire had Constantinople surrendered to a victorious power.

Every attempt had been made in the arrangements for the surrender of the city to preserve quiet and to avoid precipitating race riots. An order was given by the British authorities that side by side with all Allied flags a Turkish flag should be flown. It is needless to say that no flags were displayed in Stamboul or in other Turkish quarters. For the Turks it was not an occasion for celebration. But, like all Orientals, they are easily impressed with a show of power, and at that time the impression of the power of the Allies

was so great that any conditions of peace might have been imposed. Since then, as the preamble presented by Damad Ferid Pasha at the Peace Conference and as the military adventure of Mustapha Kemal Pasha in Asia Minor have indicated, the old Turkish confidence has had time to re-assert itself.

The English made it their first business after they were installed in Constantinople to sweep the city clean of Germans. Four ships were provided to convey them to Odessa, whence they were to make their own way through Russia. After the manner of their kind they, of course, complained bitterly of the dangers and hardships of the journey. And what a sudden and amazing change there was in their manner!—They were no longer condescendingly arrogant but crestfallen, almost slinking. For a few days German libraries and archaeological collections were offered at bargain prices, but the more easily transportable goods, such as fine Oriental rugs, metal work, and curios of their own and of their Allied landlords—for they were thieves to the bitter end—the Germans attempted to take with them, until even the Turkish authorities forced them to disgorge their loot. The streets were noticeably free from German soldiers; the quays were crowded with them, waiting to embark. The woe-be-gone few for whom there was no room on the ships remained to be interned. So also did the chief offenders, whom, by the way, the excellent British Intelligence seemed to know all about. Thus within a remarkably short time the far-reaching German grip on Turkish affairs—which not long before had seemed to us so hopelessly strong—had been loosed; and the German sway of a decade in Constantinople had passed into history.

THE MODERN SCIENCE OF FOOD VALUES

By HENRY PRENTISS ARMSBY

THE experiences of the great war have forced us to realize as never before that the maintenance of the food supply is the basal problem of civilization. Before commerce or manufacturing or mining can be carried on—before science or art or religion can flourish—man must be fed. A starving world cannot be made safe for democracy. Any rational programme of national or international preparedness, not only for possible future war but especially for the hoped for victories of peace, must have as its prime element the maintenance of an abundant food supply at prices which shall adequately reward the producer and not unduly tax the consumer.

That this is not only an urgent but an exceedingly complex problem is sufficiently evidenced by the current discussions in Congress and in the press and by the wide variety of proposals put forward for its solution. Just at present its economic and political aspects are those which chiefly occupy the public mind, but it must not be forgotten that nutrition is fundamentally a physiological question. Food must be abundantly produced and rationally consumed as well as honestly and economically distributed. Much attention has been given by scientists, especially during the last twenty-five years, to the physiology of nutrition, and notable progress has been made in the discovery and application of its basal laws. In these investigations, studies in the seemingly remote field of animal calorimetry have played a most significant part.

One of the most obvious features of the physical life of animals, including man, is the fact that they are continually producing and giving off heat. Indeed, death and the cessation of heat production are almost synonymous terms.

From the earliest times the animal heat was regarded as something innate and essentially vital, inexplicable by the ordinary laws of nature. Galen speaks of it as "that heat which is innate in the heart, which God placed there as the source of the heat of the body in the beginning of life and which remains there until death." That quantitative measurements of this animal heat should serve as a basis for the scientific nutrition of men and of animals and for the conservation and distribution of the food supply in a world war would have seemed wildly visionary even a hundred years ago, yet it is among the sober realities of the twentieth century.

The story dates back to Lavoisier, who demonstrated that respiration was substantially a process of slow combustion, and who gave what he regarded as satisfactory proof that this combustion was the source of the mysterious animal heat. Lavoisier's conception, however, was too bold to find immediate acceptance, and the experimental methods available to his successors were inadequate for its investigation. It was not until 1894 that Rubner, with improved technique, was able to furnish a satisfactory demonstration of the correctness of Lavoisier's conclusion. In the average of seven experiments on dogs, covering in all forty-five days, he found a difference of less than one-third of one per cent between the computed heat production and that actually measured by his calorimeter.

Some remaining sources of uncertainty in Rubner's work were subsequently eliminated in very rigorous experiments, by Atwater and his associates, upon men. Thirty experiments by these investigators published up to the end of 1903, extending over ninety-three days and involving nearly a quarter of a million calories of heat, showed an average difference of only .05 per cent. Later experiments by Benedict and his co-workers with an improved form of apparatus showed a difference of about 1,100 calories in a total of almost 200,000, or .57 per cent. A summary made

a few years ago of all the results on different species then available, covering a total experimental period of 374 days and an aggregate heat production of over 1,800,000 calories, showed an average difference of .21 per cent.

But we miss the full significance of investigations in animal calorimetry if we think of them simply as experiments on the source of animal heat. Their scope is much broader. They demonstrate that the law of the conservation of energy obtains in the animal as elsewhere and thus lead to the conception of the body as a mechanism for the utilization of energy supplied to it in its food. Moreover, since none of this energy is destroyed, they show that it is possible to measure the efficiency of the animal mechanism by comparing its energy income with the various forms of energy outgo.

But while animal calorimetry has thus made an important contribution to our knowledge of the working of the animal body, it is pertinent to inquire what direct service has been rendered to mankind by these laborious and costly investigations. While it is a narrow and barren ideal which demands that each piece of scientific research justify itself by some material outcome, the pursuit of "knowledge for its own sake" is an equally extreme and unfruitful conception. In the broad view, knowledge is valuable not for itself but for its effects, including, of course, its effect upon the mind which perceives it. Animal calorimetry need not fear this test. While less than a quarter of a century has elapsed since Rubner initiated the modern study of the subject, it has already proved fruitful of results and is steadily opening up new paths for investigation.

Clinical medicine, for example, is coming to profit largely by the results of comparative calorimetric observations on healthy and diseased individuals. Forms of portable respiration apparatus like those of Zuntz or Benedict render such observations at the patient's bedside a comparatively simple matter, while more elaborate studies with fixed

apparatus of the chamber type are being successfully used, notably at the Nutrition Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution, under the direction of Benedict, and at Bellevue Hospital, New York, by Du Bois on the initiative of Lusk.

Comparisons of this sort give a far more definite picture of the effects of disease and of treatment than can be obtained in any other way. Thus, in goitre, it has been found that the body combustions are stimulated strictly in proportion to the severity of the disease, so that the heat production may serve as a clinical index to the results of surgical or medical treatment or to the effects of the diet. Diabetes is another disease whose nature is being extensively studied calorimetrically, and although no specific remedy has yet been discovered, important information regarding the effects of proposed methods of treatment such as the so-called "oatmeal" and "fasting" methods has been obtained.

Some most interesting results upon typhoid fever have been reported. In the first place, it has been shown that the high body temperature in this disease is due to a greater production of heat and not to a failure to eliminate heat from the body at a normal rate. It follows from this that the body of the patient is burning up more material than normally and, following up this hint, the so-called "high-calorie" diet, supplying especially liberal amounts of carbohydrates, has been found of marked benefit. Moreover, it has been shown that such diet does not, in the typhoid patient, have the effect in stimulating the body combustions which is observed in the healthy individual. Du Bois writes: "The practical application of all this is that typhoid patients need more food than normal men under similar conditions and that food in quite large amounts is well absorbed and does not increase heat production, as was previously feared." Moreover, it has been shown that very liberal feeding, especially with carbohydrates, may reduce or prevent the wasting away of the muscles and other tissues which otherwise takes place.

It is perhaps in the field of nutrition, both human and animal, that results of the most general interest have been reached. If the energy expended by the animal originates in a combustion in the body, it is clear that the substances burned must be derived directly or indirectly from the food, since otherwise the body itself would soon be consumed. The food is obviously the fuel of the animal mechanism. The primary purpose of this mechanism is the performance of mechanical work. It moves itself from place to place, gathers or captures its food, and in case of man and domesticated animals performs a variety of useful labor. At the same time it produces a large amount of heat, some of which is of use in keeping it warm, but this is substantially an incident and not an end of the body combustion.

A fairly close analogy may be drawn between the body and an internal combustion motor. In both a fuel—food in the body, gas or other combustible material in the motor—is burned, producing primarily motion and secondarily heat. Both the body and the motor are transformers of energy. In each, the chemical energy of fuel is converted in part into mechanical work while the remainder escapes as heat. Accordingly, students of nutrition have come to regard the food as primarily a source of energy for the body mechanism and to look upon the variety of other functions which the food ingredients perform, however essential, as tributary to this main end. The general acceptance of this point of view is due largely to the calorimetrical investigations of Rubner and others already mentioned. They showed not only that the combustions in the body are the sole source of the animal heat but that the principal ingredients of the food—proteins, carbohydrates, fats—may be substituted for each other, within wide limits, in proportion to the amounts of energy which they are capable of supplying to the body.

The first practical application of the idea that food values could be expressed in terms of energy was in the field of

human nutrition, the pioneers being Rubner in Germany and Atwater and his associates in the United States. Thanks to their labors and to those of a host of their successors and pupils, the conception has become common property. The popular magazine contributor writes glibly of energy values, and the up-to-date housewife "riseth early while it is yet night" and giveth calories unto her household.

Most can raise the flower now
For all have got the seed.

Studies of the food requirements of man as expressed in his heat production under ordinary conditions have been especially numerous. That muscular activity is a potent factor in the food requirement is well known from experience, but experiments in which various occupations have been carried on in the chamber of a calorimeter or in which the heat production has been measured by the indirect method have given quantitative value to the facts of common knowledge. The influence of bodily position, too, has proved to be a not insignificant factor. A woman required to stand ten or twelve hours a day behind the counter of a store, to say nothing of other ill effects, consumes some 16½ per cent more body tissue than when sitting quietly in a chair. Lying on a couch completely relaxed reduces the heat production in the body by from 5 to 10 per cent as compared with sitting upright, while, curiously enough, lying propped up comfortably in a steamer chair has recently been found to reduce it still further, so that there is a certain physiological justification for the favorite attitude of the lazy man with his chair tilted back and his feet on the desk. The influence of other factors, such as sex, age, and athleticism, has likewise been investigated, and for many occupations it is now possible to compute with a good degree of accuracy the average daily requirement of a man or woman on the basis of the number of hours spent sleeping, sitting quietly, walking about, and working at a specific vocation.

Parallel with these investigations upon energy requirements have gone determinations of the quantities of energy available in foods; and extensive tables have been prepared which render it a simple task to compute a dietary supplying the required amount of energy.

The significance of such data as these for the nutrition of the individual is obvious. While by no means the sole factors to be considered, the energy values of foods constitute the readiest and simplest means of comparison between prices and total nutritive values. Together with a rational selection as between different classes of foods and reasonable skill in their preparation, they afford the possibility of combining economy in the household account with notable improvement in nutrition, particularly for people of limited means, and so of a corresponding increase in productive capacity both physical and mental. When it is considered that not less than 25 per cent of the average income is spent for food the economic importance of the matter to the individual and to the community becomes obvious. Especially where large numbers of men have to be fed, as in prisons, asylums, military and labor camps, energy values afford a great aid in combining efficiency with economy in nutrition. A notable example of success in this field is found in the work of the Sanitary Corps of the Surgeon General's Office in our army camps.

Energy data also afford the most adequate measure of the food requirements and food supply of a nation. Perhaps the most striking instance of the wide scope for the application of these fundamental principles of nutrition was found in the field of international food supply during the war. The diversion of millions of men from agricultural production to military service, and the havoc incident to war, together with the deficiency of shipping due to transport demands and the submarine menace, resulted in a threatening shortage of food. This shortage compelled not only a stimulation of production to the greatest practicable

extent but likewise the exercise of the utmost economy on an international scale, particularly by the European nations. Recognizing that the determination of the food resources and needs of each country was essentially a physiological problem, the Inter-Allied Conference held in Paris in November, 1917, provided for the creation of the organization known as the Commission Scientifique Interalliée du Ravitaillement, to be composed of scientific experts delegated by the governments of France, Great Britain, Italy, Belgium, and the United States. The task of the Commission was to study from a scientific point of view questions of food control—especially the problem of the equitable allocation of the available food supply among the Allied nations, and to make recommendations to their governments.

The Commission entered promptly upon its work and was actively engaged on it for two and one-half months in the spring and summer of 1918, holding formal sessions in Paris, Rome, and London, a prominent part in the proceedings being taken by the American delegates, Chittenden and Lusk. It was agreed by this Commission that energy values afforded the best unit of comparison; and by thus reducing the available data for consumption and production to a common denominator it was found possible to formulate a programme for the equitable allocation of food importations among the European nations, taking account of their population, average food requirement per individual, and probable domestic production. The programme thus recommended was partially carried out. The Commission was called together for the second time in the fall of 1918, but the unexpected signing of the armistice radically changed the situation, setting free more or less overseas tonnage, and introducing the problem of the food needs of the occupied regions. These changes, together with difficulties in internal transportation, rendered it impracticable to make definite recommendations. Although the early conclusion of the war cut the work short, even the formula-

tion of a food programme, based upon scientific studies of nutrition, was a notable achievement and a striking instance of the practical value of calorimetric studies of nutrition.

The energy requirements of domestic animals, and the energy values of the feeding stuffs which they consume, have also been the subject of extensive investigations, including especially those by Zuntz and his associates at Berlin on the horse, by Kellner and his colleagues at Moeckern on cattle, by Tangl in Budapest and Fingerling at Moeckern on swine, and by the writer and his associates on cattle, as well as the great mass of feeding experiments of more or less elaborate nature conducted by the agricultural experiment stations in this and other countries. As in the case of man, fairly satisfactory data have been accumulated regarding the energy content of stock feeds and the energy requirements of different species of farm animals, both for simple maintenance and for various forms of production, more especially of meat, although much further investigation is greatly needed.

That such data are capable of rendering important aid to the feeder of live stock is sufficiently evident, but their wider economic significance is perhaps not so obvious. For a full understanding of the latter it is necessary to consider briefly the part played by animals in the production of human food.

The crude products of the farm are not human food. This is obviously true of products like the hay and straw necessarily incident to the production of food crops, but even grains such as wheat and corn, although commonly thought of as directly available to man are so only in part. Man does not eat wheat, but wheat flour or its products, and a bushel of wheat yields ordinarily only about 43½ pounds of white flour along with 16½ pounds of mill offals useful only as stock feed. The function of the food animal is that of a converter. It changes the vegetable products

of the farm or ranch into the highly palatable meat or the milk which is of such importance especially in the nutrition of infants and growing children. In accomplishing this, it transforms the vegetable proteins of the feed into the more valuable animal proteins, a due supply of which is highly important in nutrition, and a comparatively small amount of which has been shown to enhance greatly the value of vegetable proteins consumed with them. Finally, and most important, the animal is able to manufacture these products to a considerable extent from materials which are of little or no direct food value to man because inedible by him. Such are, for example, roughages like hay, corn-fodder, straw, and the like, and the by-products of technical operations such as bran and oil meals. To the extent to which the animal can accomplish this transformation, the milk or meat produced constitutes a direct addition to the total food supply.

The fundamental studies in animal nutrition, to which reference has been made, are concerned primarily with the efficiency of this transformation. They seek to ascertain what proportion of the stored-up solar energy contained in stock feeds can be recovered in the meat or milk produced and utilized to operate the human machine. Three general lines of investigation are being pursued. First, the energy content of different feeding stuffs and the proportion of it which can be utilized by animals is being studied. Second, the efficiency of the animal as a transformer is being investigated, and we are learning how the beef steer, the pig, and the dairy cow compare in this respect, or how the pure bred differs from the scrub animal, the nervous from the phlegmatic one, or the fat from the thin one. Third, the influence of external factors such as temperature, shelter, and quiet upon feeding economy is being investigated.

In general terms, the experimental method employed both with men and animals consists of a comparison of income

and outgo of energy. The income is represented by the heat of combustion of the food, just as that of an engine is measured by the heat of combustion of its fuel. The outgo of energy in the unburned materials of the visible excreta is determined in the same way, and the measurement of any external work performed is not especially difficult. The measurement of the large amount of energy dissipated as heat, on the contrary, requires a complicated and costly apparatus known as a "respiration calorimeter." Numerous forms of this instrument have been constructed, but the type in most general use is that devised by Atwater and Rosa, in which the subject is placed in a closed chamber from which the products of respiration are removed by a ventilating air current and determined, while the heat produced, prevented by ingenious electrically controlled compensating devices from escaping through the walls of the chamber or in the ventilating air current, is taken up as fast as given off by a current of cold water, the rise in temperature of which is measured. The general principle of the apparatus is readily comprehended, but the elaborate appliances and precautions required to secure accurate results render such experimentation both expensive and time-consuming.

The bearing of experiments of this sort upon questions of nutrition and food supply may be conveniently illustrated by the averages of a considerable number of experiments on beef cattle, showing the partition of the stream of energy entering the body in the feed. It was found that of the total energy in ordinary roughages such as hay, straw, corn-fodder, and the like, approximately 57 per cent is rejected unused in the visible excreta, and about 23 per cent more is expended in the increased heat production which is always found to result from the consumption of feed, so that only about one-fifth of the amount supplied to the animal is actually stored up as increase of flesh or fat. In average grain feeds the loss in the excreta is much smaller, about 33

per cent, and the increase in heat production somewhat greater, about 27 per cent, so that approximately 40 per cent of their energy is recovered. It is apparent from these results that beef production is a rather expensive process, involving relatively large losses of energy both from roughages and concentrates. Individual feeding stuffs show an even wider range, the maximum utilization noted in these experiments for a grain being 46 per cent for corn meal, and the minimum for a roughage being 13 per cent for oat straw, while as low a figure as 5 per cent has been observed in the case of wheat straw. In milk production the losses are probably somewhat less and in pork production distinctly so, yet at best only a rather small percentage is actually recovered. From this point of view it also appears that average grain is about twice as available as average roughage.

But these figures do not tell the whole story. In the first place, not all of the 20 to 40 per cent of the feed energy which is stored up in body increase or in milk is actually available to man. A thousand pound steer yields only about 580 pounds of carcass and of this practically 100 pounds is inedible waste, while there is further loss due to the fact that the meat is not wholly digestible by man. Only about 43 per cent of the total feed energy retained in the body of the steer is actually utilized for human nutrition. The sheep makes a somewhat better showing, yielding about 49 per cent. With pigs and dairy cows, on the other hand, from 90 to 95 per cent of the feed energy stored up is available for man's support.

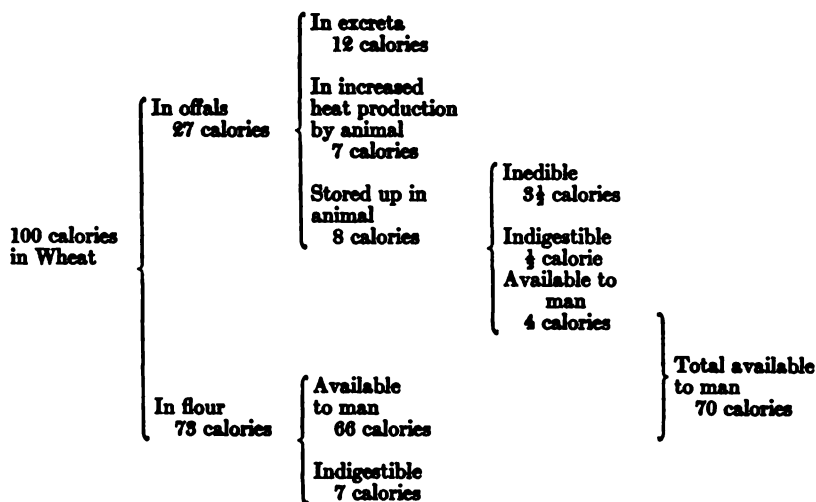
Still further, it has to be borne in mind that a certain amount of the available energy supplied to the animal in its feed is required for the operation of the bodily machinery, constituting the so-called maintenance requirement, or overhead feeding cost, which must be provided for before any production at all is possible.

It is obvious from all this that while the animal per-

forms an important function in the utilization of food values which would otherwise be wasted, nevertheless the use by animals of *potential human food* results in a great loss of energy. Thus when corn is converted into beef or pork, a large amount of human food is sacrificed, partly for the sake of securing better forms of protein, partly for the sake of the resulting fat, but to a large degree for the sake of the more attractive flavor of meat.

Studies of the energy values of feeding stuffs afford a basis for computing the extent of this sacrifice as well as for determining how farm products may contribute most efficiently to the nutrition of the community. For example, a bushel of average wheat contains about 110,000 calories of total energy. How much of this can be recovered for human nutrition? In general, it may be stated that it is readily possible to cover the food cost of maintenance of farm animals by the use of cheap roughages or of materials unavailable for human food. Assuming that this is done, and that the wheat is used only as the productive part of a ration, it is possible on the basis of experiments like those just described to compute how much of the energy of the wheat can be recovered in edible form when fed directly and how much when it is converted into flour for human use and the by-products fed to live stock.

Taking beef production as an illustration, it is found that when wheat is fed directly to a beef steer each hundred calories of energy in the wheat is distributed as follows, only 22 per cent being finally utilized: in excreta, 25 calories; in increased heat production by the animal, 25 calories; stored up in the animal, 50 calories. Of the total amount stored up 25 calories are inedible; 3 calories, indigestible; and 22 calories available to man. If, on the other hand, the wheat be milled and the flour used for human food, only the milling offals being utilized in beef production, about 70 per cent is recovered as may be seen from the following analysis:



Computations have been made for other grains and for other species of animals, from which it appears that when they are fed directly to cattle or sheep from 15 to 24 per cent of the energy consumed is rendered available as human food, while if the grains are milled and only the milling offals fed to animals, from 56 to 81 per cent can be recovered. When fed directly to pigs or dairy cows, the recovery ranges from 36 to 61 per cent, while milling the grains and feeding the offals give a percentage recovery of 60 to 85 per cent. These comparisons serve to illustrate the way in which the animal can aid in the conservation of food energy and likewise the fact that economy requires that the largest proportion possible of the food grains be consumed directly by man and only the remaining residues used for stock feeds. Other methods of utilization, such as the higher percentage milling of wheat or the production of "whole wheat" flour, the manufacture of hominy or of starch and glucose from corn, or the use of grains in brewing and distilling, may be compared in the same general way. In the latter case, for example, the percentage recovery of energy may be computed to be approximately 28 to 35 per cent in brewing, and 5 to 13 per cent in distilling, if the alcohol be not included; while assum-

ing for the latter its theoretical food value (a questionable assumption) the figures would be raised from 53 to 60 per cent in brewing and 59 to 67 per cent in distilling. It is apparent that, even on the most favorable assumption, the recovery of energy for man's use in brewing or distilling is much less than that obtained by milling the same materials.

The foregoing comparisons likewise illustrate the differences between different species of animals as conservers of food energy. The beef steer and the mutton sheep show a relatively low efficiency as meat producers as compared with the pig, provided, as is here assumed, that the maintenance requirement of the latter is satisfied by forage crops or by inedible by-product feeds. On the other hand, if the pig is fed largely on grain, as has been common in the past, he becomes a direct competitor of man. Finally, the dairy cow shows the highest efficiency of any domestic animal, both as regards conversion of feed into milk and the availability of the product for man. This is a fact of the greatest significance in national nutrition. Taken in connection with the indispensability of milk in the diet of infants and young children and its high value in the diet of all classes, it is obvious that all possible encouragement should be given to maintaining an abundant milk supply and to promoting the dairy industry in general.

Nutritional physiology offers no panacea for the high cost of living. It holds forth no hopes of revolutionary discoveries which shall make one loaf of bread serve where two served before. It cannot abrogate economic laws. Its task is the humble and prosaic yet indispensable one of learning by patient research how the food producing agencies of the nation may most efficiently serve the whole people and how the products of their activity may be used with the minimum of waste by preventing improper or unskilful selection and combination.

Heretofore the United States has literally had "food to burn"—sometimes actually as fuel, oftener in the bodies of

domestic animals. Those days are gone never to return. Even though we may hope to make an end of war we cannot hope to escape from the world's continually growing demand for food. The density of population that can be supported is practically limited by the amount of solar energy which the farmer can recover in food products and the efficiency with which these products can be utilized as fuel for the human body. Any rational effort to extend this limit must include as its prime requirements not only a systematic development of agricultural production such as is now being effected by national and state agencies but also an equally systematic attention to the conservation and most efficient utilization of the products of the farm. The two are but different aspects of the one great problem of national nutrition. Without reflecting upon any existing agencies, surely it is high time that, along with military, naval, transportation, and manufacturing programmes, this fundamental problem, vital to our national existence and welfare, should be taken up in its entirety by some national agency charged with the investigation of the scientific and economic aspects of food supply and utilization, and with the diffusion of the knowledge, thus gained, among the people.

IN PROVENCE

By EDITH WEARTON

I

Mistral in the Maquis

Roofed in with creaking pines we lie
And see the waters burn and whiten,
The wild seas race the racing sky,
The tossing landscape gloom and lighten.

With emerald streak and silver blotch
The white wind paints the purple sea.
Warm in our hollow dune we watch
The honey-orchis nurse the bee.

Gold to the keel the startled boats
Beat in on palpitating sail,
While overhead with many throats
The choral forest hymns the gale.

'Neath forest-boughs the templed air
Hangs hushed as when the Host is lifted,
While, flanks astrain and rigging bare,
The last boat to the port has drifted.

Nought left but the lost wind that grieves
On darkening seas and furling sails,
And the long light that Beauty leaves
Upon her fallen veils. . . .

II

The Young Dead

Ah, how I pity the young dead who gave
All that they were, and might become, that we
With tired eyes should watch this perfect sea
Re-weave its patterning of silver wave
Round scented cliffs of arbutus and bay.

No more shall any rose along the way,
The myrtled way that wanders to the shore,
Nor jonquil-twinkling meadow any more,
Nor the warm lavender that takes the spray,
Smell only of sea-salt and the sun,

But, through recurring seasons, every one
Shall speak to us with lips the darkness closes,
Shall look at us with eyes that missed the roses,
Clutch us with hands whose work was just begun,
Laid idle now beneath the earth we tread—

And always we shall walk with the young dead.—
Ah, how I pity the young dead, whose eyes
Strain through the sod to see these perfect skies,
Who feel the new wheat springing in their stead,
And the lark singing for them overhead!

LYRICAL EPIGRAMS

By EDITH WHARTON

I

My little old dog:
A heart-beat
At my feet.

II

Spring

A winter wind,
Primroses,
And the new furrow.

III

Friendship

The silence of midnight,
A dying fire,
And the best unsaid. . . .

IV

A pointed steeple
Above square trees—
Rustic France.

V

A blunt steeple
Over round trees—
Rural England.

VI

Soluntum

Across these giant ruins
The greatest cloud-shadows
Dart like little lizards.

SWINBURNE: A STUDY IN PATHOLOGY

By JEANNETTE MARKS

POETRY does not just happen. It is as much the result of a cause as the flame of firelight. Poetry represents liberated energy. We have our poets numbered and ticketed. But there are moods in which I feel that we know no more about them than what is found on their name tags. Certainly according to the criteria of modern science, literary criticism is yet unborn. We see an exhibition which we can safely announce to be genius. But what, on the basis of scientific investigation and facts, this really is—its causes, its laws, its chartings—of all that we are almost as ignorant as Columbus was of the coast of America before he discovered it. Paranoia, genius; a Byron, a "Manfred": we do not stop to question aim and motive but go no further than childish staring as the electric light of genius flashes on and off.

We have travelled grudgingly forward in literary criticism, taught timidity by our masters, our teachers, the past. We see dimly that the tubercle bacillus did play its part in Robert Louis Stevenson's work. He himself acknowledges in the "Vailima Letters" the immense deprivation which his recovered health meant in loss of stimulus to his artistic faculties. Carlyle, "Sartor Resartus," indigestion—some interplay of morbid forces which is unintelligible to us and which we dare not question. De Quincey, opium, "The Confessions"; Coleridge, opium, poetry—yes, ominous cloud on the horizon of classic and moribund criticism. It has been said that a man is what his microbes make him, and in nothing, it would seem, is this more true than with the man of genius.

How far and completely the modern world has bent the

knee to its men of genius can be seen in the fact that it has acknowledged through leadership that the degree of genius may be higher in the insane than in the sane. Nietzsche with his stigmata of insanity and his recurrent asylum life did more than any other man to plunge Europe into the hell of woe from which it now has hopes to emerge. Humanity gave him that power. Strindberg with his manic depressive work captivates our attention to-day. And criticism—disregarding his asylum periods and the fact that some of his work he himself acknowledges to have been done during periods of insanity—pours forth upon him a flood of praise. This looks like a sum done in favor of insanity. On the contrary it is a discount or subtraction from genius and its values. It is possible to conclude that as a motivating power genius has done quite as much harm as good. In the past superstition has assigned to insanity the Evil Spirit as motor force, to genius Divinity. But I question whether there is any such line of demarcation. We must subtract from both dicta of this superstition. The inspiration of genius is by no manner of means always inspired, nor is that of insanity evil.

Here in the chemistry of minds is some mystery—some added energy which liberates vision. Indeed, there is the type of writer or artist who is inspired only when he is mad. It would often seem as if the world's history were made by the asylum and the hospital, by neuropaths and epileptics and consumptives, and that there were in this—as in the lives of Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Mrs. Browning, Rossetti, James Thomson, Francis Thompson, Swinburne—an argument in favor of asylum and hospital. On the contrary this fact proves nothing but that nature has her plans and that one of them is that a species after reaching a "cultural limitation" shall make a brilliant display and then fall and perish. That is nature's plan everywhere evident wherever we turn. Nature is the great economist: she will use to the uttermost whatever a man possesses. Weak in

character, nature will lend flame to temperament and make that serve mankind. About to perish, nature sees that the mind burns the more brightly. She exacts the last ounce of energy from whatever lives or lives in dying—yes, from the very stuff of death itself. It is this kind of literary criticism which excuses one for thinking that the place of the literary critic might well be taken by the psycho-pathologist. The leading light of the new criticism can to advantage, for a while at least, lie along the path of pathological research.

Genius is a question of sensitization of protoplasm—it goes back to physical fact. And the foundations of the greatest cathedral of beauty ever erected by the mind of genius rest squarely upon the flesh of a man's body. Sensitized protoplasm vibrates in answer to outside impressions, with concentric waves of varying diameter. The stimulated, sensitized protoplasm sets the associative faculties to work, and the bigger this associative faculty, the bigger the genius. It is just here in the morbid stimulation of protoplasm that toxins, drugs, alcohol, enter in. Disorder reigns supreme, chaos, noise, nervousness, near-madness, through the stimulus of some toxins manufactured in a man's own system. Tea, coffee, drugs, alcohol seem temporarily at least to put the mental furniture in order, to bring harmony where there has been disorder. Opium is not genius. Madness is not genius. But both would sometimes appear to have the power to act as umpire for genius where its right to go forward is in question. And it would seem that the purchasing power in dreams was even greater in insanity than with either alcohol or opium.

At more than one point in the study of a man's poetry, science lays upon the critic the obligation to pause and say: Is this a microbe affair or a human affair? There is always something sinister about genius, for by its very physical constitution it looks through the eyes of a death's head—looks, in short, towards the end. Here is the doubling of the rose—perfection at the expense of life. The rose as it

doubles still keeps some of its ability to breed even as genius does. But there are coarser flowers—such, for example, as golden glow—which as they double lose all staminate parts. And there is human genius doubling, which loses all its staminate parts—bears the asexual look upon its face. Expression in literature a symptom of decadence? Yes, but what sort of shadow does all this cast on what we call spiritual life and its progress? What is this expense of the soul?

Coleridge sought asylum in opium and found it. But it must never be forgotten that he did so seek asylum or what that asylum meant. It becomes more and more clear to me that opium meant some sort of intellectual freedom from out of the midst of the microbic warfare within him—something which looked like beneficent toxins for the evil of probable staphylococci which fed on him. And equally it meant complete moral ruin.

It used to be thought wicked to question the flatness of the earth. Men mobbed Columbus with, "The earth is flat! The earth is square!" Columbus was reckless enough to face the problem, and some of the results are here to-day. We at least should not question his beneficent audacity. In the future some Columbus in literature will come along and tell us that every problem in literary genius goes back not to the man alone but to the microbe and the man.

We are what our microbes make us, and of genius, the doubling rose, is this doubly true. We may trace every good and every evil of genius back to those microbes. Do this and we shall not pity less but pity more. All that the bacteriologist knows but makes his pity infinite. And his pity will include the possible influence of even carious teeth and their relation to insanity. He is the scientist, patient of research, and knows. But the literary critic, glib of word has forgotten that human body from whose interrelations spring not only the greatest cathedral but every book in every library of all the world and every human institution ever erected. If we take the point of view of the bacteriolo-

gist, we shall not appreciate less but appreciate more. Oh, but we are afraid of having everything beautiful we have ever loved destroyed! Why should scientific criticism destroy beauty? Does scientific botanical knowledge destroy the beauty of the rose? Does the knowledge that in chemical analysis water may be represented by the formula H_2O and that this means two parts of hydrogen to one part of oxygen, destroy our sense of the beauty of a breaking wave or of the peace of falling rain or of the delight of water rushing over the body? The whole mediaeval superstitious business of fearing knowledge is nonsense. Every truth is but further conviction that God is—perhaps not in the way we want God to be. But that we should standardize God according to our human limitations is the great human impertinence!

The unfortunate fact about most readers of Swinburne is that they either accept his poetry without question, and immediately are ranked among the so-called and now fashionable Swinburnians, or they reject his poetry altogether. I think both attitudes are bad: submission, because unintelligent as applied to poetry or anything else, is rarely ever a good quality; condemnation, because it is unscientific in its attitude, is almost equally vicious in its results. We say of a certain person, "He is mad," simply because we do not understand him. "Mad" becomes a cheap escape from thinking. We condemn because we are unthinking: it is the easiest and first thing to do. Truly, Swinburne's conception of life is not that of Thomas à Kempis! His instinctive tendency towards rancors and hatreds, towards atheism, towards amorousness, in his poetry creates an atmosphere in which some of us do not feel at home. It is true that Swinburne abuses God in order that he may exalt love. What more is there to say? In "Atalanta," we have these lines:

All we are against Thee,
Against Thee, O God most high.

And in his hands, God becomes the "supreme, evil God."

Here is poetry which we value or dislike in proportion as we are able with the rhythm of its first line to swing ourselves into that particular mood which makes love of Swinburne's poetry possible. The peculiarity of it is that it is not thought expressing itself musically, but music in which thought is blurred or vanished altogether. I do not think such poetry can ever fulfil the function completely, or be classed as great. But I am not willing to go so far as to deny it the right to exist. It is true that with Swinburne language becomes not even a "beautiful disease." It is verbosity verbose. And I believe of pathological significance.

Form is the exfoliation of an idea or the structural expression of sheer physical energy of one sort or another. With Swinburne form in intricate verse, in peculiar use of words but not in development of ideas, is the exfoliation with which we have to deal. With Swinburne, words and the metrical forms are of supreme importance. Where there is no outlet for his particular lyricism and he deals with an idea solely, we have rubbish. Walt Whitman is said to have asserted that Swinburne's poetry made him think of a table set with beautiful china but with nothing on it to eat. For example, these verses from "On the Downs" may be sonorously beautiful, but try to separate the meaning from them and they are nothing:

As a queen taken and stripped and bound
Sat Earth, discolored and discrowned;
As a king's palace empty and dead
The sky was, without light or sound,
And on the summer's head
Were ashes shed.

We see words, feel them, hear them, are swept along by them, are repelled by them, mount on them and even go to sleep on them. Swinburne is the greatest of word thieves, and there have been many. Could it not be proved that in his poetry there is more than the average history and presence of imitation? Often merely that he can compose a

certain poem is all the original force it contains, for he will have borrowed both words and idea from Elizabethan sources, or from Rossetti or Browning. Here in "Rosa-mond" is Swinburne writing beautifully under the influence of Browning:

Who calls it Spring?
Simply the winter plays at red and green.
Clean white no color for me, did they say?
I never loved white roses much; but see
How the wind drenches the low lime-branches
With shaken silver in the rainiest leaves.
Mere winter, winter.

In no poetry are words used with more consummate mastery as words than in his, provided we can conceive words denatured of meaning. Edward Thomas has written, "The words are everything." One should add that the meaning of whatever Swinburne has to say, where meaning exists, is subdued to the sound. Rhythm, cadence, music, color of words, all these qualities make long lines of his best poetry indivisible. Even if the line is without meaning, we cannot divide it. It has become in the hands of Swinburne, with or without meaning, a harmonious whole.

We may look upon the work of Swinburne as Browning did, calling it a "fuzz of words." Or we may do what I am trying to do: this is, separate the color and music of a word from its meaning. I admit that such a process is arbitrary, is unsatisfactory, but it helps towards the discovery of that which, whether we like the poetry or not, makes Swinburne's poetry of its kind supreme. Never do the words obstruct the rhythm—indeed in Swinburne it is possible to regard the word as stripped of special significance, and become like the rhyme and rhythm, a framework part of the intellectual whole—just as in the creative world we may look upon temperament as stripped of the necessity for character. Even as in creative work temperament and not character is paramount, so in the peculiarity of the typical line of Swin-

burne's poetry rhythm is paramount—the word is the rhythm. The web of Swinburne's words does not call for pure intelligence. It is possible, I suppose, to cultivate expression in speech that makes thought inevident—in other words, music that is inarticulate. Swinburne uses words remotely. It is often difficult to bring them back to the simplicities of their meaning—to make them concrete with significance. His “musical jargon” is a speech by itself.

It is peculiarly true of Swinburne that he loved words as much as or more than he loved nature, and assuredly more than he loved man. It is out of this fact that his poetry arises. It is not exactly speech, and it is never wholly human—only snatches of human speech here and there. One is tempted to look upon this as mere tumult of words. I think, at least scientifically speaking, one must resist that temptation. In this rebellious, inexplicable speech of Swinburne's there is much of the rebel, there is anarchy. Again, as far as health and holiness in Swinburne are concerned, the question is what the significance of this anarchy of language portends. What is this poetry which has meaning for the ear alone and no message for the mind? Except for the obsessed Puritan it is not the content which challenges our attention: it is form expressing itself through sound. If the supreme artist is the supreme intelligence, what is this poetical material of Swinburne's which, unlike great poetry always formidable with thought, is so empty of meaning? Where significance is of prime importance, as it must always be in human communication, of which poetry is one means, here is a fact which challenges. Mrs. Meynell writes in “Hearts of Controversy,” “The words have swallowed not the thought only but the imagery.” I do not see how words can swallow what does not exist—this beautiful nothingness of Swinburne's meaning!

Edward Thomas has wittily said that Swinburne kept “a harem of words, to which he was constantly and absolutely faithful.” It is a strange fact, despite Swinburne's

extraordinary vocabulary, that there is nothing magical in his versatility in their use. Some of the master words in his poetry are: fire, light, bright, shine, desire, high, sky. It can be said that Swinburne practically never writes one of these words without repeating it. Here is a curious question, whether or not there was something in the *i* sound which satisfied his nature. Something shrill about the *i* sound there is, something ecstatic, and Swinburne was both shrill and ecstatic. Here from one of the choruses of "Atalanta" is an illustration of his use of the *i* sound:

Thy wings make light in the air as the wings of a dove.
 Thy feet are as winds that divide the stream of the sea;
 Earth is thy covering to hide thee, the garment of thee.
 Thou art swift and subtle and blind as a flame of fire;
 Before thee the laughter, behind thee the tears of desire.

"Songs before Sunrise," too, is full of these words of light. I have noted in Francis Thompson's poems and essays the same emphasis on light. And one knows that the optical nerve is as swift as any nerve in the body to make record of one's physical condition as a whole. But the cup of vision, of dream, was always at the lips of Francis Thompson—not the "dreams" he purchased at the expense of his poor body but that informing, passionate awareness of God which confirms the faith and the vision of his poetry even where it breaks under the disaster of his life. Of such vision, of such faith there is precisely nothing at all in Swinburne's poetry. In the flight of Francis Thompson's words one feels that near-madness may have played its occasional part in the chemistry of his thought, liberating his vision, establishing his faith. But with Swinburne there comes no such conviction, for he had neither faith nor vision.

Is there some doubling of even memory in his thieving of words and use of other men's emotions which is as pathological as forgetting is? It is probably true that memory as a faculty is not predominant in the great creative artist, who is concerned not so much about making carbon copies of

other men's thoughts and other men's emotions as with the creation of that which for the moment he believes to belong to him and to him alone. The ability to forget is one of the blessings of the creative mind, for in that *oubliance* is fallow field for rebirth, reshaping. Swinburne's memory was not as other men's, but most extraordinary. What is the meaning of all this exaggeration, exaggeration in appearance, in manner, in the manner and content of his poetry? The question cannot be dismissed. The answer must at least be attempted. If, with the dictionary, we mean by insanity incapacity to distinguish between right and wrong with regard to any matter under action—that is, that which does away with individual responsibility, we find ourselves confronted by many puzzling questions, big and small, in matters of personal conduct. I can think of Swinburne only as belonging to those personalities we must call sane. Erratic tendencies, however grouped, do not of necessity constitute insanity. He was merely absorptive, shallow, a brilliant prestidigitator with rhythm and a juggler with other men's thoughts.

Epileptic in the strict sense of that word Swinburne certainly was not, for there was never any progressive degeneration of the mind. Quite the contrary; Swinburne, the sturdy little old man, was much sounder, if less interesting, than Swinburne in his "April youth." Edmund Gosse is misleading. He should be clever enough to know that some scientist would find him out. In the Swinburne attacks described by Gosse there is neither the suffused face nor the frothing lips of the true epileptic. These were hysteria, and to my mind, largely due to so-called dissipation; in this case, alcohol and sex indulgence. For example, in 1867, he lived at intellectual high-pitch and then found escape for his intellectual fervors in dissipation. "The Admiral wrote to Lord Houghton (July 28), 'Algernon has fallen willingly into regular hours and habits, as he always does when he is with us. He is tractable and willing to do everything that

is required of him. It cannot be expected, and therefore is not insisted upon, that his mental faculties should lie fallow, but we do all we can to keep them tranquil. We feel him to be safe while he is here.' A fortnight later still (Aug. 13), Swinburne writes, in fully regained high spirits: 'My last attack was, they say, of a really dangerous kind, and I am prescribed a *torpor* of mind and body for months.' The remainder of this letter shows no trace of mental 'torpor.' 'My Mother is very urgent with me not to move or make the least change in my habits.'" Gosse saw Swinburne in one of these attacks: "It was on the 9th of July, 1868, rather late in the afternoon. Swinburne had fallen in a fit while working in the reading-room of the British Museum, and had cut his forehead superficially against the iron staple of the desk. I was walking along a corridor when I was passed by a couple of silent attendants rapidly carrying along in a chair what seemed to be a dead man. I recognized him instantly from his photographs which now filled the shop windows. His hanging hands, closed eyelids, corpse-white face, and red hair dabbled in blood presented an appearance of the utmost horror, but I learned a few days later that his recovery was rapid and complete."

His racketings brought him various undesirable public attentions, such as dismissal from the Arts Club. In the records of Whistler's life will be found an account of the "tanning" he administered on Swinburne's behalf. "You ought to be proud," he told the Committee, "that there is in London a Club where the greatest poet of your time *can* get drunk if he wants to, otherwise he might lie in the gutter." Here is a left-over glorification of intoxication from the times of Dickens and earlier. Edmund Gosse must have been saying to himself, "Drunkenness to-day? No, that will never, never do! Let it be epilepsy!" And it was epilepsy. Mr. Gosse is un-Victorian in this discount of alcohol, yet he is not modern enough to see that in any study of Swinburne for his literary biographer there can be no

question of blame—only of truthful understanding. Anyone who suffers from dipsomania as Swinburne did is ill. Invective and condemnation would seem silly in discussing tuberculosis. They are equally futile in discussing such a somatic illness as Swinburne's with all its toxic complexities. Quiller-Couch speaks of literary and parliamentary "decency" in the withholding of one word of five letters. One can but reply that science and truth know neither decency nor indecency. They know only life. And of great literature whether it be poem, novel, play, biography, must the same be said. Ezra Pound, who, it might be thought, both understands and possesses words, wastes too many calories of sizzling epithets on Mr. Gosse. One arrives nowhere by calling Gosse "silly and pompous" or the "anaemic Gosse" or by reference to "papier-mâché eras." Thomas Hake and Arthur Compton-Rickett are far more just in asking the reader's attention for the failure of Mr. Gosse's treatment of the Watts-Dunton part of Swinburne's life, and also for the brilliancy of the portraiture of the earlier Swinburne. And it is they who among the friends of Watts-Dunton understand how full of disinterested self-sacrifice was his friendship for Swinburne and how much Watts-Dunton did to make the poet well again.

Swinburne's family connection may have had something to do with what Edmund Gosse falsely calls his epileptic tendencies. There was a great deal of intermarriage in the Ashburnham and Swinburne families. The relationships were complex. Is the explanation of epilepsy specious or not? The blatant irresponsibility of families in making biographies for the public certainly is not specious. There is a great deal of humbuggery in the average literary family. Compare these biographies which suppress all undesirable detail, or give false rather than valid causes for certain manifestations, with the work of a man of science. The slide that goes under the microscope reveals everything. So should a life that is written, or it should not be written at all. And to this group belongs Swinburne's life.

One might show, if one cared to accept Edmund Gosse's explanation of epilepsy, that such poetry as this, is the epileptic at work. But so far as I can see, Swinburne was never epileptic. The word was used as a respectable white-wash for certain manifestations of his temperament which Philistia, too ignorant and too prudish to explain them scientifically, wished to gloss over. It should be said that there is no known member of the Swinburne or Ashburnham families who in the least resembled him intellectually. Anything idiosyncratic which he may have inherited from these families was purely physical. As far as his mental and moral characteristics are concerned, we may satisfy ourselves, if we wish, by saying that this is "difference," not degeneracy. But with such explanation, I am not content. Here is the old battleground of the connection between genius and physical peculiarities.

There is peril in calling everything above, or depressed below, the general level of experience unbalanced. The line of life is not a straight line. Rather it is a curved line, a broken line, an infinite variation of any number of different kinds of lines. Why may this not be the case with experience? There is a certain danger in touching our subject with the word "pathology." To this danger our attention should be directed. We have nothing here to do with the disturbed proprieties. Those "proprieties" were mid-Victorian—and that era is dead, all except its aftermath of drunkenness and sexual viciousness. No "proper" age ever left behind it so much that is fundamentally improper or morally vicious as the Victorian.

Belonging to the *morbidez* of Swinburne's poetry is his conception of death. This reveals his love of life. Very often his men and women, indignant with the shortness of life, as well as strident with other indignations, are not much more than licentious beasts. They rail at weariness in order that they may show somewhat of the fury of living that has led to it; they are pale because they have misspent their

blood; they are sorry or sorrowful because they have drunk what they call joy to the lees; and with them—"monks and nuns in a shrine" of lust—sin becomes prayer. That Swinburne should take "sin," shake it loose from its Puritanic moorings and couple it for exaltation with love and time matters very little. But the failure of his vision in so doing matters much. His beloved Blake can tell us more of sin, couple it with God's mercy, and cause us to grow thereby. Blake did not call good and evil innocence and experience. In sin he saw a cloud but it is a sheltering cloud and not *evil*. He believed so in the goodness of God that he was convinced that God gave us experience—even the experience of sin—that we might grow towards the light and be able to bear its exceeding brightness and not have the tissues of mind, soul, and body torn to pieces, as by an X-ray, by that light which transcends our understanding. In this reverent attitude towards sin Blake's art is here as everywhere great, for it brings both revelation and healing.

Where Swinburne tries to find sensual joy by means of sin, Blake finds God. Nevertheless it is not to be forgotten even here that Swinburne himself quoted this one from among the greatest passages of Blake: "The worship of God is, honoring His gifts in other men according to his genius and loving the greatest men best: those who envy or calumniate great men hate God, for there is no other God." Ah, yes, these Swinburnian, flame-colored "young men" of some seventy-two years, weary one! Such youth is not of the nature of life. Even old age in his hands becomes sensual intoxication. It is possible to be a drunkard in more ways than one. One may be drunk with desire, with pain, with pleasure, with hate, with sorrow, with death, and with satiety. And drunk with all these things, Swinburne was, and each and all of them he coupled with sin.

England was much troubled by the Swinburne who prayed to Dolores to "forgive us our virtues." And I do not think that we can explain the shock which England felt

wholly on the grounds of Philistinism and prudishness. He really is rather nasty sometimes. In some senses, he must have been indecent from his youth up, if tainted thoughts can make a man indecent. It is not only lewdness of imagery which inevitably troubles one, it is that profound lewdness which is a thing of the spirit. There is no denying that many of the pages of Swinburne's poetry record the figurative work of the gross sensualist. Even in "*Atalanta*," where the choruses are the very wind-words of beauty, we find figures which repel by their deliberately sensual use. It is the moral monkey who is chattering when he says, as did Swinburne at a supper party, that if he could indulge his whim, he would build a castle with seven towers, in each one of which one of the seven deadly sins would be enacted each day. Perhaps, however, he intended this as sermonic in value—there could be no greater plea for a pure life than such a cluster of seven towers!

In Swinburne there is always something of the rebel. It would be strange if this were not true morally, as well as in other ways. It heightened his energy to deny or oppose ignorant or easy condemnation. Perhaps it was partly this fact which propelled him to the other extreme of ethical atheism. It is not likely that he ever considered the defeat, the futility of the attempt to find joy by means of evil. Silly is much of this verse of Swinburne: it has in it all the futility of intended evil and all the vacancies of the meaningless. There is always something amusing about intended evil: it is the antic of the moral child at play and still believing that escape from law is possible. Yet we must not forget that his, despite many dissipations, was a singularly clear mind. In writing of Baudelaire, Swinburne said: "It is not his or any artist's business to warn against evil; but certainly he does not exhort to it, knowing well enough that the one fault is as great as the other."

In a sense, from the highest point of view, Swinburne's work is poetry for intellectual invalids. His borrowings are

large, his dilutions immense. Here is accomplished fluidity—and some people confuse fluidity with poetry. If we like fluidity, the sort of thing that is in the poetry of William Morris and in the poetry of his young and less able successors, we shall enjoy reading Swinburne. Personally, it seems to me that fluidity is just what makes Swinburne tiresome to read. This mill stream idea of poetry ceases to bring with it even the sweet sound of falling water, or the peace of droning bees. And here are some of the finger posts to those fatal vacancies of thought which even winds of words cannot make us forget. Alice Meynell says she learned at illustrious knees that "You may not dissociate the matter and manner of any of the greatest poets; the two are so fused by integrity of fire, whether in tragedy or epic or in the simplest song, that the sundering is the vainest task of criticism." The material of Swinburne's poetry is negatively, by its vacancies, imitations, thefts, as much proof of Swinburne's diseased faculties, as positively is the manner by its feeble and borrowed excitements. Here we have inner weakness and outer deformity. Maybe it is society which is the Comprachico that has worked upon this mind to cripple it; maybe it is not. I can only indicate the possible existence of this problem.

It should not be forgotten that Swinburne was never really without admiration for those who were healthy of mind and reasonable in their conduct. Perhaps the kindest way to look upon his monkey morality is as aberration. He admired and read incessantly Charles Dickens. He worshipped Blake. His greatest tastes were moral. If we judge Swinburne by that which he admires, we must be kinder to him in our thought than in judging him by that which he did and said himself. He praises Victor Hugo, Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Dickens, Mrs. Browning, and often with a sort of childlike idolatry. His intellectual amusements must always remain caviar to that most un-Rabelaisian of all publics, the English people. Poetic

pleasures that indulge themselves in abuse of the Deity are not for the Anglo-Saxon. Yet, it is to be remembered that Swinburne worshipped in other men many of the greatest gifts of God. It is a curious fact that a man who could be so cruel to the religious instincts and feelings of his public would have hesitated personally to be unkind to the least of God's creatures. I do not see why any manifestation of Swinburne's mentality should trouble us ethically or religiously any more than we might be troubled by a little man who, intoxicated, reeled against a great mountain and labored under the delusion that he had knocked the mountain over. In Swinburne is only one more exercise for our intelligent sympathy and our understanding in a world wherein many minds and hearts and bodies not only break but also suffer from all sorts of minor contusions and injuries.

When all is said and done we must lose one conception of Swinburne's work, but we shall gain another. We see him not as responsible but as irresponsible—the microbe his master. And we study anew the symbols for the equation of health plus virtue in the making of character and in the conduct of life. It happens that at this particular moment we are in need of those who will do yeoman's service in behalf of a possible scientific criticism. Poison or insincerity, which? is the cry which must come from many of us as groping for pure air we turn away from the frequent indecency of poem and story and play to-day. Is this hypnotic stuff produced by clever caterers? Or by the victims of a microbic circumstance? At least and either way there rises up before us, like a new day, the vision of a new and greater health of mind and body in which it is essential that we understand what is destruction in genius in order that we may build up and safeguard construction.

IS NATURE BENEFICENT?

By JOHN BURROUGHS

THAT bodies rise in the air does not disprove gravity; on the contrary it proves it. The pull of gravity never lets go of the bullet from the gun; no matter how high or how far it goes, down it comes, sometime, somewhere.

Without this pull, the gun would have no power. There is no force when there is nothing to resist force. The force of the chemical reaction in the gun on the explosion of the powder is hurled back by the weight and resistance of the gun, all the result of gravity, and sends the bullet high or far, but does not for a second break its hold upon it. The smoke rises because the air falls; the clouds float because of the greater weight of something beneath them. The goodness of nature is the universal fact, like gravity, and its evils and enmities and hindrances only prove the law. The river flows because its banks do not.

The waters of the globe seek to reach their level and a haven of everlasting repose; but behold, how that purpose is forever frustrated, and the currents never cease. It is as if the creeks and rivers never reached the sea; they are travelling that way forever; it is as if the great ocean currents and submarine Amazons and Mississippis were seeking an escape which they never find, their quest is ever renewed. Nature is nature because her work is never complete, her journey is never ended, the fixity and equilibrium which her elements appear to seek, is ever deferred; life can appear and go on only in a changing, unstable world, and it is this flux and mutability of things that bring all our woe, and all our joy as well. If winds did not blow, and bodies fall, and fire consume, and floods overpower—if the equilibrium of things were not perpetually broken—which opens the

door to all our troubles and disasters—where should we find the conditions of our life?

Life has appeared in an unstable world, and is conditioned upon this instability. Fixity means death. It is in the line of organic effort that living forms appear; it is in an imperfect world that we strive for the perfection that we never reach. Blessed be the fact that our capacity for life, for happiness, is always greater than the day yields. Satiety checks effort.

The nature providence is stern and even cruel in some of its dealings with us, but not in all, else we should run away from home. It is genial and friendly in the genial season—in a June meadow, in a field of ripening grain, in an orchard bending with fruit, in the cattle on a thousand hills, in the shade of the friendly trees, in the bubbling springs, in the paths by the green fields, and by still waters, and in ten thousand other aspects of her manifold works. She is not friendly in the tropical jungles, nor amid the snows and blizzards of the polar regions, but upon four-fifths of the surface of the globe she may be said to be friendly or neutral. Man is armed to face her hostile aspects and to turn her very wrath to account. If God maketh the wrath of man to praise him, so man maketh the wrath of God to serve him, as when he subdues and controls her destructive forces, tames the lightning and harnesses Niagara. He has not bound the cyclone yet, nor warmed himself by the volcano, nor moved mountains from his path with the earthquake, but he may do it yet. He is fast drawing the fangs of the contagious diseases, thus adding to his length of days.

The nature providence, working in man and through him, has made the world more fit for man's abode.

Action and reaction are the steps by which life ascends. Nature acts upon man and man reacts upon nature. The labor the farmer puts into the soil comes back to him with interest, and enables him to labor more. The capital of life grows in that way; action and reaction; up we go.

"Are God and nature then at strife?" asks Tennyson, baffled and unsettled by what he sees about him. There is strife in the living world, the struggle of existence. In the non-living, there is collision, disruption, overthrow. The apparent strife between the two worlds is an effort towards adjustment on the part of the living—to master and utilize the non-living. The inorganic goes its way under the leash of physical laws, heedless of the organic. Myriads of living things are crushed and destroyed by the ruthless onward flow of the non-living. There is life in the world because life is plastic and persistent and adaptive, and perpetually escapes from the blind forces that would destroy it—the winds, the floods, the frost, the heat, gravity, earthquakes, chemical reactions, and so on. Every living thing runs the gauntlet of the insensate mechanical and chemical forces. But this is not strife in our human sense, it is the discipline of nature. No living thing could begin or continue without these forces which at times are so hostile. Like faithful gardeners preparing the seed-beds, they prepared the earth for the abode of man and all other living forms. They made the soil, they bring the rains, they begat the winds, they prearranged all the conditions of life, but life itself is a mystery, the great mystery, super-mechanical, super-chemical, dependent upon these forces, but not begotten by them. They are its servants.

The struggle in the world of living forms is a condition of development; growing things are made strong by the force of the obstacles they overcome.

From our limited human point of view there are phases of creation that make it look like a game between intelligent contending forces, or as if one god tried to undo the work of another god, or at least to mar and hinder his work—some mischievous and malignant spirit that sows tares amid the wheat, that retards development, that invents parasites, that produces the malformed, that scatters the germs of disease. How much at heart nature seems to have the

production and well-being of offspring, yet what failures there are! In the human realm the deformed, the monstrous, the idiotic. It seems as if all things in heaven and earth had a stake in a perfect baby and in its growth and development. Motherhood is a beautiful and divine symbol, but what perils attend it! In many cases mother and child sink into the same grave. A land swarming with beautiful and happy children should make the very stars rejoice. Then along comes some malignant spirit and sows the germs of infantile paralysis among them and great numbers perish, and still greater numbers are crippled and deformed for life. What a miscarriage of nature is that! what a calamity, and unmitigated evil!

When an insect stings a leaf or plant stalk and the plant forthwith builds a cradle and nursery for the young of the insect, that is one form of life using another form; or when a parasitical bird, such as the European cuckoo, or our cow-bird, lays its egg in the nest of another bird, that is the same thing—life is still triumphant. But when the germs of a contagious disease—tuberculosis, diphtheria, scarlet fever—invade the human system and finally result in its destruction, then dissolution is triumphant, all this delicately and elaborately organized matter comes to naught.

In this we see the failure of the tendency or impulsion in matter which results in organization—the mystery and the miracle of vitality, as Tyndall called it, and the triumph of the contrary impulse or disorganization, unless we regard the destructive and death-dealing germs themselves as a triumph of organization, which, from the scientific point of view, they surely are. Then we have nature playing one hand against the other, or trumping her own trick. From our point of view it is like pulling down a temple and reducing the bricks and stones to dust for the use of ants. But who shall say that nature is not just as careful of the ant as of the man?—which is, of course, a distasteful bit of news to the man.

When one thinks of the myriads of minute living organisms that pervade and make up his own body, of their struggles and activities, their antagonisms and co-operations, their victories and defeats—the cells co-operating and building up the organs, the organs co-operating and building up the body, the phagocytes policing the blood and destroying the invading germs, the intestinal flora contending with one another for the possession of the soil, the ferments, the enzymes—when one thinks of all this and more, and how little aware the man is of all this strife and effort and activity within him—how he himself, body and mind, is the result of it all—one has a dim vision of all our strife and effort in this world as a part of the vital movements of a vast system of things, or of a being that is no more cognizant of our wars and struggles and triumphs than we are of the histories of the little people that keep up the functional integrity of our own systems.

Man can himself make short work of the ants unless he encounters their devouring hosts in a tropical jungle, in which case they may make short work of him. He can often slay with his antiseptics the disease germs that are destroying him, but not always; the balance of nature is often on their side. Whichever triumphs, nature wins, because all are parts of her system. The capital invested is hers alone. Man thinks a part of it is his, because he forgets that he too is a part of nature, and whatever is his, is hers.

How are we to reconcile the obvious facts of evolution, namely, that throughout the biological ages there has been an impulse in nature steadily working towards the development of man, with the still more obvious fact that nature cares no more for the individual man than she does for the individual of any other species. She will drown him, starve him, freeze him, crush him, as quickly as she will any other form of life. Is the account balanced by the fact that she has given him the wit and the power to avoid these calam-

ities, in a larger measure than she has given them to any other creature? That is the way the great mystery works. Every creature is exposed to the hazards of its kind, but within its reach are always the benefits and advantages of its kind, and these latter have steadily kept in the lead. The evolutionary impulse towards the horse, towards the dog, towards the bird, has apparently been as jealously guarded and promoted as the impulse towards man. Man in his own conceit is at the head of the animal kingdom, and the whole creation is for him, though there are other animals that surpass him in strength, speed, and endurance. But he alone masters and makes servants of the inorganic forces, and thus rules the world below him.

I set out to say that the beneficent force or providence that brought us here, has had to struggle with the non-beneficent in inert matter, and, at times, with what looks like the deliberately malignant in living matter; micro-organisms everywhere lying in wait for tangible bodies and reducing them back to the original dust out of which they came—the work of one god being held up or wrecked by another god. In the vegetable kingdom are blights and scabs and many forms of fungus diseases; in the animal are hostile bacteria and parasites working without and within. Little wonder our fathers had to invent a Devil, or a hierarchy of good and evil spirits contending with one another, to explain the enigmas of life. But that the good spirits have prevailed over their enemies, that the natural providence has been on our side is proved by the fact that we are actually here, and life is good to us.

The evil of the world is seen to be ingrained in the nature of things, and it has been a spur to development. All the great human evils—wars, pestilence, avarice, intemperance—have been disciplinary. There is always a surplusage, rarely just enough and no more. The gods of life rarely make a clean, neat job of it, there are needless pains, needless wastes, needless failures, needless delays. The good of

war—the fortitude, the self-denial, the heroism—we cannot separate from the evil; the good of avarice or greed—industry, thrift, foresight—we cannot separate from the evil. The wealth-gatherers keep the currents going, they subdue the wilderness, they reclaim the deserts, they develop the earth's resources, they extend the boundaries of civilization, but the evils that follow in their train are many and great. Yet how are we to have the one without the other? Disease is also a kind of trial by battle; it weeds out the weak, the physically unfit, and hardens and toughens the race.

The natural providence does not study economy, it is not in business with rivals and competitors; bankruptcy is not one of its dangers, it can always meet its obligations; all the goods and all the gold and silver in the universe belong to it. Its methods are too vast and complex for our ideas of prudence and economy. We cannot deal with the whole but only with its parts. There are no lines and boundaries to the sphere, and no well-defined cleavage between the good and the evil in nature and in life. The broad margin of needless misery and waste in the life of a man as of a nation is a part of the inexactitude and indifference that pervades the whole of nature. From the point of view of the natural providence it does not matter, the result is sure; but from our point of view, victims of cyclones, earthquakes, wars, famines, pestilence, as we are—it matters a great deal. The streams and rivers throughout the land are bearers of many blessings; the evils they bring are minor and are soon forgotten.

The whole living world is so interrelated and interdependent and hinges so completely upon the non-living, that our analysis and interpretation of it must of necessity be very imperfect. The fact is that the creative energy works to no specific ends, or rather that it works to all ends, that as every point on the surface of the globe is equally on the top at all times, so the whole system of living nature balances on any given object. I saw a book of poems recently,

called "The Road to Everywhere"—vague as nature herself. All her roads are roads to everywhere. They may lead you to your own garden, or to the North Pole, or to the fixed stars, or may end where they began. Nature is a great traveller, but she never gets away from home; she takes all her possessions along with her, and her course is without direction, and without beginning or end. The most startling contradiction you can make expresses her best. She is the sum of all opposites, the success of all failures, the good of all evil.

When we think we have cut out nature, we have only substituted another phase of nature; when our balloon mounts in spite of gravity, it is still gravity that makes it mount; when we clear the soil of its natural growth and plant our own crop, nature is still our gardener; we have only placed other seeds of her own in her hands. When we have improved upon her, we have only prevailed upon her to second our efforts; we get ahead of her by following out the hints she gives us; when we trump her trick it is with her own cards. When we fancy we assist nature, as we say that we do with our drugs, it is she who gives the efficiency to our drugs. We may fancy that the sun is in the heavens solely to give light and warmth to the planets, which it surely does, but behold, what a mere fraction of the light and heat of the sun is intercepted by the slender girde of worlds that surround it! The rays go out equally in all directions, they penetrate all space. The sun, with reference to its light and heat is at the centre of an infinite hollow sphere, and not one-millionth part of its rays falls upon the worlds that circle around it. This is typical of nature's bounty. The thought and solicitude of the creative energy is directed to me and you personally in the same wholesale way. The planets of our system are lighted and warmed as effectually as if the sun shone for them alone, and man is the beneficiary of the heavens as completely as if indeed the whole creation was directed especially to him. Here

is another point: the night and darkness in nature is local and limited; the universe is flooded with light; the black shadows themselves are born of the light. Though astronomers tell us that sidereal space is strewn with dead worlds and extinct suns, give time enough and they will all be quickened and rekindled. Light and life are the positive facts in nature, darkness and death the negative.

When we single out man and fix our attention upon him as the sole end of creation, and judge the whole by his partial standards, man—

Who trusted God was love indeed
And love Creation's final law—
Though Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shrieked against his creed—

when we do this, all is confusion and contradiction. Love is "creation's final law," but not the love of the mother for her child, or even of the bird for its young, but the love of the eye for the light, of the flower for the sun, the love of the plants for the rain and the dew, the love of man for his kind, and of the dog for his kind. Attraction, affiliation, assimilation—like unto like, is the rule of life.

The organism fits itself to its environment, the providence in nature enables it to do so. The light is not fitted to the eye, the light creates the eye; the vibrations in the air create the ear. God is love because he brooded man into being, and all other forms of life that support man. He made the heavens and the earth for man's good, by making man a part of them and able to avail himself of their bounty. But when we look forth into the universe, and expect to see something like human care and affection in the operation of the great elemental laws and forces—something like fatherhood and motherhood and brotherhood of man—we are bound to be shocked. It is not there, and it is well that it is not. A universe run on the principles of human economy and human charity and partiality would be a failure.

It is our human weakness that yearns for this. It is our earthly father that has begotten in us our conception of a heavenly father. But then this very conception and desire is a part of nature—springs from God, and is in that sense true and authentic. We cannot separate ourselves from nature, or from God, any more than we can jump off the planet. It is only this conception of a human or man-made God that men rebel against. Thus comes in the discord that Tennyson sees and feels. He is looking for a human providence in nature. Widsom, love, mercy, justice, are human attributes. We call them divine and it is well, but they do not exist outside of man. Man is himself the only God, and he was evolved from nature. The divine and the god-like are therefore in nature; yes, in conjunction with what we call the demoniacal—love twined with enmity, the good a partner with the bad.

I bring to life, I bring to death;
The spirit does but mean the breath.

Plagues and famines and wars are fortuitous and not a part of the regular order like health, or growth, or development. They are accidents of nature. The cloud-burst that sends the creek out of its banks is an accident in the same sense; it is an exceptional occurrence. If the fountains of nature were not full enough and permanent enough to stand such drains, or if the tendency in nature to a certain order and moderation were less marked, life would disappear from the globe. Nature's capital of life is invested in ten thousand enterprises and the risks are many, but if the gains did not exceed the losses, if more seeds did not fall upon fertile places than upon barren, if more babies did not survive than perish, what would become of us? In our human schemes we aim to cut out loss and waste and delay and failure, and we arraign God when he does not follow the same methods. But so far as I can see all that God aims at in his vast business of the universe is to keep

his capital unimpaired and live on the income. The inroads which storms, pestilence, earthquakes, and so on make upon it are soon made good and some interest does accrue. Life does advance.

In the course of the biologic ages there has been a great loss in species, apparently without any loss in the development impulse. New species appear as the old disappear. Nature's investment in mere size and brute strength was doubtless a good one under the conditions, but she gradually changed it and began to lay the emphasis upon size of brain and complexity of nervous system, just as man in his material civilization has passed from the simple to the complex, from the go-cart to the automobile, from the signal fires to telegraph and telephone. The failures and shortcomings of God, as well as the progress of his work, are analogous to those of man. Indeed, God is no more a God than man is. The same methods, the same mixture of good and evil, the same progress from the simple to the complex, the same survival of the fittest—the race to the swift, the battle to the strong. We exalt and magnify our little human attributes, and name it God—we magnify and intensify our bad traits, and call it the Devil. One is as real as the other. Both are real to the imagination of man, but nature knows them not, except so far as she knows them in and through man.

On a midsummer day, calm, clear, warm, the leaves shining, the grain and grass ripening, the waters sparkling, the birds singing—we see and feel the beneficence of nature. How good it all is! What a joy to be alive! If the day were to end in a fury of wind and storm, breaking the trees, unroofing the houses, and destroying the crops, we should be seeing the opposite side of nature, what we call the malevolent side. Fair days now and then have such endings, but they are the exception; living nature survives them and soon forgets them. Their scars may long remain, but they finally disappear. Total nature is overpoweringly on the

side of life. But for all this, when we talk about the fatherhood of God, his loving solicitude, we talk in parables. There is not even the shadow of analogy between the wholesale bounty of nature and the care and providence of a human father. Striding through the universe goes our God, crushed worlds on one hand, and worlds being created on the other; no special act of love or mercy or guidance, but a providence like the rains, the sunshine, the seasons.

When we say hard things about nature—accuse her of cruelty, of savagery, of indifference—we fall short of our proper filial respect towards her. She is the mother of us all, neither an indulgent mother, nor a cruel stepmother. In many respects the gifts she has lavished upon us only make her own poverty the more conspicuous. Where she got the gift of reason which she has bestowed upon man, together with the sense of justice and of mercy, the moral consciousness, the aesthetic perceptions, the capacity for learning her secrets and mastering her forces, are puzzling questions. We may say that man achieved these things himself, but who or what made him capable of achieving them, what made him man, and out of the same elements that his dog or his horse is made?

Nature does not reason, she has no moral consciousness, she does not economize her resources, she is not efficient, she is wasteful and dilatory, and spends with one hand what she saves with the other. She is blind; her method is the hit-and-miss method of a man who fights in the dark. She hits her mark, not because she aims at it, but because she shoots in all directions. She fills the air with her bullets. She wants to plant in yonder marsh her cat-tail flag, or her purple loosestrife, and she trusts her seeds to every wind that blows, and to the foot of every bird that visits her marshes, no matter which way they are going. And in time her marsh gets planted.

But behold how she has endowed man to improve upon all her slack and roundabout methods! She enables him

to cheat, and mislead, and circumvent her. He steals her secrets, he tames her very lightnings, he forces her hand on a hundred occasions; he turns her rivers, he levels her hills, he obliterates her marshes, he makes her deserts bloom as the rose; he masters her atoms and he surveys and weighs her orbs; he reads her history in the rocks, he finds out her ways in the heavens. He discovers the most completely hidden thing in the universe, the ether, and he has learned how to use it for his own purposes; his wireless telegraphy turns it into a news highway; above the seas, over the mountains, and across continents, it carries his messages.

In man nature has evolved the human from the unhuman, she has evolved justice and mercy from rapine and cruelty, she has evolved the civic from the domestic, the state from the tribe. She has evolved the Briton and the Frenchman from rude prehistoric man. She has not yet got rid of the Hun in the German, but she is fast getting rid of the German in her overseas Germanic stock. The bleaching process goes on apace.

Man sees where nature is blind; he takes a straight cut where she goes far around. In him she has added reason to her impulse, conscience to her blind forces, self-denial to her self-indulgence, the power of choice to her iron necessity. How well she has done by man, man alone knows. How much he is dependent upon her, he alone knows; how completely he is a part of her, he alone knows. We may call man an insurgent in her world, as an English scientist does, but he is her insurgent; she inspires him to insurrection, and she puts his weapons in his hands. His cause is her cause, and his victories are her victories.

Only by personifying nature in this way and standing apart from her and regarding her objectively, can we contrast her methods and her spirit with our own. The mother she has been to us becomes apparent. In spite of all her short-comings and delays and roundabout methods, here we are, and here we wish to remain.

THE MENACE OF LOCALISM

By FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

ONE of the things that we Americans need to acquire, or evolve, or have forced upon us, before we begin a post-war reconstruction programme, is a conviction of sin. There may, indeed, be several items of evil-doing concerning which a contrite heart and a willingness to say, "Lord, we have sinned, but we have learned better and will now turn over a new leaf," would open delectable vistas for the land that we love. But a certain one of them is a sin so general, so deplorable, and so fruitful of evil that nothing less than a startling, searching conviction of wickedness throughout the heart of the whole nation can open the door to repentance and a better day.

Perhaps to call it "sin" is to paint it in too strong a color. Perhaps "bad manners" would be a more truthful designation. But bad manners are one of the by-products of bad morals and are sinful in themselves. They are sinful in their purpose, and they are an evidence of sinfulness in the heart that inspires them. And there can be no denying that the habit of local or regional provincialism, as it has rooted itself and its practices in the United States, grows out of sinful feeling, expresses itself in wicked ways, and is full of evil possibilities.

All sections of the United States are sinners, habitual, unrepentant, determined sinners, in this offense against the unity of the country. And each section, blinded by its own pride and vanity, refuses to see any blame in itself and cries out bitterly against the wickedness of the others. "Brahman!" jibes the rest of the country at Boston and extends to all New England a sentiment of amused tolerance and more or less good-natured resentment. Boston and

Philadelphia, Chicago and San Francisco and New Orleans, and all the other cities turn disapproving eyes upon the metropolis and gleefully recount to one another the symptoms of "Newyorkitis." New York City is self-complacently confident that the Hudson River is the western boundary of as much of the United States as matters. New Jersey and Pennsylvania extend the bounds of their interest to the Alleghanies. For the Pacific Coast the sun rises over the Sierra Nevadas, and anything east of their peaks is negligible—unless it is a winter storm that can be held up as an instance of the terrors beyond their granite battlements.

The South believes all the rest of the country to be inhabited by "Yankees," towards whom it still holds and sedulously cherishes not a little of its long-ago feelings of disdain and superiority, and concerning whom it still naively expresses surprise when it finds them, by personal contact, to be quite human and likable. Of the hopes, purposes, achievements, and tendencies of all that region that began a generation ago to call itself "the New South" the rest of the Union knows and cares about as much as it does about the interior of China, restricting its interests therein chiefly to accounts of negro lynchings. All the northern half of the Eastern seaboard delights in and cultivates towards all the other sections, and especially towards the West, an attitude of ostentatious tolerance and amused superiority that rankles in their hearts. And each section returns disdain for disinterest, ridicule for the assumption of superiority, and resentment for lack of appreciation.

The outward manifestations of this spirit of disunion are many and various. We are all so familiar with them wherever sentiment finds expression—in ordinary conversation, in public speeches, and especially in newspapers—that we do not think them important. And we all help to keep that spirit alive by expressing the sentiments ourselves and by applauding them when we hear or read them garnished, as they usually are, with jibing wit or corrosive humor. Never-

theless, they are danger signals, proofs that there is something lacking in our national life. Their menace of a divided spirit and jangling voices presents a more sinister problem than does the Americanization of our aliens. For we realize what that means and know that we can do the job if once we really set our hands to it. But this other menace of a divided spirit—the darkest cloud that can threaten any nation, because it is by the spirit alone that nations live—is the greater danger because it is not realized, because its animating causes have become habitual, because it arises so largely out of things that are intangible, elusive, difficult to grasp or control.

The United States will never be a great, whole, unified nation, truly and vitally *e pluribus unum*, until all its different sections reform this present spirit and habit and make a sincere effort to get together, to understand and appreciate one another. Fundamentally the nation is one because all its sections are united in passionate devotion to the democratic ideals that are America—although it cannot be denied that some sections live that devotion more consistently and whole-heartedly than do others. These sectional divisions and irritations are more or less superficial. But some of them penetrate well below the surface and, unless purposeful and determined effort is made to eradicate them, their scars will be burned deeper and deeper, and there will be produced an active spirit of mutual disaffection. Even the family that forgets its household quarrels and springs to unity when attacked from the outside after a while finds its bonds worn thin by its bickerings and is broken up by the feuds it has inspired and nourished.

When the nation enters upon some great adventure and the call of patriotism thrills every heart, these inter-sectional bad manners are cast aside and forgotten—for the moment. The war welded the nation into one living whole which had but one thought, knew but one purpose. But even that warm, generous, and co-operative spirit, animated

by stern determination, was occasionally shot through with sectional taunts and recrimination. And if all the stories from France are true, it sometimes needed the shells and machine guns of the enemy to bring into brotherly feeling regiments from different sections. Nevertheless, the war did bring the nation as a whole into a keener realization of its basic unity than it had known since the Spanish-American war. The white-hot flame of patriotism, just as in 1898, did its work. But neither nations nor individuals live their every-day lives upon such high emotional planes. When they return to their usual affairs old habits enforce themselves again. Just as happened after the previous conflict, the sections of the country will presently relapse into offensive localism, with its jibings and hectorings, misunderstandings and misrepresentations.

The past is eloquent with proof of the sinister practical results of these sectional animosities and jealousies. Among the representatives of the nation in Congress, there are a thousand evidences every year of how localism, short-sighted and greedy, is ever ready, and able, to injure other sections and the nation as a whole in order to gain its own temporary benefit. The parochial spirit is always as rampant as the partisan, and as evil, in the discussions and acts of the Senate and the House, because their members represent constituents who care more for the apparent, immediate welfare and prosperity of their own communities than for the larger reality of the national interests, which would eventually include and increase their own. For the proof one has only to consider, for instance, what happens in Congress every year when the appropriations for rivers and harbors are being debated and made. Session after session, year after year, log-rolling by local interests prevented, to mention two matters only, such important improvements of nation-wide concern as making the Mississippi River again a great national waterway and turning the East River from a peril to navigation to a much needed part of the Port of

New York. In any country whose people were able to think and feel nationally, sectional animosities and parochial greed would never have secured such control over the appropriation of public funds and would never have tried to pervert them from uses of universal benefit to those of merely local consequence.

For over a century the people of the United States said, with the deepest possible conviction, that this country must not allow itself to be entangled in any way in the racial hatreds and national envies and jealousies of Europe. And then they awakened, in the crisis of the war, to the appalling realization that those national jealousies and discords and racial suspicions and hates had brought themselves across the Atlantic, entangled our destiny in them, and set up their boiling cauldron, even if in miniature, in training camps and coal mines and munition works and other places where the weapons of war were being forged. Racial feuds were all being fought over again by the many stocks represented among the workers of those establishments, to the menacing detriment of the nation's prosecution of the war. The patient, resourceful, diplomatic management of mediators averted crises, tided over difficulties, calmed furious tempers, enlightened ignorance, and finally turned the excited emotions of all alike into new channels of enthusiasm for America's part in the war.

It was a crucial moment and it was met successfully. But it will not do to forget that those racial passions and hatreds are still with us. One of the imperative tasks before this country is to drain them of their virus and persuade those in whom they flame up at the slightest provocation to cast aside and forget their old-world mental habits of jealousy and hate and fear of their neighbors. How are we going to do that when we are setting them all the time the bad example of the sections of our own country irritating one another, of each part distrusting some other part, of States and cities deriding one another and proclaiming

their own superiority, of keeping old sores inflamed and indulging in misrepresentation, ridicule, and phariseism? Shall we, after we have cured our new citizens of their European hatreds, make good Americans of them by teaching them to sneer at, belittle, and injure those portions of the United States in which they do not themselves happen to live?

The problem of the Americanization of our undigested citizens of foreign birth and of their offspring is bound up in this bigger and more fundamental problem of making our own country, what it has never yet been, a closely united, inter-interested, self-conscious whole. Of course, our own cleavages between sections, States, and cities are not yet so deep or so violent as those vicious animosities which have for so long smouldered and blazed in Europe, which we have imported and thrown into our melting-pot, where they show a disturbing vitality. But small rifts, unless they are mended, become larger; and indulgence in the habit of overvaluing ourselves and undervaluing and ridiculing others, like all habits, grows by what it feeds on and waxes constantly more offensive—to those others. Bad manners, whether of individuals, cities, sections, or nations, do not stay at a level. If they are not improved they grow worse, as Germany showed in her indulgence for a quarter-century in bad manners and bad morals.

But bad manners, like bad morals, can be improved only by first recognizing that they are bad, by thereupon forming a better ideal and afterward striving constantly to live up to it. That is exactly what the people of the United States must do if they wish the nation which, as a whole, they all love devotedly to go onward towards the splendid future which awaits it, adequately equipped and rightly inspired for a possible world leadership working for world righteousness. The responsibility for such a transformation of manners, growing out of a change of heart, a genuine conviction of sin, rests upon the shoulders of every man and

woman, every institution, every newspaper, every organization of whatever sort, throughout the length and the breadth of the land. The sin has been and still is universal, and universal must be the repentance and the conscious striving for reformation.

All loyal American citizens will have to appreciate the fact—and base upon it their thoughts and feelings, words and actions—that the true interests of each section of the country are only such as are the interests of the whole country, that if the desires or apparent interests of one section cannot be harmonized with the good of other sections or of the nation as a whole, it will itself be injured in the long run. We must become quick to perceive that if an ideal, a purpose, or a desire is active or begins to stir in some one city or section that will work harm elsewhere, the conflicting interests must somehow be brought to see the matter in the light of the national interest. The desire for the benefit of the whole nation, of all its people collectively, must be at the bottom of all our thinking, feeling, and doing. So closely united must we be and so thorough and intimate must be the knowledge of each section of all other sections that there will be throughout the nation a public opinion as powerful as that which governs life in small communities, a public opinion that, embodying our national ideals, will shape life everywhere in the Union in conformity with them.

The present disjointed, lumbering, inharmonious condition and the irritation and disapproval so often manifested among the sections of the country are mainly due to their lack of knowledge about one another. There must be found means of tearing away those veils of ignorance that prevent the people of each region from knowing and appreciating at their real worth the life and achievements of other regions. They must have more and better information concerning one another; and then understanding, sympathy, helpful appreciation, and co-operation are bound to follow.

For there is not enough difference between the people of different sections to arouse that antagonism which men of different racial stocks or of widely differing nationalities are so likely to feel. We are all Americans, and the unmistakable stamp of the Anglo-Saxon, of his character, his institutions, his methods of thought, and his modes of feeling, is indelibly imprinted upon every part of the country. At bottom we like, admire, and are proud of one another. Our jibes and our mockery, our affectations of superiority and frequently insufferable ways are due to narrowness and intolerance—localism—growing out of ignorance of one another. The solution of the problem will be found in better acquaintance.

The world is just waking up, very slowly indeed, but still indubitably opening its eyes at last to the value of better acquaintance among the nations. Many projects are being broached for bringing about this imperatively needed better acquaintance, nearly all of them equally applicable to our own intra-national needs. The possible increase of the influence of a nation by gathering into its colleges the young men of other nations, so long ago foreseen by Cecil Rhodes, a war-chastened age now hopes to transmute into international good fellowship by broadening the purpose and making the method that of exchange. In the United States we have long had much of this going of young men and women from one part of the country to some other part for their collegiate training. But there ought to be more of it, and it ought to be done with the well-planned intention to get out of it not only the usual brands of information imparted by colleges but also ampler information and understanding. Young people ought to be sent, whenever possible, for at least a part of their college course to some other section of the country than that in which they have grown up, and the colleges might, with good results, devise a system of exchanging members of their faculties and groups of their students for two years or more for the purpose of

bringing them into close contact with the manners and customs, the points of view, the interests, the whole scheme of life of the different elements of the nation. And in such an event the colleges and the surrounding communities might increase the possible good results by finding both duty and pleasure in extending hospitality to these exchanged professors and students and in giving them ample opportunity to observe and know the life about them.

Probably the population of the United States is more fluid than that of any other nation. For Americans are prone to move their homes, they travel much, and they are constantly going back and forth between places. But even so, only a small proportion of the people of any one region ever gains an intimate acquaintance with any other section. There ought to be more of this visiting, and it ought to be done more purposefully and more intelligently. Quite frequently groups of people from some city visit some larger city, New York being a favorite goal. They stare at the important buildings, attend the theatres, drive through the streets, visit public parks and museums. Then they go home, having enjoyed the trip and acquired an enlarged horizon, but having learned next to nothing about the people of the city they have seen, about the problems of their community life and their efforts to solve them. Such excursion groups, taking trips to the cities, towns, and countrysides of other sections with the definite aim of learning vital facts about them, and organized and received for that purpose, would have a very considerable value in promoting understanding and good feeling. National organizations like the Council of Governors and the associations of mayors and other officials have it in their power to exercise much good influence towards the same end.

The newspapers are to blame for a large share of this sectional misunderstanding, irritation, and bad manners. They cultivate and intensify localism and they delight in throwing salt in the wounds of offended local vanity. And

just as they have been one of the chief offenders in fostering local arrogance, and regional bad manners, so it is within their power to become the most important means in the solidifying and harmonizing of the nation.

As it stands to-day the American press is intensely provincial. Its newspapers, big and little, are all tarred with the same brush to an almost equal shade of blackness. The great dailies of the metropolitan cities are as provincial, in comparison with their opportunities and possibilities, as are the struggling weeklies of country towns. When the citizen of New York goes to Oshkosh—or maybe Boston—he sniffs at the local journals and calls them provincial—because they are not interested in New York. When the citizen of Oshkosh—or maybe Boston—goes to New York he is dissatisfied with the newspapers of that city and finds them provincial—because they are not interested in Oshkosh—or Boston. They are both right, so right that the fact is alarming and full of grave possibilities. New York ought to be interested in Oshkosh, or Boston, and conversely, even when the city in question has not contributed a diabolical murder or a disastrous fire or a sensational elopement to the current news, just because it is human and American and full of interesting things, and because the origins and destinies of the two cities are indissolubly bound together.

Newspaper-makers, both editorial and managerial, have developed a curious obsession concerning the value of crime and other temporary matters as news. They will deny that the fault is theirs; they will say that it is what the public wants and that it is no part of their duty to decide what the public ought to want. And they will add that even if you lead the horse to the manger, it does not follow that you can make him eat. But nobody knows better than the newspaper-makers how easily they can form and train the tastes and desires and demands of their public. A yellow newspaper, freshly established in any community that must depend on it for news, will degrade and corrupt the entire

community to its own level inside of six months. Newspaper-readers are interested in whatever news is set before them, and they accept unthinkingly the standard of the newspaper-maker as to what is news and as to its relative importance. In the reader's view the newspaper-maker is the expert, and if the morning or evening page has his sanction it must be right.

At this moment our American newspaper-makers have a matchless opportunity to become factors of the highest consequence in vitalizing and unifying the spirit of the nation. For it is within their power to keep before their readers a panorama in miniature of the life of the whole nation, of the aims, hopes, desires, progress, tendencies, purposes, peculiarities, and achievements of each of the several cities and sections, and so to bring the people of each region into close and sympathetic touch with the people of all the others. Some rooted ideas and conventional practices would have to be cast out, some new ideals installed, and some methods revolutionized. But all that would require only a recognition of responsibility, a sadly needed freshening and enlarging of vision, and the turning of some expenditures of money into different channels.

Most newspaper-makers are themselves deplorably provincial. They live and work in the deepest of ruts. They know only their immediate vicinity, for if, as frequently happens, they have lived and worked elsewhere they have quickly and easily lost touch with the community they have left. If they wish to take advantage of the opportunity for immeasurable usefulness that opens before them, they will first have to pull themselves out of their ruts and begin the practice of making frequent journeys of inquiry and investigation to other parts of the country for the purpose of acquainting themselves with the hearts and souls as well as the outward activities of other cities and sections. A newspaper-maker who has awakened his own interest in some other section and acquired some knowledge of it is

much more ready to believe in the possibility of interesting his readers in it than if he merely snarls at and ridicules it from the depths of his office chair.

A policy of endeavoring to secure the really vital news of our national life could be much aided by a more extensive and more intelligent use of domestic exchanges, whose possibilities, in most large newspaper offices, are now barely scratched. A system of clipping, classifying, and filing from journals articles dealing with the life of each region, its prosperity or its poverty, its efforts to better itself, its social, economic, and industrial conditions, its enterprises, its ambitions, and its point of view concerning national affairs and the affairs of other sections, would provide a storehouse of information from all parts of the Union that would afford rich material, which could be used in many different ways, and especially as supplemental to news despatches, for picturing and interpreting different phases of our life and progress.

Such a movement in our national life as this article is pleading for would need organization and direction. For that purpose the Council of National Defense would provide an ideal means. With the ending of the war, the Council has lost its original reason for existence. But its usefulness during the war was so great, its organization so thorough and comprehensive, and its possibilities so immeasurable that those who made it an important factor in America's prosecution of the war are unwilling to let it sink back into the unorganized life out of which it was formed. Here is just the job—one of them, at least—for which it is looking. Here is its work cut out for it. The National Council and its subsidiary State Councils, all so well organized, through cities, counties, towns, to the smallest community, throughout the nation, could at once take up the task of bringing Alabama and Michigan, Wyoming and Georgia, California and Vermont, Nebraska and Maryland, Texas and Rhode Island, North Carolina and North Dakota, into better

acquaintance, clearer understanding, closer sympathy, and finer national unity. Work of this kind would need financial support, which ought to come from private rather than governmental sources. But when has a good cause, and especially one appealing to their patriotism, asked the American people in vain for aid?

With so splendid a purpose in view, ingenuity and resourcefulness would devise scores of means by which an organization could carry on the work of making cities, States, and sections friends and admirers of one another and conscious co-workers for the general good. Such moving pictures, showing American activities, methods of living and working, social and economic conditions, efforts to improve life and make it happier, as the Committee on Public Information exhibited with remarkable success in neutral countries and associated nations during the war, by way of combating enemy propaganda, would arouse curiosity, stimulate interest, and afford information in every town and hamlet concerning all other parts of the land. Such exhibitions as enterprising chambers of commerce sometimes keep open in their own cities, but more comprehensive, more varied, and paying more attention to the human side of life, could be exchanged among States, sections, and cities, or sent on a tour of the country, like travelling art exhibitions. They might be accompanied by moving pictures of life in the region from which they came and by lecturers who could talk entertainingly and informingly about distinctive characteristics, features of importance, and recent developments in that region, while well-known authors of novels, poems, or sketches rich in its local color might be induced to give readings from their works at such exhibitions. Once started, an organization for the furthering of this purpose would develop a thousand possibilities that would all help to unify and cement the life of the nation into an enduring whole, founded upon knowledge, interest, and understanding, sympathy, appreciation, and love.

A few years ago Franklin K. Lane made to the employees of the Department of the Interior a well-known little speech called "The Makers of the Flag," which gave eloquent expression to what every loyal American feels to be the soul of America. With brevity, simplicity, beauty, truth, and passionate patriotism it tells who made the flag through all the years of our history and who are still making it, giving it its spiritual significance and its beneficent power. The realization of just those things, of the genesis and background of the Stars and Stripes, of the material travail and the spiritual purpose for which it stands, is an imperative necessity for the conversion of aliens into understanding Americans. And Americans of long descent need just as much to keep that realization an ever-present and vitalizing influence in their hearts and minds, that it may sweeten their manners in our national family, broaden their outlook upon our national life, and keep their progress true to our national ideals. With that realization vital in the consciousness of both newcomers and those of older stock, and with knowledge and understanding and appreciation of all the parts of the country binding all together in unity and sympathy, there could be no fear for the future of the nation.

If America comes out of her past isolation and confidently advances to take the position that awaits her as a leader among the nations of the world, it is well within the possibilities that increasing wealth and influence, world-wide interests and mounting power, may cause her to forget who made her flag and what it stands for. Before such a choice there is no true American but would say at once that we will not thus cast away our birthright for the sake of trade and wealth and world power. But the deep-running currents of life that shape the destiny of nations are sometimes beyond immediate control, unless they have been consciously guided towards certain ends. Moreover, our very obligations to humanity at this world juncture may com-

pel us to embark upon this great adventure, whether we look upon its possibilities with misgivings or with confidence.

Facing the vision that beckons us, let us remember that a nation's soul is its own and that none can corrupt it save its own people. In that conviction let us set about making sure that our ideals shall not be forgotten, that the ghostly hands of those who made our flag in the past shall still lead those who are to make it in the future. We must make sure that commercial expansion shall not be allowed to develop into commercial imperialism, or injustice, or unfairness; that growth in wealth and power and influence shall go hand in hand with increasing devotion to the ideals of democracy, justice, liberty, human brotherhood; that increasing prosperity and power shall ever be made the means for advancing human welfare. Otherwise, the bright vision will prove to be a nightmare, and instead of realizing a splendid destiny America will deservedly meet the fate that has always befallen and always will befall any nation that proves false to its opportunities and becomes a traitor to mankind.

Our unity can be realized only by bringing about better understanding, better mutual manners, and consequently better mutual feeling between the component parts of the country. No one who is familiar with the life of the people in different sections of the Union can doubt that making possible this more intimate knowledge and understanding would mean the sure saving of all that has been best and finest and truest in the making of our flag in the past. Once bring into steady and conscious co-operation all that richness and sturdiness of democratic spirit, and no material forces of wealth and power can ever dominate it.

TACT

By EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

Observant of the way she told
So much of what was true,
No vanity could long withhold
Regard that was her due:
She spared him the familiar guile,
So easily achieved,
That only made a man to smile
And left him undeceived.

Aware that all imagining
Of more than what she meant
Would urge an end of everything,
He stayed; and when he went,
They parted with a merry word
That was to him as light
As any that was ever heard
Upon a starry night.

She smiled a little, knowing well
That he would not remark
The ruins of a day that fell
Around her in the dark:
He saw no ruins anywhere,
Nor fancied there were scars
On anyone who lingered there,
Alone below the stars.

THE SINGER OF THE OLD SWIMMIN' HOLE

By HENRY A. BEERS

MANY years ago I said to one of Walt Whitman's biographers: "Whitman may, as you claim, be the poet of democracy, but he is not the poet of the American people. He is the idol of a literary *culte*. Shall I tell you who the poet of the American people is just at present? He is James Whitcomb Riley of Indiana." Riley used to become quite blasphemous when speaking of Whitman. He said that the latter had begun by scribbling newspaper poetry of the usual kind—and very poor of its kind—which had attracted no attention and deserved none. Then he suddenly said to himself: "Go to! I will discard metre and rhyme and write something startlingly eccentric which will make the public sit up and take notice. I will sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world, and the world will say—as in fact it did—'here is a new poetry, lawless, virile, democratic. It is so different from anything hitherto written, that here must be the great American poet at last.'"

Now, I am not going to disparage old Walt. He was big himself, and he had an extraordinary feeling of the bigness of America with its swarming multitudes, millions of the plain people, whom God must have loved, said Lincoln, since he made so many of them. But all this in the mass. As to any dramatic power to discriminate among individuals and characterize them singly, as Riley does, Whitman had none. They are all alike, all "leaves of grass."

Well, my friend, and Walt Whitman's, promised to read Riley's poems. And shortly I got a letter from him saying that he had read them with much enjoyment, but adding, "Surely you would not call him a great national poet." Now since his death, the newspaper critics have been busy

with this question. His poetry was true, sweet, original; but was it great? Suppose we leave aside for the moment this question of greatness. Who are the great poets, anyway? Was Robert Burns one of them? He composed no epics, no tragedies, no high Pindaric odes. But he made the songs of the Scottish people, and is become a part of the national consciousness of the race. In a less degree, but after the same fashion, Riley's poetry has taken possession of the popular heart. I am told that his sales outnumber Longfellow's. This is not an ultimate test, but so far as it goes it is a valid one.

Riley is the Hoosier poet, but he is more than that: he is a national poet. His State and his city have honored themselves in honoring him and in keeping his birthday as a public holiday. The birthdays of nations and of kings and magistrates have been often so kept. We have our fourth of July, our twenty-second of February, our Lincoln's birthday; and we had a close escape from having a McKinley day. I do not know that the banks are closed and the children let out of school—Riley's children, for all children are his—on each succeeding seventh of October; but I think there is no record elsewhere in our literary history of a tribute so loving and so universal to a mere man of letters, as the Hoosier State pays annually to its sweet singer. Massachusetts has its poets and is rightly proud of them, but neither Bryant nor Emerson nor Lowell nor Holmes, nor the more popular Longfellow or Whittier has had his natal day marked down on the calendar as a yearly state *fiesta*. And yet poets, novelists, playwrights, painters, musical composers, artists of all kinds, have added more to the sum of human happiness than all the kings and magistrates that ever lived. Perhaps Indianians are warmer hearted than New Englanders; or perhaps they make so much of their poets because there are fewer of them. But this is not the whole secret of it. In a sense, Riley's poems are provincial. They are intensely true to local conditions,

local scenery and dialect, childish memories and the odd ways and characters of little country towns. But just for this faithfulness to their environment these "poems here at home" come home to others whose homes are far away from the Wabash, but are not so very different after all.

America, as has often been said, is a land of homes: of dwellers in villages, on farms, and in small towns. We are common people, middle-class people, conservative, decent, religious, tenacious of old ways, home-keeping and home-loving. We do not thrill to Walt Whitman's paeans to democracy in the abstract; but we vibrate to every touch on the chord of family affections, of early friendships, and of the dear old homely things that our childhood knew. Americans are sentimental and humorous; and Riley abounds in sentiment—wholesome sentiment—and natural humor, while Whitman had little of either.

To all Americans who were ever boys; to all, at least, who have had the good luck to be country boys and go barefoot; whether they dwell in the prairie States of the Middle West, or elsewhere, the scenes and characters of Riley's poems are familiar: Little Orphant Annie and the Raggedy Man, and the Old Swimmin' Hole and Griggsby's Station "where we ust to be so happy and so pore." They know when the frost is on the "punkin," and that the "Gobbluns'll git ye ef you don't watch out"; and how the old tramp said to the Raggedy Man:

You're a *purty* man!—*You* air!—
With a pair o' eyes like two fried eggs,
An' a nose like a Bartlutt pear!

They have all, in their time, followed along after the circus parade, listened to the old village band playing tunes like "Lily Dale" and "In the Hazel Dell my Nellie's Sleeping" and "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower"; have heard the campaign stump speaker when he "cut loose on monopolies and cussed and cussed and cussed"; have belonged to the literary society which debated the questions whether fire or water

was the most destructive element; whether town life was preferable to country life; whether the Indian or the negro had suffered more at the hands of the white man; or whether the growth of Roman Catholicism in this country is a menace to our free institutions. And *was* the execution of Charles the First justifiable? Charles is dead now; but this good old debate question will never die. They knew the joys of "eatin' out on the porch" and the woes of having your sister lose your jack knife through a crack in the barn floor; or of tearing your thumb nail in trying to get the nickel out of the tin savings bank.

The poets we admire are many; the poets we love are few. One of the traits that endear Riley to his countrymen is his cheerfulness. He is "Sunny Jim." The south wind and the sun are his playmates. The drop of bitterness mixt in the cup of so many poets seems to have been left out of his life potion. And so, while he does not rouse us with "the thunder of the trumpets of the night"; or move us with the deep organ tones of tragic grief; he never fails to hearten and console. And though tragedy is absent from his verse, a tender pathos, kindred to his humor, is everywhere present. Read over again "The Old Man and Jim," or "Nothin' to Say, my Daughter," or any of his poems on the deaths of children; for a choice that poignant little piece "The Lost Kiss," comparable with Coventry Patmore's best poem "The Toys," in which the bereaved father speaks his un-availing remorse because he had once spoken crossly to his little girl when she came to his desk for a good night kiss and interrupted him at his work.

Riley followed the bent of his genius and gave himself just the kind of training that fitted him to do his work. He never had any regular education, adopted no trade or profession, never married and had children, but kept himself free from set tasks and from those responsibilities which distract the poet's soul. His muse was a truant, and he was a runaway schoolboy who kept the heart of a boy into

manhood and old age, which is one definition of genius. He was better employed when he joined a circus troupe or a travelling medicine van, or set up as a sign painter, or simply lay out on the grass, "knee deep in June," than if he had shut himself up in a school or an office. He did no routine work, but wrote when he felt like it, when he was in the mood. Fortunately the mood recurred abundantly, and so we have about two dozen volumes from him, filled with lovely poetry. Most of us do hack work, routine work, because we can do nothing better. But for the creative artist, hack work is a waste. Creative work, when one is in the mood, is more a pleasure than a toil; and Riley worked hard at his verse-making. For he was a most conscientious artist; and all those poems of his, seemingly so easy, natural, spontaneous, were the result of labor, though of labor joyously borne. How fine his art was perhaps only those can fully appreciate who have tried their own hands at making verses. Some of the things that he said to me about the use and abuse of dialect in poetry and concerning similar points, showed me how carefully he had thought out the principles of composition.

He thought most dialect poetry was overdone; recalling that delightful anecdote about the member of the Chicago Browning Club who was asked whether he liked dialect verse, and who replied: "Some of it. Eugene Field is all right. But the other day I read some verses by a fellow named Chaucer, and he carries it altogether too far."

In particular, Riley objected to the habit which many writers have of labelling their characters with descriptive names like Sir Lucius O'Trigger and Birdofredum Sawin. I reminded him that English comedy from "Ralph Roister Doister" down had practised this device. (In Ben Jonson it is the rule.) And that even such an artist as Thackeray employed it frequently with droll effect: Lady Jane Sheepshanks, daughter of the Countess of Southdown, and so forth. But he insisted that it was a departure from *vraisemblance* which disturbed the impression of reality.

In seeking to classify these Hoosier poems, we are forced back constantly to a comparison with the Doric singers: with William Barnes, the Dorsetshire dialect poet; and above all with Robert Burns. Wordsworth in his "Lyrical Ballads," and Tennyson in his few rural idyls like "Dora" and "The Brook" dealt also with simple, country life, the life of Cumberland dalesmen and Lincolnshire farmers. But these poets are in another class. They are grave philosophers, cultivated scholars, university men, writing in academic English; writing with sympathy indeed, but from a point of view outside the life which they depict. In our own country there are Will Carleton's "Farm Ballads," handling the same homely themes as Riley's; handling them truthfully, sincerely, but prosaically. Carleton could not

. . . add the gleam,
The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream.

But Riley's world of common things and plain folks is always lit up by the lamp of beauty. Then there is Whittier. He was a farmer lad, and was part of the life that he wrote of. He belonged; and, like Riley, he knew his Burns. I think, indeed, that "Snow Bound" is a much better poem than "The Cotter's Saturday Night." Whittier's fellow Quaker, John Bright, in an address to British workingmen, advised them to read Whittier's poems, if they wanted to understand the spirit of the American people. Well, the spirit of New England, let us say, if not of all America. For Whittier is in some ways provincial, and rightly so. But though he uses homely New England words like "chore," he does not, so far as I remember, essay dialect except in "Skipper Ireson's Ride"; and that is Irish if it is anything. No Yankee women known to me talk like the fishwives of Marblehead in that popular but overrated piece. Then there are the "Biglow Papers," which remind of Riley's work on the humorous, as Whittier's ballads do on the serious side. Lowell made a careful study of the New

England dialect and the "Biglow Papers" are brilliantly true to the shrewd Yankee wit; but they are political satires rather than idyls. Where they come nearest to these Hoosier ballads or to "Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line" is where they record old local ways and institutions. "This kind o' sogerin," writes Birdofredum Sawin, who is disgustedly campaigning in Mexico, like our National Guards of yesterday:

This kind o' sogerin' aint a mite like our October trainin',
 A chap could clear right out from there ef 't only looked like
 rainin',
 An' th' Cunnles, tu, could kiver up their shappoes with band-
 anners,
 An' send the insines skootin' to the bar-room with their banners
 (Fear o' gittin' on 'em spotted), . . .

Isn't that something like Riley? Lowell, of course, is a more imposing literary figure, and he tapped intellectual sources to which the younger poet had no access. But I still think Riley the finer artist. Benjamin F. Johnson, of Boone, the quaint, simple, innocent old Hoosier farmer, is a more convincing person than Hosea Biglow. In many of the "Biglow Papers" sentiment, imagery, vocabulary, phrase, are often too elevated for the speaker and for his dialect. Riley is not guilty of this inconsistency; his touch here is absolutely correct.

Riley's work was anything but academic; and I am therefore rather proud of the fact that my university was the first to confer upon him an honorary degree. I cannot quite see why geniuses like Mark Twain and Riley, whose books are read and loved by hundreds of thousands of their countrymen, should care very much for a college degree. The fact remains, however, that they are gratified by the compliment, which stamps their performances with a sort of official sanction, like the *couronné par l'Académie Française* on the title-page of a French author.

When Mr. Riley came on to New Haven to take his Master's degree, he was a bit nervous about making a public appearance in unwonted conditions; although he had been used to facing popular audiences with great applause when he gave his delightful readings from his own poems, with humorous impersonations in prose as good as Beatrice Herford's best monologues. He rehearsed the affair in advance, trying on his Master's gown and reading me his poem, "No Boy Knows when he Goes to Sleep," which he proposed to use if called on for a speech. He asked me if it would do: it did. For at the alumni dinner which followed the conferring of degrees, when Riley got to his feet and read the piece, the audience broke loose. It was evident, that whatever the learned gentlemen on the platform might think, the undergraduates and the young alumni knew their Riley; and that his enrolment on the Yale catalogue was far and away the most popular act of the day. For in truth there is nothing cloistral or high and dry among our modern American colleges. A pessimist on my own faculty even avers that the average undergraduate nowadays reads nothing beyond the sporting columns in the New York newspapers. There were other distinguished recipients of degrees at that same Commencement. One leading statesman was made a Doctor of Laws: Mr. Riley a Master of Arts. Of course a mere man of letters cannot hope to rank with a politician. If Shakespeare and Ben Butler had been contemporaries and had both come up for a degree at the same Commencement—supposing any college willing to notice Butler at all—why Ben would have got an LL.D. and William an M.A. Yet exactly why should this be so? For as I am accustomed to say of John Hay, anybody can be Secretary of State, but it took a smart man to write "Little Breeches" and "The Mystery of Gilgal."

EXCEPT AMERICA!

By WILBUR C. ABBOTT

FEW events in our increasingly eventful history have come with such a shock to thinking men throughout the world as the refusal of the Senate of the United States to ratify the Treaty of Peace. The force of the blow is hardly lessened by the fact that this result had been in some degree forecast by those who had followed the course of opinion and events in Washington since President Wilson first embarked on his adventures in diplomacy. It is accentuated by the methods and the utterances of the parties to the great controversy. And, whatever the fate of the Treaty, it will long be remembered as a striking and unfortunate instance of invoking constitutional provisions and parliamentary procedure to gain a personal or partisan advantage against what many men regard as the true national interest.

It is too soon to say that the resources of civilization as expressed in representative institutions have been exhausted; it is perhaps too soon to raise the question of the competence of our government as now constituted to deal with foreign policy. And it is now of small avail to apportion the blame for the unfortunate situation in which we find ourselves. The fact we have to face is that in the eyes of the world the government of the United States, which earlier rejected the word "ally" for the half-hearted term "associate in war," has now deserted even its associates in peace. Whatever the cause of this failure to meet our international obligations, it is not the Treaty alone which has been weighed and found wanting. The men who have brought this to pass, the methods which have produced such a miscarriage of political action, are condemned by the same balances.

For it is evident that the leaders on neither side of the great dispute voice the real sentiments of the United States, nor even that of the majority of the Senate itself. Nearly a year ago one could have prophesied—and many did so prophesy—what fate would overtake a President who seemed to scorn advice and ventured to ignore a Senate which possessed joint treaty-making powers. And that fate came to pass. It is not difficult now to prophesy the fate of the irreconcilable opponents of the Treaty which the President negotiated for the United States; for they have contributed to the humiliation of the country they profess to serve by rejecting it. It is easy in almost any cause to invoke the name of liberty, to rise to dizzy heights of empty eloquence, to call upon the shades of Lincoln and of Washington, and to appeal to the worst side of selfish nationality. Too many of those who now oppose this peace not long ago opposed our entering the war on the same grounds; too many of those who clamor now for the rights of America not long ago were no less clamorous on behalf of those who trampled on those rights; and too many who now denounce this President attacked his predecessors with like virulence. There were too many, if there were but one; for such men represent the common thought of the United States as little as the extremists of the other side. Both, in the last resolution of events, will fail to have their way. New leaders must arise who will more truly express our national purposes and who will take our part in the world's peace.

Let us consider what the rejection of the Treaty means; in the cold light of every-day affairs what has been gained and lost. No friend of the Allied—and the Associated—governments but must regret that their union in war gives way to discord in the peace. No friend of what we hope is the new Germany but must deplore an action which delays her entry into the community of nations and lends strength to her reactionary elements. No friend of Ireland—which in some curious way has been drawn into the great argument

—but must perceive that if England intends to grant Home Rule she will not be encouraged by this act, and if she does not so intend she has one more excuse. No friend of the too aptly named “Battalion of Death” among the Senators but must realize that they have helped to habilitate the President; and his friends understand how harmful the situation has been to him. We have lost time, which is the essence of reconstruction; we have lost credit with all other powers; we stand to lose much more. There never was a stronger case for compromise, and compromise must come, for there is now no party to the business which is not weaker for the lack of it.

Except America! That is the burden of the eloquence. At the end of this long trail of blasted hopes our country stands secure, in splendid isolation and in her ancient faith, unmoved, unchanged, unconquered—and alone. We have kept faith, if not with our fellow peoples, with our past; and the tradition of our fathers is secure. America for the Americans, rich, powerful, self-confident, and self-sufficing, free from entangling alliances, responsibilities—and friends. What, we are asked triumphantly, have we to do with tribal wars on European soil, with distant Asia and still more distant Africa? Let us go our own way, they theirs. For they will go—they have already gone; the world will not wait long upon events in Washington. And there remain two questions for us now. The one is the great problem of the hour, the deadlock between two branches of our government; the other is the still greater problem of the future, our status in the world.

As to the first there can be but one opinion. The extremists on either side must each give way to sane and reasonable adjustment of the case. Whether by a committee representing all the elements of the situation, and joint caucus action to support the findings thus achieved; whether by agreement between the extremists themselves; or by pressure from the people whose voice will soon be heard, some

solution must be achieved and soon. Nor is it probable that the injection of such an issue into a national campaign will be found good politics by those who so lately and so loudly urged that course. For, long before that issue can be voted on, unless some means be found to end this struggle, we shall be left, if not alone at war with Germany, at least cut off from all advantages of our co-operation with the other powers—a prospect so dark and so disheartening, so fraught with difficulties and complexities that its solution seems impossible.

Let us admit for purposes of argument, even though we may not believe it, that the Treaty is bad, the League of Nations worse, the methods by which they were arrived at and intertwined the worst of all. Let us admit whatever may be said of the attitude of the chief mover in the scheme. This peace is all we have, and it is inconceivable that the case will be re-opened by the powers of the world, that the whole great machinery of affairs will be diverted from its present course to work out a new agreement. The Treaty has been ratified by the other powers; they have entered upon engagements to effect a League; the world moves on along this newer course; and our material no less than moral interests require some action on our part. It may, conceivably, be a case in which whatever thing we do is bad, but to make no choice at all is fatal to our reputation and our interests. The question of America's ability to fulfil her obligations is at stake, and to that there can be but one answer—she must. It is of small avail to call hard names, to speak of dictator and demagogue, of unholy alliances of Puritan and blackleg, to twist the lion's tail, to call in question other nations' faith, to hint at sinister influences behind the scenes. The case is clear. We must and will have peace; we must and will keep faith; we must and will protect our interests—and among those interests not the least is our relation to the world at large. He who, from what-

ever cause, would prevent such consummation may take heed; for this is neither Democratic nor Republican; it is, in all its bearings, national. And we, the people of the United States, may well demand of all our representatives, Congress and President alike, that they find ways to solve this great problem, nor take refuge in disputes and delays nor in that final resource of discredited statesmanship, a national election to shift responsibility.

There are far larger interests at stake than those of party strife. From a king of Prussia, it was once said, we ought not to expect a European policy, nor even a German policy, but only a Prussian policy—and presently, on that premise, there came with the Napoleonic wars the greatest humiliation in Prussian history. There lies a lesson for America. Nations like individuals do not live alone; nor are we, as a century ago, on the remoter edge of European politics. However we may choose to shut our eyes to the hard facts of life, we are a part of all world politics. We lie midway between the East and the West; we have already given hostages to fortune in our colonies; we hold the Spanish road to the East Indies and an outpost there; we built and own the Panama Canal. The ties which bind us to the outside world have been strengthened a thousand-fold within a century. However slowly and reluctantly, we must take our place and our responsibilities among our fellows.

Let us face the facts. No man can tell how this balance will change. Within a few years there may be a world war again; there may be monarchical reaction in Germany and a Germanized Russia; there may be a League of Nations, or the old diplomacy revived; cessation or renewal of the race in armaments; a realist or an idealist world polity. Whatever it may hold, one thing is sure—the future will compel America to face the fact that she is part of the great European system, with all that this implies. This present crisis is no parting of the ways; for it has already become

impossible for us to be as we once were, a world apart. We must take our place—or be driven into it by forces beyond our will and our control.

This is our time to choose—not whether we shall join the community of nations, but whether we shall join it of our own free will. That choice we made when we went into war. That choice we must confirm by entering the peace, safeguarded, if you will, in the peculiar interest of America imposed on us by our location and our history, but not permitting a short-sighted selfishness to obscure our greater ultimate interest. It is no part of honor or of wisdom or of mere worldly advantage to fear our fate too much; nor does strength come from shirking responsibility. No state which has essayed to play Belshazzar's part, shrinking from contact with the outer world, content with wealth and luxury, relying upon the fancied impregnability of material defenses, has managed to survive. There is but one wise, honorable course for the United States; and it needs no Daniel come to judgment to point it out. It is to play the part of a great nation in the world; and, first among equals, take its place among its fellows, sharing their dangers and responsibilities. Then and then only

. . . the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best governed nation.

Then and then only we shall have no reason to fear the handwriting on the wall; we may be weighed but we shall not be found wanting; nor shall our land be given to its foes.

AMONG THE BOOKS

THE PLAYS OF J. M. BARRIE

What Every Woman Knows; Quality Street; The Admirable Crichton; Alice Sit-by-the-Fire; Echoes of the War; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1918-1919.

In 1892 Stevenson wrote to Barrie: "I am proud to think you are a Scotchman. I am a capable artist; but it begins to look to me as if you were a man of genius." Stevenson was right; in the present golden age of the drama, Barrie is the most original and most profound dramatist of them all.

Barrie is not a self-appointed prophet; he does not assume intellectual leadership; he is neither cynic nor schoolmaster; but he has done more to elevate the stage than any other man of our time. And he has accomplished this simply by writing plays that are built on the permanent foundations of human nature, that are full of action, shining with brilliant dialogue, sparkling with wit and humor, heart-shaking with tragedy, and clean as the west wind. His is the drama of ideas, as distinguished from the drama of opinions.

Yet he was the last of all the playwrights to obey the call of the publisher. The printing of plays, traditional on the Continent, is a recent phenomenon in England and in America; and until 1892, with a few exceptions that belonged more to literature than to the stage, they were not worth printing. But in the twentieth century, we had on our library shelves Wilde, Synge, Yeats, Pinero, Jones, Galsworthy, Barker, Shaw, Harkin, Fitch, Moody, Thomas—whilst Barrie, who could best afford to accept the challenge of type, remained obstinately inaccessible. Finally, in 1914 he "released" two full-length plays, "Quality Street," and "The Admirable Crichton," which appeared in sumptuous and expensive volumes, copiously and ideally illustrated by Hugh Thomson (they are among my most precious possessions), and one small book containing four short plays, called "Half Hours."

In the year of grace 1918 he consented to the publication of all his dramatic works.

I now have before me as I write, five charming little volumes—"What Every Woman Knows," "Quality Street," "The Admirable Crichton," "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," and "Echoes of the War." Every one is a masterpiece, and together they constitute the most important contributions to the English drama since Sheridan.

It is more necessary that English plays should be published than the works of Continental writers. For on the Continent everyone is permitted to go to the theatre and see a new production; whereas in America only those who are able to be in New York are allowed this privilege. The modern drama simply does not exist in Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis, Kansas City, and San Francisco. If it were not for the publication of plays, the American people living outside of New York would know not much more of contemporary English and American dramas than they know of the Japanese. So long as the citizens of the great centres of populations away from New York are satisfied with this situation, so long will it continue to exist.

The reason why Barrie was reluctant to prepare his plays for publication, was because—from his own point of view—it was necessary to write confidential "stage-directions," intended only for the reader's eyes. They are worth waiting for. It is evident that an enormous amount of time and care has been spent upon this part of the book, a part that cannot be played before the footlights, except by some genius of interpretation. Take for example the wonderful description of the Oxford man, which prepares the reader for his appearance. All American college men will be interested in studying this, because we are too ready to believe that English college students are more intellectually developed than ours, which is not true. This portrait, sketched without a trace of cynicism—Barrie loves the boy—is recognizable immediately at Yale, Harvard, Princeton.

Before Mrs. Quickly has reached the door it opens to admit an impatient young man in knickerbockers and a Norfolk jacket, all aglow with rain-drops. Public school (and the particular one) is written on his forehead, and almost nothing else; he has scarcely yet begun to surmise that anything else may be required. He is modest and clear-eyed, and

would ring for his tub in Paradise; (reputably athletic also), with an instant smile always in reserve for the antagonist who accidentally shines him. Whatever you, as his host, ask him to do, he says he would like to awfully if you don't mind his being a priceless duffer at it; his vocabulary is scanty, and in his engaging mouth "priceless" sums up all that is to be known of good or ill in our varied existence; at a pinch it would suffice him for most of his simple wants, just as one may traverse the continent with *Combien?* His brain is quite as good as another's, but as yet he has referred scarcely anything to it. He respects learning in the aged, but shrinks uncomfortably from it in contemporaries, as persons who have somehow failed. To him the proper way to look upon ability is as something we must all come to in the end. He has a nice taste in the arts that have come to him by the way of socks, spats, and slippers, and of these he has a large and happy collection, which he laughs at jollily in public (for his sense of humor is sufficient), but in the privacy of his chamber he sometimes spreads them out like troutlet on the river's bank and has his quiet thrills of exultation. Having lately left Oxford, he is facing the world confidently with nothing to impress it except these and a scarf he won at Fives (beating Hon. Billy Minhorn). He has not yet decided whether to drop into business or diplomacy or the bar. There will be a lot of fag about this; and all unknown to him there is a grim piece of waste land waiting for him in Canada, which he will make a hash of, or it will make a man of him. (Billy will be there too.)

Barrie is as good at describing furniture as he is at describing men. The stage-direction of Amy's room in "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire" is much too long to quote, but a few sentences are representative:

The pictures on the walls are mostly studies done at school, and include the well-known windmill, and the equally popular old lady by the shore. Their frames are of fir-cones, glued together, or of straws which have gone limp, and droop like streaks of macaroni. There is a cosy corner; also a milking-stool, but no cow. The lampshades have had ribbons added to them, and from a distance look like ladies of the ballet. The flower-pot also is in a skirt. Near the door is a large screen, such as people hide behind in the more ordinary sort of play; it will be interesting to see whether we can resist the temptation to hide someone behind it.

Barrie was a successful novelist before he was known as a playwright; his first venture in the theatre was called "Richard Savage" and had a run of one day. Then he wrote a clever

burlesque of Ibsen—"Ibsen's Ghost." It is slight, but the careful study of Ibsen required for its composition bore fruit later in one of the greatest of Barrie's dramatic works, "The Twelve Pound Look." Another early play, "Walker, London," was placed on a house-boat on the Thames; it exhibited a knowledge of stage technique. His first successful production came in 1895, "The Professor's Love Story," and Barrie has always been fond of it. In 1897 "The Little Minister," with Maude Adams, made its author one of the most popular playwrights of the day; this was followed by a series of truly great dramas, of which possibly "The Admirable Crichton" is the best, though amid such a glorious profusion it is difficult to choose.

"The Admirable Crichton" expresses the fundamental philosophy of Barrie—which is nothing more nor less than democracy. The ideal community will be a community where the rulers will be those most fit to rule, regardless of their ancestry, wealth, or social status. With all its wonderful richness of humor, "The Admirable Crichton" is a profound tragedy.

"The Legend of Leonora," one of the most original of Barrie's productions, is only apparently fantastic; fundamentally it is not fantastic at all. Here, instead of dramatizing action and conversation, he has dramatized human motives and impulses—which in organized society cannot possibly come to fruition.

Barrie has the distinction of having written the worst and the best drama of the war—I refer to "Der Tag" and "The Old Lady Shows her Medals." The former is the only writing by Barrie that is flat. The latter is the most beautiful, most deeply affecting war play I have seen. The fact that Barrie's adopted son was killed in the war may possibly have kindled his inspiration here; though with a genius so sympathetic as his, no personal grief was necessary to complete understanding. I have never seen an audience more affected; unrestrained sobbing was heard all over the house. I could no more help crying than I could help breathing.

In "The New Word," where the boy takes leave of father and mother to go to the front, I have sometimes thought that the hint for the quite different nature of the two farewells may have been given by Dumas's deathless romance, "Les trois Mousquetaires." "En sortant de la chambre paternelle, le jeune homme trouva sa

mère qui l'attendait avec la fameuse recette dont les conseils que nous venons de rapporter devaient nécessiter un assez fréquent emploi. Les adieux furent de ce côté plus longs et plus tendres qu'ils ne l'avaient été de l'autre, non pas que M. d'Artagnan n'aimât son fils, qui était sa seule progéniture, mais M. d'Artagnan était un homme, et il eût regardé comme indigne d'un homme de se laisser aller à sa émotion, tandis que madame d'Artagnan était femme et de plus était mère."

As for "Peter Pan," it is eternal. There is no reason why children in the year 3000 will not enjoy it as keenly as we. His plays are the shows of this world. He gives us pictures of all humanity—our follies, our impossible and futile dreams, our sordidness, our nobility, our vanity; and he accomplishes all this without a trace of venom or of scorn, without a flavor of superiority; because he loves men, women, and children. In him Love is never blind.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

Yale University.

TWO VIEWS OF CONTEMPORARY POETRY

Convention and Revolt in Poetry, by John Livingston Lowes, Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. *The New Era in American Poetry*, by Louis Untermeyer, Henry Holt & Co., New York. 1919.

Professor Lowes and Mr. Untermeyer have just given us two books on poetry so extraordinarily unlike as to be almost, in an absolute sense, complementary. One thinks of their two attitudes as of the two buckets in a well; and one is sure that while, for example, Mr. Untermeyer's bucket knocks downward, hollow and hungry, that of Professor Lowes runneth over. This is not merely to say that their purposes are different. Their purposes *are* different, true enough: but even had their purposes been the same, the disparity in the results would, perhaps, have been no less remarkable. What first of all strikes one, turning from the one book to the other, is the fact that whereas Mr. Untermeyer is a reviewer, Professor Lowes is a critic. It is with the surfaces of contemporary poetry that Mr. Untermeyer most delights himself—he takes the pluralist's pleasure in its multiplicity and diversity, the countless laughter of its waves; he

enjoys, as if with his hands, the mere feel of it. He will say with some accuracy whether a wave is small or large, green or blue, and in what direction it is going. He is, in fact, something of a reporter, not only by intention, but, more importantly, by nature; and his book is therefore largely reportorial, deals with names and dates and quantities, and gives one useful information regarding the more obvious successes and failures of our contemporary poets. It is, indeed, a guide-book, and should be judged on that basis—we shall ask Mr. Untermeyer whether it is comprehensive, accurate, and impartially discriminating. It is with the facts of contemporary poetry that he is most concerned, and only with the theories so far as they are thereby conspicuously implied; and by his facts we shall know him.

Professor Lowes, on the other hand, uses these facts only incidentally, only in so far as they add tangibility and luminosity to theory, or, more properly, to his thesis. Contemporary poetry is drawn upon for illustration of this or that aspect of what he has to say, not for disposal against its own background. His thesis is the process by which a sort of organic growth and change and decay go forward, more or less cyclically, in poetry: the process by which, in turn, new elements are brought to poetry, are gradually conventionalized and stereotyped (leading to a period of formalism), until either some new genius arises capable of breathing life into conventions seemingly sterile; or, on the other hand, a sharper sort of revolt ensues which breaks with tradition altogether—a revolt likely to confer only the briefest fame on the revolutionist, but adding, none the less, some new and perhaps precious element to the gamut of the art. Put thus briefly, Professor Lowes's theory seems platitudinous enough—which is, as it happens, extremely unfair. For this is one of the soundest and most delightfully written books on poetry which we have had in a very long time. Professor Lowes combines the best qualities of the scholar and the amateur: his wealth of information is imposing, and if one chooses to liken his mind to a library of a size a little terrifying, one should add that Professor Lowes commands its labyrinths at all times with a colorful celerity which positively suggests the elfin. He writes with gusto and wit; he draws his historical background with almost a superabundance of rich detail; and when he applies his theories

to contemporary movements in poetry he does it with persuasiveness, tact, and, one feels, with an absence of bias which at the moment is rare. The arrangement of the book is excellent. The first half of it gives one, as I have said, the background—shows the working of the convention-and-revolt theory as regards form, material, diction, in the poetry of the past; and the second half gives us the application of this theory, thus admirably and impersonally established, to the various kinds of radicalism in poetry which are contemporary. This will be, for those interested in such things, the most valuable part of the book. Professor Lowes's discussions of poetic diction, of free verse, of Imagism, of polyphonic prose, of the vogue of the fragmentary, of the cult of "modernity," are deliciously candid and searching; so adroitly prepared for, and when (as frequently) destructive, so gently destructive, as to have almost the air, colloquially speaking, of a "put-up job." The sound elements in radicalism come out, of course, unscathed. It is only that sort of radicalism which has no basis in reason and is at bottom merely a kind of exhibitionism, which suffers any blight. One can, indeed, think of no shrewder test of the essential honesty of any of our literary revolutionists than that he should be able to read this book without a sinking, secret or acknowledged, of the heart.

One has only two regrets: one, that Professor Lowes should so far have yielded to the current of the times as to have included his last chapter, which is a trifle too proudly Anglo-Saxon, and, for his purpose, really unnecessary; and the other, that he does not definitely and permanently come down into the arena as a critic. His services in the latter capacity would be invaluable.

To pass to Mr. Untermeyer's book is, as I have intimated, to pass to the reportorial, and by contrast, superficial. "The New Era in American Poetry" is the only comprehensive study we have had, so far, of the contemporary poetic renaissance, and it is, as a whole, accurate and intelligent; the studies of Frost, Masters, Amy Lowell, and Robinson are informative and sound; but Mr. Untermeyer has a strong bias towards poetry which is consciously "democratic," and for this reason he overrates such poets as Oppenheim, Giovanitti, and Brody, sees Sandburg a little awry, and does a great deal less than justice to Fletcher, Eliot, Stevens, Bodenheimer, Kreymer, and Pound. Mr. Unter-

meyer prefers the sort of art that has a purpose; poetry which exists only to be true, or beautiful, or strange, leaves him a little unsatisfied. One cannot be quite certain how much his failure to respond to Fletcher or Eliot or Stevens is because of this bias, and how much it is due to a lack of fine tactile equipment. Certainly, the latter plays its part, for one notes that Mr. Untermeyer quotes one of Fletcher's most beautiful lyrics (the one that begins "Over the rooftops race the shadows of clouds") not for approval, but with the comment that "disorganization could not go further"—a report that fairly leaves one witless, particularly as in quoting it Mr. Untermeyer gives all of it except the last two lines—precisely the two lines that introduce the powerful element of return! With due allowance made for this twist in Mr. Untermeyer's mind, however, his book is valuable. It would have been, nevertheless, even more valuable had the author condensed it by at least a third, left a little more cheerfully behind him his sociological and personal biases, and given his energies and intelligence not so much to what I spoke of as the "waves" of contemporary poetry as to its currents. The latter, especially, would have given his book more coherence and, for the poets with whom he deals, more genuine and fruitful interest.

CONRAD AIKEN.

Boston.

AMERICAN HISTORY REWRITTEN

A History of the United States, by Edward Channing, Vol. IV, 1789-1815; Writings of John Quincy Adams, edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford, Vol. VII, 1820-1823; History of the Civil War, by James Ford Rhodes; A History of the United States since the Civil War, by Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer, Vol. I, 1865-1868; Macmillan Co., New York, 1917.

A college professor whose persistent devotion to his theme has been the admiration of a younger generation of historians, a statesman among the more remarkable figures in American political life, and two writers practised in the interpretation of several phases of American history and biography are here represented by four volumes that are among the most important publications of recent years. These volumes all appeared between April and

November, 1917. Together they cover a fair portion of the time extending from the opening of Washington's administration in 1789 to the eve of the trial of President Johnson for "high crimes and misdemeanors" in March, 1868. They will reward careful reading. Three of the volumes are designedly the results or products of mature scholarship; the second volume in the list consists of the miscellaneous writings of a statesman preoccupied with numerous problems of national and international moment—formal diplomatic papers, memoranda prepared for the guidance of a chief magistrate, personal and intimate letters to friends or relatives, all written during three years (March, 1820, to June, 1823) while Adams, aged fifty-three to fifty-six, was in the prime of manhood. Drawn from some variety of sources—from scattered volumes of state papers or from manuscripts never hitherto printed—they have been skilfully edited by Mr. Worthington C. Ford of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Professor Channing's book which compasses the opening period of twenty-five years of our government under the Constitution is written in most respects with sound judgment. Bibliographical notes scattered through the volume should be helpful to the student and enlightening to any reader. One can trace easily the author's admirably industrious and careful use of sources on every important theme. Typographical errors are few, but "Petrograd" occurring in a discussion of the situation in 1790 must be a slip. Towards the close of the narrative the language is occasionally too hurried for clarity, and the style is now and again awkward or slipshod. Somewhere in the bibliographies Dr. Victor S. Clark's "History of Manufactures in the United States, 1607-1860" (1916) should have found a place. The concluding chapters, concerned with military and naval incidents of the war of 1812, with the resulting international situation, and with reflections on domestic problems, are carefully analyzed, but somewhat too heavily weighted with details to be really illuminating or easy to read.

On the political side of the epoch the volume is stronger than on either the economic or social side. Such chapters as those relating to the organization of the new government, American foreign policy, and the rise of political parties are well balanced and informing. The chapters on what the author is pleased to call

the Louisiana procurement and its aftermath unravel and set forth adequately numerous complicated circumstances, assigning due honors to Robert R. Livingston, Monroe, and Jefferson for the consummation of the acquisition. But many a reader will wonder why nothing is anywhere said about the Lewis and Clark expedition, or why so slight attention is paid to the interest in the western country which was developing significantly throughout the period. In numerous chapters devoted to the years from 1801 to 1812 there are allusions to what is usually termed the Jeffersonian policy. Nowhere, however, is this policy characterized at length or impressively dwelt upon. True, in some respects it was defective—long since Henry Adams thought so, and Admiral Mahan more recently, with less apparent bias than Adams, has commented discerningly on its weaknesses. Nevertheless, after reading Mr. Channing's narrative one is forced to ask whether Madison, Jefferson, and Gallatin formed quite such a group of political opportunists as he would make them appear. Has he really comprehended the nature of Thomas Jefferson? Would it not have been helpful had Mr. Channing been at some pains carefully to sketch the man and his associates? It is well known that since Randall printed his ponderous but erudite biography in 1858, no truly vigorous and sympathetic study of Jefferson's career has appeared. In this connection it is worth remembering that we are approaching the centenary anniversary—July 4, 1926—of Jefferson's death. There has been, moreover, a large accumulation of manuscript lore on Jefferson since Randall wrote. Mr. Channing has availed himself here and there of this lore. It would seem to be time for a competent biographer to attempt a careful study of this statesman. Mr. Channing's book at any rate clearly emphasizes the opportunity for such a work.

As early as July 5, 1820, Secretary Adams in a letter of instructions to Henry Middleton, then on his way as Minister to Russia, was maturing reflections that were leading directly towards what came to be known later as the Monroe Doctrine of which Adams was the chief author. The somewhat casual development of the ideal may be easily traced in this latest volume of Adams's writings. The suppression of the African slave trade—a problem entangled with the unsettled subject of impressment—called forth during these years some of the Secretary's most careful com-

ment. In 1822 and 1823 he became more and more involved in the scramble for the presidency, and occasionally in this connection dwelt at length in autobiographic fashion upon his past political and diplomatic accomplishments. In his religious views he was liberal. There is, he remarked, "no denomination of Christians with whose devotions I cannot cheerfully associate, and none to whose peculiar doctrines I can conscientiously subscribe. . . . Religious liberty for ourselves, religious salvation for the opinions of others, are the only doctrines which I deem essential to all, and the only creed which I earnestly hope may become universal." During the hot summer months in Washington he was fond of attending the theatre. He writes of enjoying such actors as Junius Brutus Booth, Thomas Apthorpe Cooper, and in particular the comedian Joseph Jefferson, grandfather of the actor who many years later immortalized Rip Van Winkle. Nothing in the volume is more delightful than this passage in a letter of August 28, 1822, to his wife, reminiscent of his youth:

Perhaps this is news to you, after more than twenty-five years of marriage. It is nevertheless true. The stage has been to me a source of much amusement for more than forty years. But I have always enjoyed it with discretion; first, with reference to expense, but secondly and chiefly, with respect to morals. To which end I have made it a rule to make no acquaintances with *actresses*. The first woman I ever loved was an actress, but I never spoke to her, and I think I never saw her off the stage. She belonged to a company of children who performed at the Bois de Boulogne near Passy, when I lived there with Dr. Franklin and my father. . . . I used to dream of her for at least seven years after. . . . I learnt from her that lesson of never forming an acquaintance with an actress to which I have since invariably adhered, and which I would lay as an injunction upon all my sons.

One wishes that Mr. Ford had printed Mrs. Adams's reply!

An oration long since forgotten, delivered by the Secretary of State in Washington on July 4, 1821—the forty-fifth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence—aroused bitter comment here and in Great Britain. For a leading statesman ready to admit, as he did, that ethics and style were the two subjects to which he had devoted himself assiduously for many years, it was unfortunate that he rashly forgot these matters, and speaking—as he acknowledged—for effect, criticised British chartered liber-

ties and, in an attempt to be playful, reflected sarcastically on Great Britain's inventive genius, her painters, sculptors, kings, statesmen, and in fact on the whole vast machinery of her government. Her writers he characterized as "spawners of fustian romance and lascivious lyrics." The phrase caught public attention. Promptly made aware by his enemies of his breach of good taste, Adams refused to admit openly any fault on his part. He turned for comfort, however, to his wife and to two literary acquaintances in Philadelphia, Charles J. Ingersoll and Robert Walsh, Jr., both authors who had gained notoriety in defending the United States against British critics. The episode was of minor importance in a great man's public career. Yet most of the letters concerning the oration cast a side-light upon a controversy of some significance to the literary historian—a controversy which, well launched in 1810 when Ingersoll printed "*Inchiquin the Jesuit's Letters*," raged vigorously back and forth across the ocean for many years. Besides Ingersoll and Walsh, the controversy involved such other Americans as Timothy Dwight, James K. Paulding, and James Fenimore Cooper. Among the more notable British opponents were Francis Jeffrey, editor of the "*Edinburgh Review*," Robert Southey, Thomas Moore, and Sydney Smith. So far as Adams was concerned, the incident made it clear that a Secretary of State usually judicious and cautious could be brought to the level of ordinary mortals when he felt that the good name of his country was involved in the issue.

Aided by some variety of historical works published on the epoch within the past fifteen years, Mr. Rhodes has rewritten the story of the Civil War. He has, however, followed closely the outlines and in places the actual text of his original narrative to be found in the third, fourth, and fifth volumes of his large "*History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850*." In this manner he has accomplished the feat of reducing about 1600 pages of detailed narrative to the compass of rather more than 400 pages. The volume is useful. It is unlikely, however, to add anything to the historian's reputation for thorough and fair-minded workmanship. Divested of all elaborate footnotes and long citations—evidence which serves to convince, but seldom to interest a reader—the book affords a well-balanced and brief study of the period. Among comparatively recent books which Mr. Rhodes

has found useful are Carl Schurz's "Reminiscences," John Hay's privately printed "Diary," Professor Fite's "Social and Industrial Conditions in the North during the Civil War," Miss Nicolay's "Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln," and especially Gideon Welles's "Diary," "Life and Letters of George Gordon Meade," and two works by General James Harrison Wilson, "Under the Old Flag," and "The Life of John A. Rawlins." Probably Lord Charnwood's brilliant essay on Lincoln appeared too late in 1916 to be readily available, for it may be noted that Mr. Rhodes used General Wilson's biography of Rawlins in its manuscript form.

In general the style is direct and smooth without a trace of grace or brilliancy. In his portrait of Lincoln which stands out conspicuously, as one would wish, in a gallery of leaders from the North and the South, Mr. Rhodes comes near to tenderness in the presentation. It is his maturest word upon the great President. But most of his judgments on men and measures have not been essentially altered since first he formulated them. The two narratives involving the campaigns leading to General Meade's victory at Gettysburg and Grant's capture of Pemberton's army at Vicksburg, respectively, are of course abbreviated. It is noticeable that Meade's letters to his wife have yielded to the historian several pleasant, intimate, and significant touches which vitalize the story of Gettysburg. Here and there figures of losses in battle have been changed in accordance with the most recent estimates. In the account of the famous Cabinet session of Monday, September 22, 1862, he has thought it advisable to give to the reader for the first time the exact words of Artemas Ward's story, "High-handed Outrage at Utica"—a story, it will be remembered, which Mr. Lincoln read to his advisers just before taking up with them the first draft of the edict of emancipation. Notably aided by Welles's records and by the "Life and Public Services of William Pitt Fessenden," he gives special attention to a unique incident in Cabinet history—the meeting of the Senate committee in the presence of the Cabinet held on Friday night, December 19, 1862, at which there was an attempt on the part of Seward's enemies to oust the Secretary of State from his position. With Mr. Rhodes's estimate of Seward in this connection and elsewhere there will be slight ground for disagreement. In

his judgment of Chase at this point, however, he appears to be quite too lenient. No reader of Lord Charnwood's essay is likely to forget that author's scathing comment on Chase for his part in the situation when he remarks that "this handsome, dignified, and righteous person was unhappily a sneak." Mr. Rhodes, always on his guard against unfairness, usually avoids strong and positive pronouncements on either men or measures. A few such pronouncements would lend strength and color to the narrative and at the same time not disturb the truth of history.

Mr. Oberholtzer belongs to the younger group of American historians. He has been best known as a painstaking biographer of Robert Morris and Jay Cooke, and as editor of a creditable series of "American Crisis" biographies. This new work places him at once among ambitious historians, for it is the first of five volumes which are apparently designed to cover in exhaustive fashion at least the years after the Civil War known as the period of reconstruction. The limits of his plan are, it should be said, nowhere indicated. He opens the story just after the death of Lincoln without preface or introduction. Although he is treading in the footsteps of both Rhodes and Schouler, it is perfectly apparent that he has written his narrative without depending to any extent upon the work of these two predecessors. The general problem of presenting the results of independent researches in an effective fashion he has studied with great care. Moreover, he has shown remarkable skill in separating complicated materials, and in classifying them in such a way as to keep clear and well sustained the various aspects—political, industrial, and social—of the narrative. Observant of the time limits of the volume (1865–1868), the historian has drawn upon the past only in so far as it is necessary to do so for the purpose of concentrating attention and interest upon the three years with the story of which he is actually and chiefly concerned.

Three chapters—rather more than a third of the volume—are devoted to President Johnson and to a detailed account of the factors (both men and circumstances) which brought about the quarrel that ended in the impeachment trial. The author's characterizations of Johnson and of the leaders in Congress, whether friends or enemies of the President, are adequate and dispassionate, though seldom vivid. His careful account of Johnson's

"swing around the circle" is among the more notable and best considered passages in the book. The larger part of the narrative, however, deals with industrial and social conditions and some variety of other factors, all of which underlay or helped to account for the processes which, often subtle and difficult to determine, were sweeping the United States into a condition of amazing material prosperity. To such conditions and factors in the South, the North, the middle and the far West—including a survey of the Indian country and its peculiar troubles—he has given close attention. The final chapter is devoted to affairs in Mexico—in particular to Maximilian's misguided and tragic effort there to establish an empire—to the Fenian uprisings on behalf of Ireland, and to the history of the purchase of Alaska. But no real contribution to diplomatic history, it should be added, can be found in the volume by reason of the limited sources which the author has used. Although he has mistaken Behring's voyage of 1728 for that of 1741, and is inclined to exaggerate Seward's part in the Alaskan transaction, Mr. Oberholtzer generally interprets such sources as he uses carefully.

The excellence of Mr. Oberholtzer's book rests, as I have already intimated, upon his presentation and interpretation of industrial and social conditions just after the Civil War. In order to fathom and appreciate these conditions, he has relied very largely on the files of Philadelphia and New York City newspapers. While keeping track of numerous monographs of comparatively recent date, likely to aid him, he has found much material (long since buried and mostly forgotten) in the shape of Congressional documents, speeches, and pamphlets. Somewhat casual appears to have been his consultation of manuscript materials in the Library of Congress, such, for example, as the Johnson, Matthew F. Maury, Stanton, and Joseph Holt papers. The author's description of the beginning and early development of the oil industry in northwestern Pennsylvania reads like romance, although the narrative is simple and rather factual. There is no more adequate account to be found of the story and its significance to the country at large of Cyrus W. Field's heroic efforts to make the Atlantic cable practicable. He touches discerningly upon the problems of transportation and communication as they affected the vast region beyond the Mississippi River, and in that connection

revives the historic significance of Wells, Fargo, the Western Union Telegraph Company, Ben Holladay's famous and useful overland coach line, and at the same time the excitement aroused over the country by the completion of a transcontinental railway. Municipal growth as indicated by Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco is not overlooked. These are the sorts of topics of large interest to the author. In treating them he shows his ability. While the work will displace neither Rhodes nor Schouler, thus far it supplements admirably both writers. It is the first attempt on the part of a trained scholar to contribute a large and mature work chiefly concerned with industrial and social conditions after 1865.

HENRY BARRETT LEARNED.

Washington, D. C.

THREE ENGLISH ESSAYISTS

Leaves in the Wind, by *Alpha of the Plough*, E. P. Dutton & Co. *Books in General*, by *Solomon Eagle*, Alfred A. Knopf. *Out and About London*, by *Thomas Burke*, Henry Holt & Co. New York. 1919.

Essay: "a discursive composition concerned with a particular subject." Thus, in part, the Century Dictionary—my invariable authority, since it happens to be the one I own. I feel reasonably safe, then, in asserting that the three books listed above contain "essays"—more than a hundred, all told: essays on "Mowing," on "Vodka and Vagabonds," on "Wordsworth's Personal Dullness," on a little of everything. But if Mr. Burke had written the essay on "Mowing" instead of Alpha of the Plough, it would have proved a less traditional composition; and if Alpha *etc.*—instead of Solomon Eagle—had written on "Wordsworth's Personal Dullness," there would have been a more curious congruity between the style and the subject matter.

Briefly, the essays of Alpha may be highly recommended to those mild, lettered beings who regarded the "Contributors' Club" of "The Atlantic Monthly" as the last word in jocund urbanity, in piquancy and pith. For their benefit I make haste to quote one priceless paragraph from Alpha's essay "On Talk and Talkers"—for their benefit, and as an awful warning to readers less easily amused:

Fluent talkers are not necessarily good conversationalists. Macaulay talked as though he were addressing a public meeting, and Coleridge as though he were engaged in an argument with space and eternity. "If any of you have got anything to say," said Samuel Rogers to his guests at breakfast one morning, "you had better say it now you have got a chance. Macaulay is coming." And you remember that whimsical story of Lamb cutting off the coat button that Coleridge held him by in the garden at Highgate, going for his day's work into the City, returning in the evening, hearing Coleridge's voice, looking over the hedge and seeing the poet with the button between forefinger and thumb still talking into space. His life was an unending monologue. "I think, Charles, that you never heard me preach," said Coleridge once, speaking of his pulpit days. "My dear boy," answered Lamb, "I never heard you do anything else."

I defy you, throughout the range of *belles lettres*, to find a second paragraph so stuffed with anecdotal *clichés*! And the following paragraph begins with Samuel Johnson. Have I made it plain that the essays of Alpha do not anywhere remind me of the essays of Chesterton?

Nor do the essays of "Solomon Eagle," though they make pleasant reading and do not pretend to make more. They are a selection from papers contributed weekly to "The New Statesman" since 1913 by Mr. J. C. Squire, the English poet. He has borrowed for his odd pseudonym the name of a poor maniac "who, during the Great Plague of London, used to run naked through the street, with a pan of coals of fire on his head, crying 'Repent, repent.'" But I should say this is about the last thing Solomon Eagle, journalist, would be likely to do. Happily, he is more inclined to share with us his smiling and civilized joy in old books and contemporary foibles than to scatter round coals of fire from his pan. This book is exactly as its author describes it: the sort "one reads in, without tedium, for ten minutes before one goes to sleep." But perhaps the most permanently amusing thing in it is a quotation from an unknown schoolgirl, a masterpiece said to have been scribbled on a blackboard and too prudently—as between immediate chastisement and immortal fame—left unsigned:

Miss Buss and Miss Beale
Cupid's darts do not feel.
How different from us
Miss Beale and Miss Buss.

As for Burke's essays (I do not refer to those so frequently assigned for college entrance examinations) they altogether escape, I am glad to say, from our too-long-a-dying, genteel tradition of *belles lettres*. The contemporary Burke isn't copying anybody; possibly he is setting a new pattern for later Burkes. He stands on his feet, looks about him, and vividly reports what he sees. He happens in this book to be looking at war-time London, and much that he sees there is still of curious interest, well worthy of this vital record. And to readers desirous of testing their sense for what is new minted and genuine as opposed to what is rubbed and counterfeit I suggest a reading, first, of an essay by Alpha of the Plough called "On the American Soldier," and, second, a reading of Thomas Burke's final essay in "Out and About London," called "*Attaboy!*"

LEE WILSON DODD.

New Haven.

SCRIPTURE IN MODERN ENGLISH

The Shorter Bible: The New Testament, translated and arranged by Charles Foster Kent, with the collaboration of Charles Culler Torrey, Henry A. Sherman, Frederick Harris, and Ethel Cutler, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1918.

This is not a substitute for the Bible, but a re-arrangement of selected portions. It is significant in style, order, and omissions; and the least of its innovations is in style.

The revisers of 1881 were tender towards archaisms. Later translators have had less regard for the sonorities of tradition. Behind tingling phrases in "The Shorter Bible" is the new knowledge of first-century Greek, preserved in papyri rescued from the rubbish at Oxyrhynchus; also the recent studies of Aramaic influence on biblical Greek, a field in which one of the collaborators, Professor Torrey, is expert.

The present version aims to "present the thought of the biblical writers so plainly and directly that commentaries will be unnecessary." To aid assimilation, it expands the wheat grains of Scripture. An example of such a "puffed" text is the familiar benediction in Philippians, which becomes "the peace of God, which is beyond all human understanding, keep guard over your hearts and your minds in union with Christ Jesus." Such elaboration makes for clearness, not always for vigor.

In paragraphing, "The Shorter Bible" is crisp. The revisers of a generation ago dropped the division into verses, but modern newspaper readers do not cope readily with the resulting blocks of text. The revisers printed the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians as a single paragraph; Professor Kent divides that Hymn of Love into five.

From the short paragraph it is but a step to the topical heading. To bring the readers more speedily to their goals, the latest editors have headlined the major paragraphs of Holy Writ. The headlines are also tabulated as Contents, where they occupy thirteen pages, and form a topical outline.

The average man can find in his daily the news on a given subject, without reading the paper through. He is guided by headings and type display. He is usually baffled, however, by the unabridged Bible. That is not a book but a library, the translation of a "five-foot shelf" of papyrus rolls. Its contents were classified nearly two thousand years ago on principles not easy to remember. Professor Kent and his associates have undertaken to re-arrange the material "in logical and as far as possible in chronological order."

The method is legitimate, nay inevitable, in studying the development of any literature, sacred or profane. It will be objected to chiefly by some authoritarians who do not like to trace growth in religion, preferring to think of truth as long since cut, dried, and deposited.

Through re-arrangement the fourfold story of the gospels becomes a single narrative. The resultant picture of the career of Jesus is clear and interesting. One tapestry is easier to visualize than four. The main outline is given by the chronological indications in the oldest gospel, Mark. Unity is achieved by interweaving not phrases but passages drawn chiefly from the first three gospels. The teachings of Jesus come after the story of his life. They are classified under appropriate heads.

Omissions are inevitable if the book is to deserve the epithet "Shorter." The preface states the aim to include "those parts of the Bible which are of vital interest and practical value to the present age," and to omit duplications either of narrative or of precept. The impropriety of omissions occupies an anonymous critic in a recent number of the "Sunday School Times." He

finds it particularly perilous to print selections from the Revelation of John, because of the curse on any man that "shall take away from the word of the book of this prophecy." The same opponent finds that there have disappeared too many of the passages that teach biblical inspiration, the blood atonement, depravity, the dangers of heresy, and the Second Coming. He admits, however, that "The Shorter Bible" does contain some texts on these topics, which weakens the effect of his objection.

In the opinion of the present writer the volume should be judged not so much by its omissions as by its contents, and by the way these are treated by the editor. He yields a point now and then, as when the Feeding of the Five Thousand is headed "Jesus' Sympathy for the Common People," or when the first part of the twentieth chapter of Matthew becomes "A Living Wage for All Willing to Work." There is also a tendency to soften expressions: a virile phrase in Colossians (iii, 11) is altered into "ritualist and non-conformist."

All in all, we may say that by judicious omissions Professor Kent has given the gist of Scripture. He has presented the material in modern language, and in the order in which it was written, so far as he can tell. Devotee or despiser, one cannot but be affected by the directness, force, evident structure, and logical development that characterize this booklet that calls itself "The Shorter Bible: The New Testament."

WILLIAM WALKER ROCKWELL.

Union Theological Seminary.

FRENCH FEELING IN WAR POETRY

*Poèmes Patriotiques et Stances sur les Peuples, by Eugène Réveil-
laud, Berger-Levrault, Paris, 1918.*

It would be quite impossible to express in one volume, even of the most concentrated poetry, the collective emotion on the subject of the war, either in America or in Britain. There is in our race an intellectual and moral individualism which drives us, even in times of intense national excitement, to seek peculiar and often contradictory points of view and to express feeling in an immense variety of ways. With the French it has always been otherwise. The spirit of France "moveth all together if it move at all." One may expect to find, and one does find, almost com-

plete unanimity of sentiment among the French when they speak or write of the war. At present they are still absorbed in the thought of their national peril, their national effort, and the future destiny of their country. The articulate mind of France, and the mind of no other people is so articulate as the French mind, is expressing itself as with one voice.

Senator Réveillaud is an old man; yet he writes with the fervor of youth. He has had a political career of singular independence; yet, to judge from this book, he has put all his particular aims and ambitions out of sight. He is a distinguished leader of the Protestant minority; yet neither the free-thinker Combes nor the Catholic Archbishop of Rheims could represent more wholeheartedly the spirit of French patriotism than he does in his poems. He is a man of the present age in his culture and outlook; yet he combines in this volume the traditional nationalism of Joan of Arc with the irony, the pure Gallic verve, and the *amour du clocher* that found a spokesman in La Fontaine. As one reads his burning pages, one is reminded of Victor Hugo's "L'Année Terrible" and "Les Châtiments." The whole war, from a Frenchman's point of view, is here: the sudden, overwhelming sense of danger, the quick concentration of all energies, the sacrifice, the loss, the rage and contempt aroused by German brutality, the resolute facing of possible disaster, the gradual recovery of confidence, the glorious triumph, and the deep lesson for the future. When poetry springs so immediately from the experience of a whole people, when the motive of its origin is apparently so different from a mere desire to please but is, rather, a battle-cry, to look for beauty, for charm, for music and form, might seem impertinent; but such is the ingrained sense for these graces in the French mind that we find them, nevertheless, even in these poems which were drawn from the heart of an aged statesman and publicist by his anger and sorrow and pride.

So far as I am aware, this is Senator Réveillaud's only essay in poetry. He had published a History of Canada and several volumes of antiquarian research in the field of local French history and some books of travel and biography, and was for a long time editor of the "Signal" of Paris. But the war awoke in him a lyric voice. As is just and natural, he exposes and arraigns the inbred cruelty, stupidity, and grossness of the

German character. A Frenchman is in a better position to understand these German traits than we Americans and British, and none of our writers has yet approached M. Réveillaud in the incisive quality of his passion.

A thought that must have come to all old or middle-aged men who have seen their sons depart for the war, never to return, is expressed in M. Réveillaud's simple lines:

Oh! maintenant, nos fils, comme vous êtes grands!
Tous, ceux qui sont tombés étant les plus vivants.

The most characteristic of these poems depicts a scene which no one who reads it can forget. It is entitled "A la nouvelle de la Victoire de la Marne." The old man's sons and daughter have gone to war. On a day in September, 1914, he, chafing at the relentless years that forbid him to follow, tries to soften the agony of suspense by walking with his little grandson to the old village church beside the sea, where in happier times he played with his boys. There the news of the victory of the Marne, "vibrating like a trumpet blast," reaches his ears. It will be no sacrilege, he thinks, to add one more touch of memory to the church, to place one more votive tablet on its walls. "Quick, child, take thy knife, and carve 'Victory' on the time-worn stone!" Then hand in hand, the deed accomplished, they walk away relieved and soothed.

Some idea of the poem, in softened Alexandrines, à la Hugo capable of conveying the tenderest and simplest feeling, as well as the most intense, may be gathered from an extract:

Nous étions, en marchant, revenus justement
Près de la vieille église en sa dune dormant.
J'en demande pardon à la pierre offensée,
Mais je ne sais comment me vint à la pensée,
Comme pour informer les aïeux du vieux temps,
D'associer leur œuvre à nos succès présents
Et de prendre à témoin, sous le ciel, sur la terre,
Ce mur d'église au front d'un ancien cimetière . . .
Redevenant enfant près de mon petit-fils
Je l'armai d'un couteau d'acier et je lui fis
Graver, pour que le temple en garde la mémoire,
La date de ce jour avec ces mots: "*Victoire!*
Vivent Joffre et nos chefs et soldats glorieux!"

Qu'un jour quelqu'un des miens, petits-fils ou neveux,
Passant à cet endroit, s'il retrouve ces traces,
Y voie un souvenir, une action de grâces,
Humble hommage aux héros grands entre les plus grands
Par qui le monde fut sauvé d'affreux tyrans.

GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER.

Princeton University.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BURLESQUE

The Tragedy of Tragedies, or, The Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great, by Henry Fielding, edited by James T. Hillhouse, Yale University Press, New Haven, 1918.

It is rare that one is called upon to review so capable a piece of scholarship as this history of a play written and produced by Fielding in 1730, the work of a youth of twenty-three. It was a burlesque upon the stock tragedies of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and in its composition the author referred to and quoted from no less than forty-three tragedies still popular with the playgoers of that day. With this mass of material laid before us this monograph of Professor Hillhouse becomes a conclusive answer to the charge that Fielding's plays were carelessly and hastily written, the product of a few hours' labor, and that "often whole scenes were written upon the wrappers of his favorite tobacco." These charges were made by men who had but listlessly examined the plays, and who had never compared editions in search of variations that might show the labor and care which they denied to the author. Slothful and careless themselves, it was easier to pillory Fielding for sloth than it would be to find truth by labor. As a result no fair biography of Fielding has ever appeared until Dean Cross brought out his monumental history the other day, one hundred and sixty-four years after the author's death. The patient labors of Professor Hillhouse serve to confirm the conclusions reached by Dean Cross, and so have a permanent value.

It was ever the fashion of the biographers to decry Fielding's work as a dramatist, and yet here is a play produced in his early years which held the stage in one form or another for more than a century, and an interesting fact recorded here is that O'Hara's version of "Tom Thumb" was produced by the Hasty Pudding

Club at Harvard University as late as 1855, and that on that occasion Phillips Brooks, later to become the admired Bishop of Massachusetts, was cast in the character of Glumdalca.

Professor Hillhouse has given us a careful reprint of the first edition of "Tom Thumb," published April 24, 1730, with matter from the second edition[†] that had not appeared before. This is followed by the text of the first edition of "The Tragedy of Tragedies," published March 24, 1731, in which the play was so radically altered that the variations could not well be indicated in footnotes. It is worth while recording here that these editions have not been reprinted elsewhere, the text of the play ordinarily met with being taken from the fourth edition of 1751; so we have here two variations of Fielding's play not otherwise available to the student unless he has access to the originals.

The annotations of Professor Hillhouse show ripe scholarship, and are extensive, occupying no less than forty-five pages of the text. In compiling these notes Professor Hillhouse must have fully appreciated the labor Fielding indulged in to make them necessary.

The bibliography which accompanies this work is of real and permanent value. Of the first version of "Tom Thumb" there were three editions published in London in 1730, and one in Dublin the same year. Of these all but the Dublin edition are in the Yale Library. Of "The Tragedy of Tragedies" there were two versions of the first edition of 1731, with variations in spelling that are here indicated in the text. When the second edition was printed is now unknown. Professor Hillhouse says, "The second edition does not appear in ordinarily accessible libraries." This hardly goes as far as it might, for a second edition is not known to exist in any library whatever. In the bibliography accompanying the "History of Henry Fielding" this cryptic sentence occurs, "No edition marked the second." What this means is not clear. If it means that none was printed it is probably wrong, but if it means that none is now known it is certainly right. A third edition appeared in 1737, a fourth in 1751, and a fifth in 1776. All these editions excepting, of course, the second, are now in the Yale Library. Besides these there appears to have been a Dublin edition of 1743, but a bookseller's clipping is so far unconfirmed.

The first edition of Fielding's works contains the text of the fourth edition of 1751, collated with that of the first, and this is the text invariably followed in later editions. Attention might have been called to the reprint in Morley's "Burlesque Plays and Dramas," 1887, as well as to the Lindner volume of 1899, which Professor Hillhouse does note.

On October 3, 1780, Kane O'Hara produced his version of "Tom Thumb," revised to suit the tastes of a later generation, and this gave Fielding's burlesque a new lease on life. When this version was first published is uncertain. The first known edition is that issued by Cawthorne in 1805. Here the publisher states that his text was "regulated from the Prompt Book by permission of the managers," and this is some indication that there was no prior publication, but all the same it is unlikely that the text remained unprinted for twenty-five years in an age when the prompt printing of plays was the rule. Unfortunately both the "Gentleman's" and the "London" magazines had by this time discontinued printing brief lists of the titles of everything that appeared and contented themselves with longer notices of what seemed to the editors worthy of extended comment; so we can get no help in this direction. Professor Hillhouse quotes from the "Whitehall Evening Post" of October 1, 1780, to the effect that "this piece was, we understand, some years since performed in Dublin in its present form, under the inspection of Mr. O'Hara," and if this is not mere rumor it is possible that a Dublin edition may be discovered bearing an earlier date even than 1780. To the lists compiled by Professor Hillhouse we may add "The Modern British Drama," vol. v, 1811, an edition printed by D. S. Maurice (ca. 1810), "The British Drama," vol. i, 1824, 1828, and "The London Stage" edition (ca. 1825). Some reference also might well have been made to "The Life, Death, and Renovation of Tom Thumb, a Burletta, 1785," as quoted in the "Drama Record, or, Barker's List of Plays," 1814, p. 100, though I have never seen a copy and at this time know of none.

It is, however, a useless labor to attempt to find fault with this work of Professor Hillhouse, for his sins of omission are few and unimportant, and of sins of commission there are none at all. Moreover, so rare a virtue is it to tell the truth about Henry

Fielding that the man who is so inclined ought to be at liberty to make all sorts of blunders without being called to account. And this virtue Professor Hillhouse has.

FREDERICK S. DICKSON.

New York City.

THE SURVIVAL OF NATIONALISM

National Self-Government, by Ramsay Muir, Henry Holt & Co. *Nationality and Government*, by Alfred E. Zimmern, Robert M. McBride & Co. *What is National Honor?* by Leo Perla, Macmillan Co. New York. 1918.

All three of these books exhibit a common feature in the fact that they consist of thought engendered by the dust and heat of the strenuous years since 1914 and presented warm from the mental crucible without attempt at systematic form. So much the better, perhaps; for this process of taking stock of ideas on nationality and government suits the present mood of the ordinary intelligent citizen whose attention has been drawn as never before to domestic, imperial, and international problems. He need not be convinced by what he reads, since he will find Zimmern opposed equally to Prussianism and self-determination, Perla strongly favoring a brotherhood of internationalism, and Muir imbued with the idea of the paramount excellence of the British type of democracy. But as a thinking reader he will undoubtedly be set to deeper thinking, and in that his profit cannot but be great.

Muir's work is essentially a study of the fabric of British liberties, and throughout his pages the contrast between theoretical conceptions of self-government and its practical application by the British people is vigorously brought out. It is historical in scope, showing the gradual development of a parliamentary system, both national and efficient in character, out of feudal institutions through the estates of mediaeval society.

In one respect the work is most enlightening. It seems as if the development of self-government were wrapped around that of nationality and both were based on homogeneity of population. This is a striking fact of modern and contemporary European history, in which the conception of government varies with the homogeneity of nationality. In proof the case of Hapsburg

Austria-Hungary that was may be cited, where the paramount importance of the state over the individual and nationality was always maintained by the governing body and by the foremost students of government, simply—one may be allowed to suspect—because the population of the former Dual Empire contained so many distinct racial elements.

To the American reader many of Muir's pages will suggest the contrast between the constitution of Great Britain and our republican counterpart, in spite of the party cabinet system, which is similar in both. The case is not one for comparison of merit, since each suited best the country for which it was intended. But as a system of modern self-government, the democratic spirit of our own institutions looms strong over the traditions of a ruling class out of which British democracy was born. In both the fundamental quality of fair play, which undoubtedly is the main characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon mind, is in evidence. Yet our government, which at its very inception was a mere experiment, turned out to be a success, so much so in fact that the need of remodelling it has been but slightly felt, whereas it is only by constant improvement that the British system has reached its present stage. These conditions are most natural. The wisdom of the ancient East required the son to do better than the father. A law of human improvement might well be based upon this principle. There are those who will note the possible working of some such law in these very days when a strong feeling of democracy is being intensified or awakened on the old continent by the rush of American ideals from American to European homes.

In "Nationality and Government," Zimmern presents an analysis which, while deeper and more embracing in its field, fails to satisfy our practical sense as completely as Muir's "National Self-Government." The two books complement each other admirably. An appreciation of the social forces at work through the levels of population irrespective of country will be readily gathered from the first. The second appears more concerned with the results due to the flow of sociological currents. With Zimmern we realize that many great changes in society are brought about by the gradual displacement of population from rural to urban centres, as a result of scientific progress applied to industrial development. From the sociological standpoint, the movement implies

the rise to power of large agglomerations united by the bond of labor and the change from the old struggle between patricians and plebeians to conflicts between capital and labor.

Following this thought through its logical channels, we are reminded that the middle class or bourgeois element had formerly saved the dangerous situations due to excesses from above or below, and that the hope of an industrial peace to-day lies once more with that solid backbone of nations. Nor, in thinking of problems of nationality and government can we forget that the sound and lasting achievements of humanity have rarely sprung from the top or bottom levels of society but that the propelling forces have generally originated in the minds of quiet thinkers and strivers of the middle classes.

In Perla's book we find a note of anticipation struck perhaps somewhat prematurely. These years of hard strain deny convincingly all possibility of substituting internationalism for nationalism as long as there are boundaries to the areas in which democratic principles prevail. Between our British and French allies and ourselves the true bond is that of democracy. It is a bond for which the sanction of a treaty is not required, which will subsist as long as we all remain democratic peoples and towards which other peoples will gravitate if they, too, become democratic. Beyond that, the argument of apostles of internationalism becomes sophistry. Artificial bonds between nations may be created, as they have been. But they cannot be lasting. We know of an international intellectual bond, and we also appreciate the sense of solidarity which exists among laborers of all countries. But on that fateful first day of August in 1914 we also realized the worthlessness of these ties, and it is largely to this realization that we owe printed thought of the character reviewed in these lines.

It is of more than passing interest to find in this period of supreme ordeals of nations three writers broaching the subject of government from widely varying viewpoints and coming together in the common belief of a greater need of democracy everywhere. The foregone conclusion of all is that imperialism with its historic load of grandeur—and of crime—cannot subsist, no matter how attenuated in form. With the clarifying of our thoughts it is as if the great idea of human brotherhood—always the concern of religion—had found refuge in the cult of democratic ideals.

Hence these ideals must be regarded not merely as typifying political liberty but as the goal of a freedom of the most enlightened character. Their success in the long run depends upon national resources of sound and enlightened patriotism, and upon educational progress. Their spread will be attended by a union of free and equal democracies.

LEON DOMINIAN.

Paris.

THE MECHANISM OF SUFFRAGE

How the World Votes, by Charles Seymour and Donald P. Frary, 2 vols., C. A. Nichols Co., Springfield, 1918.

This book is an excellent example of effective popularization. It brings together within reasonable compass the material for understanding the electoral systems of practically every important country in the world. It is a well-written book; and though it makes no pretensions to original research it is at every point accurate and well-informed. The one criticism of importance I am inclined to make is of the narrow sphere within which the authors move. One would have gladly sacrificed not a little of the historic narrative for some effective estimate of the systems compared. The early history of electoral reform in England, for example, is sufficiently accessible (through the labors of Porritt, of Butler, and of Professor Seymour himself), to make one anxious for interpretation rather than description. A word of praise should be added for a really discriminating bibliography, though this can hardly be extended to the illustrations. Not a few of them are really irrelevant, and at least six are pictorial crimes.

The book raises an urgent question, though it does not profess to do more than provide the materials for its solution. The writers make it plain that the evolution of each state towards some kind of constitutional system in which adult and universal suffrage occupies a vital place is integrally bound up with the march of events. They show also, I think, that few movements have aroused more passionate enthusiasm, religious history perhaps apart, than those of which the declared object is the admission of men to political privileges from which they have thus far been excluded. Yet it is not less clear that the enthusiasm so engendered is somehow frustrated in the result. Professor Seymour

speaks of the eagerness with which men worked for the Reform Bill of 1832 and the new world they expected from its passage. Yet he himself has elsewhere shown that it was, in fact, no more than the symbol of a democratic change which still lay, for effective purposes, a generation ahead. So, too, in France and Germany and Italy the results of political reform have brought but cold comfort to the observer. Nor do they largely affect the disposition of the issues in American life. Legal reform may be, as Sir Henry Maine once said, secreted in the interstices of procedure; assuredly that is not the case with reform in the substance of politics.

"Time discredits," says Professor Seymour, "the prophecies of alarmists who saw in the extension of the suffrage to the masses an assault on the foundations of the state." That is true enough; though experience also suggests the doubt whether the purely political path will lead to the goal desired by those masses. There is, indeed, a vicious circle at which Professor Seymour hints, though he stops on the threshold of its analysis. "Universal teaching," he writes, "must come before universal enfranchisement." But in sober fact it rather seems that universal teaching is the outcome of universal enfranchisement; and one at least of Professor Seymour's readers is doubtful, whether the use of an universal franchise by completely educated men and women would even begin to solve the problems of democracy.

Here, I suspect, Professor Seymour has fallen into the old Benthamite fallacy. He has seen men as the creatures of reason, and he puts a confident hope in its exercise. But it seems to me that this is totally to neglect the complete trend of social psychology in the last thirty years. The apparatus of the suffrage is important only as it provides a mechanism whereby the impulses of men can obtain an adequate expression. But those impulses are far too complex in character for the false simplicity of electoral issues to give them sufficient representation. Some of them, indeed, are not intellectual at all; and it seems clearer each decade that for not a few the political state can make no real provision. Professor Seymour gives us the means of knowing what can be used in normal political life. But I am not sure that the great treatise will not be the critical examination of its deficiencies.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

Harvard University.

THE CLASSICS AFTER THE WAR

The Loeb Classical Library: Theophrastus, Enquiry into Plants, translated by Sir Arthur Hort; Galen on the Natural Faculties, translated by Arthur John Brock; Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, translated by C. R. Haines; Virgil, Eclogues, Georgics, Aeneid I-VI, translated by H. Rushton Fairclough; Ovid, Metamorphoses, translated by Frank Justus Miller; The Greek Anthology, vols. I, II, translated by W. R. Paton; Procopius, vols. I, II, translated by H. B. Dewing; Dio's Roman History, vols. IV, V, VI, translated by Earnest Cary; Plutarch's Lives, vols. III, IV, V, translated by Bernadotte Perrin. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1916-17.

In spite of the war, the Loeb Classical Library has made progress, hardly measurable, it is true, in terms of its great undertaking, but still commendable progress for the times. Now that we have managed to "crown peace with law," or if you prefer the other reading of that passage in the Sixth Book of the Aeneid, to "impose the law of peace," it is to be hoped that this work will be pushed forward with great vigor on broadly laid plans; for even if it does not provide a royal road to knowledge of the classics, it is certainly bringing the writers of Greece and Rome far nearer to men of our tongue than they ever have been before.

A vast number of books will in time become accessible which have hitherto been hard to know; and some of them, especially in Greek science, are very important. A case in point is furnished by Theophrastus's "Enquiry into Plants," a treatise on the Mediterranean flora written shortly after 314 B. C. by Aristotle's noted fellow-student and follower, which, inconceivably enough, has never been put into English before. Now we have a competent translation, supplemented by a plant index, in which the identifications and the botanical names are given; in the version itself English plant names are used in so far as they are available, and when they fail, the Greek, either in translation or in English spelling. On the botanical side Sir Arthur Hort has had the assistance of Sir William Thiselton-Dyer, formerly Director of the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew. The edition marks an advance upon that of Sprengel and Wimmer, chiefly made possible by Halacsy's "Conspectus Florae Graecae," and will be very welcome both to botanists and to Grecians. The second volume

ends with a short treatise "On Odours," and one "On Weather Signs," which meteorologists should read.

For another instance, take Galen. His name is well known, but the man himself has been more remote than Confucius. Dr. Brock has changed all that. Following the footprints of the English physician Linacre, who Latinized Galen almost four centuries ago, he has brought out an excellent English rendering of the pamphlet "On the Natural Faculties." This deals principally with nutrition; but Galen's explanation of the process as a "natural faculty" involves him deeply in the war of sects. Their basic tenets are thrashed over in lively polemics, and he has an amusing set-to with Asclepiades, in which he triumphantly clinches his argument with a demonstration upon the living animal. Consequently the little book makes a good introduction to Galen's personality and his writings.

It is different with Marcus Aurelius. Familiar as he is to English readers, the new edition makes a place for itself by its high merit. Haines has carefully revised the Greek, his vigorous English gives us a much better presentment of the real Marcus than we got from Long, and his brief notes interpret the old emperor out of his own mouth and the mouths of his contemporaries.

The new volumes of poetry must be greeted with greater reserve. Fairclough's sound scholarship manifests itself in a solidly based text of Virgil, with the variant readings of the early, capital-letter manuscripts, and in an able translation which does not lack strength and spirit. But its color is not the Tyrian purple that he sought; the injudicious and extravagant use of poetic media tinctures it with an alien, unpleasing dye. Ovid is fluently and smoothly rendered by Miller, but the edition is badly marred by careless proof-reading. Misprints in the Latin and omissions in the English are too frequent, and even a metamorphosis not contemplated by Ovid has been introduced by allowing the anguished Cadmean serpent to bend himself into a boa. As for the Greek Anthology, if any reader picks it up with eager anticipation, springing perhaps from a pleasant ramble with Lang through the "grass of Parnassus," only to lay it down with disappointment, let him not vent his wrath upon the translator. The collection owes its form and too much of its content to Byzantium. Think

of seventy-nine epigrams by St. Gregory the Theologian directed against violators of tombs! It is a joyless thing that presses most of the life out of its choicest blossoms; and the little that survives is ill mirrored in foreign prose. Reverse the experiment, if you please: put

Gather ye rosebuds while you may

into Greek prose, and see what becomes of Herrick. Paton's translation must be viewed simply as a running glossary to the Greek, and for that purpose it is quite enthusiastic enough.

Several new volumes have recently been added to works which have been for some time in process of translation. It is to be regretted that Dewing's Procopius, which is accurate and clear, maintains its fatiguing simplicity, when a bit of polish would make it at once more readable and more faithful. Cary is getting rapidly ahead with Dio's Roman History, and his work is extremely satisfactory. Perrin's Plutarch is one of the distinct successes of the Loeb Library. To prefer North's translation argues that one prefers North's manner to Plutarch's own, so near does Perrin come to the unattainable.

AUSTIN MORRIS HARMON.

Yale University.

THE CREATOR OF UNCLE REMUS

The Life and Letters of Joel Chandler Harris, by Julia Collier Harris, Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1918.

There is a tendency for relatives—daughters and nephews (male or female)—if they undertake a biography, to yield to an inclusion of the trivial. Like housewives at cleaning time, they rummage too closely in the family treasure. Although it is quite proper of them to display from the table album a youthful picture of their hero, it is straining the reader's patience if too many portraits of uncles and aunts appear. Nor does a favorite cook need a chronicler. I know of one withered grandchild who, in an effort to restore his grandfather to fame—now dead these seventy years—printed two volumes of his life and included his Commencement Oration. But this is extreme. The biographies of relatives are consequently too long, and a life of meagre incident is stretched out like a voyager's.

Sometimes, of course, the narrator has high talent of his own and he lifts the trivial into art. For such a narrator nothing is without significance. For such, let aunts and uncles—their wens and hoop-skirts—gather to the picture! Let the household, the very barnyard of the hero crowd up into view! But such talent is rare.

Mrs. Harris, a daughter-in-law, has not quite this ability, and yet she escapes largely from the former defects. There are certainly too many examples of juvenile poetry from the columns of country papers. There is, perhaps, also, too meticulous an inquiry into the place of Mr. Harris's birth, and the affairs of Eatonton, Georgia, require too much space in the early narrative. Her references to several of these more or less obscure towns are made with a sureness that she might employ in writing of the Temple or Holland House. She seems to assume that all of us have been there. Our own dear cousin from the cross-roads beyond Berea—a town of no broad fame, surely unknown to you—is not more ingenuous about his setting, nor does he locate his old red barn in the hollow by the bridge with a more casual and confident gesture. The detail, too, that Mrs. Harris disposes on brief and transitory relatives rather retards and dulls the early interest. To use one of Joel Chandler Harris's own contrasts, she resorts in these first pages to provincialism rather than to provincality. But at last we get on, and presently the pedestrian pace quickens towards the middle of the book and gives us delightful reading to the end.

Having now expressed our worst opinion, it is fair to add that Mrs. Harris writes clearly and effectively. She conveys her meaning without doubt or question. She writes with self-forgetting absorption in her task. Except for her early pages her book is interesting throughout. When we have finished it we feel that we have gained an agreeable acquaintance with a man whose acquaintance is of value—a modest man who lived simply and truthfully with widening influence. His contact, for the most part, was with honest, plain, woollen folk. We have a few glimpses of his visits to New York—a dinner in his honor—his embarrassment and escape. He is invited to the White House. It is an agreeable picture of Mr. Harris and of President Roosevelt and his family. We have glances also—too brief—of Mark Twain and James Whitcomb Riley. With the latter Mr. Harris

was intermittently but intimately associated. We can only regret that letters back and forth with school girls could not have been exchanged for additional correspondence with the poet from Indiana.

CHARLES S. BROOKS.

New York City.

THE APPEAL OF THE BIBLE

Reading the Bible, by William Lyon Phelps, Macmillan Co., New York, 1919.

There can be no question that Professor William Lyon Phelps has done the American public a real service by writing this book. As things are at present, a new public must be introduced to the Bible without too much ceremony, and Professor Phelps has done this with grace and dispatch. He puts on no sacerdotal robes, and one cannot imagine that he is wearing even his cap and gown. It is hardly necessary to enter into the reasons why the Bible is no longer a popular book, though it is probably still the "best seller." In a country like ours, in which Christianity is a tradition but not the religion of the whole population, the Bible as a sacred book must logically be left out of the curriculum of the schools, for the support of which all taxpayers contribute. This is a grave misfortune from every point of view, for the Bible—leaving out for a moment its inspirational character—was the one means of culture which enabled the common people to speak a similar language of the spirit.

The advocates of the classics in college courses have always held rightly that a knowledge of Virgil, or even a smattering of Horace, made it possible for gentlemen everywhere to find one another out; to understand biblical allusions was equal to "a pass degree" in the popular university of the world.

Personally, I have a rooted objection to attending the ordinary moving pictures, but occasionally I find them educational. Having been drawn into a den of this rudimentary form of art they represent, I sat next to a father and son. The inscription on the film read, "Judas Iscariot Enters Again." It was to be only a metaphorical Judas Iscariot. "Some name!" the father exclaimed. "He must have been a dago," said the innocent child.

In one of the churches of Alexandria, Virginia, I happened to

pause before a modern picture of the Crucifixion. It is, I think, by Hoffmann. The crosses of the two thieves are rather blurred by clouds. A man and a woman were standing near me. "I don't see the meaning of those telegraph poles," said the man. They both looked as if they had a good Virginian public school education!

These examples are quoted to show why Professor Phelps's book ought to be widely circulated, even among the populace, to whom it is not addressed. His lectures are founded on the King James version of the Bible published in 1611; he rightly says that it was the most influential book in English literature; and the color, the charm, and the simplicity of its language draw to it even those who admit the incorrectness of the translation. But Professor Phelps does not trouble himself about theological interpretation. He implies that this is a great, noble, and delightful book; he enjoys it thoroughly, and he intends that all his readers shall participate in his enjoyment. In fact, he interprets the Bible as giving a glow of life and interest to every idea and every thought which a normal man or woman might like to see harnessed to the service of what is good. He writes in his first chapter:

"American boys and girls know more about the Bible than was the case twenty years ago; at the dawn of the twentieth century biblical ignorance among our youth and particularly among college undergraduates was by way of becoming a public scandal. Well-bred boys in many instances were innocent of even the penumbra of knowledge. Professor Lounsbury discovered a young gentleman in his classes who had never heard of Pontius Pilate. Twenty-five years ago I requested a Freshman to elucidate the line in 'As You Like It,' 'Here feel we not the penalty of Adam.' He replied confidently, 'It was the mark imposed on him for slaying his brother.' To another I asked the meaning of the passage in Macbeth, 'Or memorise another Golgotha.' Seeing the blank expression on his handsome face, I said, 'It is a New Testament reference.' 'Oh yes,' he exclaimed, 'it refers to Goliath.' At about this time, a young clergyman, obsessed with the importance of the 'higher criticism,' announced that if he accepted a call to a western church, he must be allowed to preach to the younger people about the second Isaiah. 'That's all right,' said the deacon cheerfully; 'most of 'em don't know there is even one.'"

I trust that Professor Phelps is right when he says that the college man is more familiar with the Bible than he was some years ago; but I imagine that his conclusion must have been drawn mainly from Yale. He traces the objection of the Puritans to a joke to the influence of the Bible on those agreeable people. "The Bible," he says, "concerns every form of literature in the highest degree except humor." He has some reason for saying, however, that in Acts xii, 18, both in the King James and the Douai versions, there is a faintly humorous touch in the bewilderment of the soldiers who want to know what has become of Peter. He quotes from Proverbs—"He that blesseth his friend with a loud voice, rising early in the morning, it shall be counted a curse to him"; and "A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike." He ought to be thanked for his statement that there is no false sentiment in the Bible. The pathos of certain descriptions in the New Testament of episodes in the life of Christ can never be equalled. The pregnant sentence "And His mother kept all these words in her heart," after she had sought Him sorrowing, is one of a thousand. From the literary point of view, the pathos of most masters of words fails to touch, after a certain lapse of time, as Professor Phelps remarks. Who weeps over *Clarissa* now? Or is really touched by the death of Little Nell? But the appeal to the heart in the Bible, when the Bible appeals to the heart, is sure and direct and perpetual. It is a delight to linger over the pages of this book. One doesn't trouble oneself as to what the author believes doctrinally. He is sufficiently reverential, and his attitude suggests that if adult readers could treat the Bible as the Italian mothers and children use their churches, as places where they are thoroughly at home, the lessons of this most wonderful of all books, the joy of this most wonderful of all books, and its constant appeal to all those essences in our being which answer to the call of poetry, would raise the standard of the daily lives of our people. It would not fill them with gloom and fear—though the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom—but it would enable them to differentiate between sentiment and sentimentalism; and one of the vices among all English-speaking people to-day is the lack of perception in making this distinction.

The chapter which will appeal most to the modern mind, and which even the tired business man may read easily, is that on "St.

Paul as a Letter-Writer." If you have not read these pages, you will never be as friendly with St. Paul as you ought to be; and he is a very good friend. If you do not know well the Epistles of St. Paul, you cannot fail to have a burning desire to know them after having read this persuasive guide to them, or, perhaps I should say, to be correct, this persuasive guide-post. After reading this chapter you will discover that St. Paul is of our time, as well as of all time; and if you peruse Professor Phelps again, after you have finished two or three of the Epistles, you will be stimulated very probably to cover the margins of this chapter with notes of your own. Can one say anything better about a book than this? Because the author follows the example of the great Spanish novelist and does a fine thing with gaiety of heart and spirit, he ought the more to be praised. To carry a heavy weight with reverential groans is not so hard as to poise the same weight with a joyous and cheerful air. "Reading the Bible" is a volume that ought to go into every coat-pocket. If the ordinary coat-pocket is too small, let it be widened. One must make room somehow for such a delightful companion.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

Brooklyn.

SWINBURNE ONCE MORE

The Letters of Algernon Charles Swinburne, edited by Edmund Gosse and Thomas James Wise, 2 vols., John Lane Co., New York, 1919.

There is a period, after the death of an author, when his reputation becomes once more a matter of general interest, and when, under favorable circumstances, it may be renewed or even deepened and broadened. This is natural enough. The account is closed; the hour has come for criticism to estimate the value of the author's work. It is pre-eminently the moment for the publication of such diaries, letters, and reminiscences as tend to explain or clarify that work. The public is disposed to find out what has been left untold and to demand intimacies and revelations. In this position at present is the reputation of Swinburne. Two years ago Mr. Gosse gave us the official biography; at the same time Mrs. Disney Leith, the poet's cousin, attempted to supple-

ment it with a more intimate volume, consisting chiefly of extracts from family correspondence. In 1918 the posthumous poems were collected and edited by Mr. Gosse and Mr. Wise. And now the same gentlemen put forth what is obviously designed to be, for the present at least, the official record of the author's correspondence.

This book, like its predecessors, is somewhat disappointing. It has, clearly, been put together in a hurry in order to take advantage of what remains of the popular interest in Swinburne. An evidence of the haste with which the editors have worked is seen in the fact that one of the letters (to Joseph Knight, "Holmwood, July 8th") is actually printed twice, first on page 141 (Volume I), dated 1874, and again on page 303, dated 1875. It is evident that the American edition, if not the English, has been pitched into print with little or no editorial supervision. The material of this rather important letter has been twice gravely indexed—presumably by some hack assistant. America must put up with what it can get.

The editors make no pretense of completeness—indeed, they seem to think it hardly desirable; yet their volumes are lacking in that distinction and sustained interest which might be expected in a more modest collection of choice specimens. Except for three or four youthful letters, there is hardly an example of that familiar note which, for many readers, is the peculiar charm of published correspondence. There is not a family letter in the entire series. One suspects that this rather serious omission is due to a lack of harmony between the Swinburne family and the official editors chosen by the publishers. The Pre-Raphaelite group is similarly neglected. There are, for example, no letters to Dante or Christina Rossetti, specimens of which are already in print elsewhere. It is clear that the editors had no disposition to undergo the labor or to spend the time—perhaps to exercise the tact—required to assemble a truly representative record of Swinburne's correspondence. What they have given us instead is a collection of the poet's correspondence with a large and rather adoring set of literary men—A. H. Bullen, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Lord Morley, Churton Collins, S. C. Cockerel, Mr. Shorter, Mr. Wise, and, above all, Mr. Gosse. The letters to Mr. Gosse were evidently taken as the basis for the whole series; they

are a monument to a very important literary friendship, apparently unbroken or unruffled through the years, and are, not unnaturally, the most interesting single group of letters in the book. But the narrowness of range seriously limits our view of the poet. We see the side of him that interested the editors, the respects in which he was most like them. The earlier pages, in which we get glimpses, all too brief, of the youthful poet of "Atalanta," are inevitably forgotten as we make our way through the second volume, and we finally close the book with the impression that Swinburne was an eager student of the Elizabethan drama, a literary critic who was frequently in hot water, a somewhat feverish idolator of Hugo, Mazzini, and Landor, of babies in general, and of Mr. Gosse's children in particular. All this we knew before. The Swinburne of whom we would fain know more is not the essayist or enemy of Dr. Furnivall (with a singular gift for Billingsgate), but the youthful singer who burst upon Victorian England clad in every quality that could alarm Queen, clergy, and Laureate, and sang to the immature of the roses and raptures of vice. An earlier generation had been similarly fascinated by Byron, as a later one was to be by Wilde; the decade of the 'sixties was startled out of its peaceful absorption in Tennyson and Elizabeth Barrett Browning by the sinister radiance of Swinburne, poet, scholar, and firebrand. What might not be expected of him? Was it true that he could talk Greek with the Master of Balliol? Was it true that he wrote French verse more easily than English verse? Had he not defiled a crucifix? Who was this young aristocrat, "with a rainbow wrought about his head," who, out of the political unrest of Italy, could weave the fabric of his song?

It would seem that the correspondence of this youthful Swinburne, collected and set forth in its fulness by some impartial student, must one day be given to the world. But the time is not yet. Swinburne is still in the hands of his friends. In life he was the property of Mr. Watts-Dunton; in death he seems to belong to Mr. Gosse.

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